

DRUMMER

ISSUE 101

4⁹⁵

MICKEY SQUIRES
TOP
AND
bottom

NEW FICTION FROM
AARON TRAVIS
MASON POWELL'S
BOUND FOR GLORY
CONTINUES

LARRY TOWNSEND'S
BOARD OF INQUIRY
CONCLUDES

HENRY ROMANOWSKI
DRUMMERMAN

HOT READING FOR A COLD WINTER'S NIGHT

HE AIN'T HEAVY, HE'S MY LOVER.



by
CARLO CARLUCCI

HE AIN'T HEAVY, HE'S MY LOVER by Carlo Carlucci

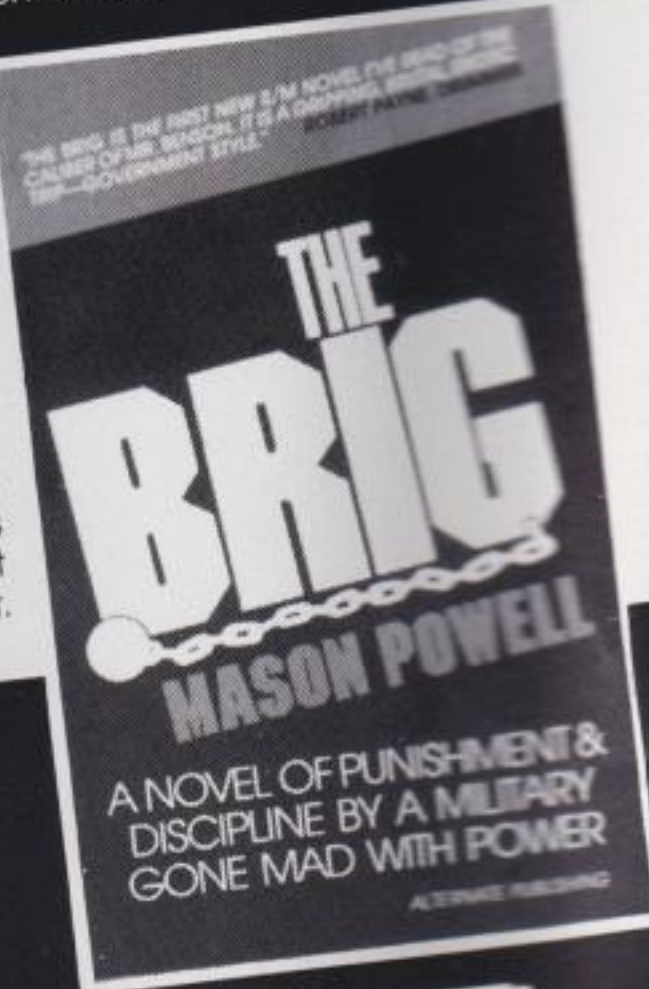
Had enough of whips, chains and heavy-duty SM? You won't escape them here—but you'll rediscover them with a decidedly humorous twist, along with Carlo Carlucci's glowingly humorous look at every other aspect of gay life, from the pangs of coming out to a Thurberesque cartoon series "War Between the Machos and the Sisses" that will have you in stitches!

Gay cartoon books have come and gone, but this one is really special. "A must-have cartoon book," says the *Baltimore Gay Paper*; "A sharper wit could not be found!" *Cruise* magazine says it's "the kind of book you'll read over and over, getting a fresh chuckle or grin each time." And the *San Francisco Review of Books* declares that Carlo Carlucci "has the talent of Thurber."

THE BRIG by Mason Powell

A major novel of military discipline and institutionalized SM. Victor Terry in *DungeonMaster* calls it "one of the best erotic novels of dominance and submission I have ever read... This book is hot!"

Set at the close of the Vietnam War, *The Brig* chronicles a young conscientious objector's ordeal at the hands of his Marine tormentors, his surprising self-discoveries in the midst of torment, his ultimate triumph—and the price he pays for it.



MISTER BENSON THE COMPLETE NOVEL

MISTER BENSON by John Preston

The novel that electrified leathermen across the country when it was first serialized in *Drummer*, revised by the author with an epilogue from Mr. Benson himself. Cited by *Penthouse* as one of the Top Ten SM Novels ever written, praised by Phil Andros as "an SM masterwork," and acknowledged by the *Village Voice*, John Preston's *Mr. Benson* is must reading for all leathermen, and for anyone who wants to understand the phenomenon of gay SM in the 1980s.

SLAVES OF THE EMPIRE by Aaron Travis

Hot off the press—the long-awaited paperback edition of Aaron Travis' SM Roman epic, with twelve richly detailed illustrations by the master of erotic fantasy art, Cavelo.

Set against the barbaric splendor of ancient Rome at the height of its empire, *Slaves* seduces the reader into a steamy world of flesh and steel, where a famed gladiator must ultimately choose between his own brutal nature and his love for a pair of twin-princes, while a sadistic senator plots to enslave them all.

John Preston calls *Slaves of the Empire* "a wonderful mythic tale," and Phil Andros has called it "taut, tense and absorbing."

"With hardly a pause," says the *Bay Area Reporter*, "Aaron Travis torments us from sex scene to sex scene, each building higher than the one before, all satisfying, original and leading surely to the hair-raising last chapter... I got bruises just from reading."

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DRUMMER

VOLUME 11 ISSUE 101 DECEMBER

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music he hears, however measured or far away."

Henry David Thoreau

DRUMMER

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Cover: The feel of cold metal offsets the warmth of a muscular body drenched in the man smell of a sweaty jock and well-used leather. The body is by Mickey Squires, the photo by Victor Largo, the fantasy is your own.

Back cover: Get on your knees, you sleazy pig, and beg! If you plead just right, you'll get all you want, but unless you are one hell of a man...it may be more than you can handle. Mickey Squires is more than a handful of man. Photo by Victor Largo.

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CAUTION: Every decision a person makes, including the decision to get out of bed in the morning, has some degree of risk associated with it. We strongly believe that each competent adult must set for themselves the level of risk he or she is willing to accept. Some avoid crossing streets in heavy traffic—others stunt-ride motorcycles without a helmet. However, to intelligently confront and accept risk, a person must understand the dangers. While *Drummer* hopes to educate its readers on a wide variety of topics, its main purpose is to entertain! Works of

fiction presented in this magazine are just that—fiction! They are not in any way intended to suggest or describe activities that anyone should—or often could—actually do. They are meant for entertainment only.

In other than fictional pieces we will emphasize safe sex with respect to contagious diseases and safe and sane behavior with respect to all activities, and will try to point out all activities which deviate from generally recognized safe-sex and safe-

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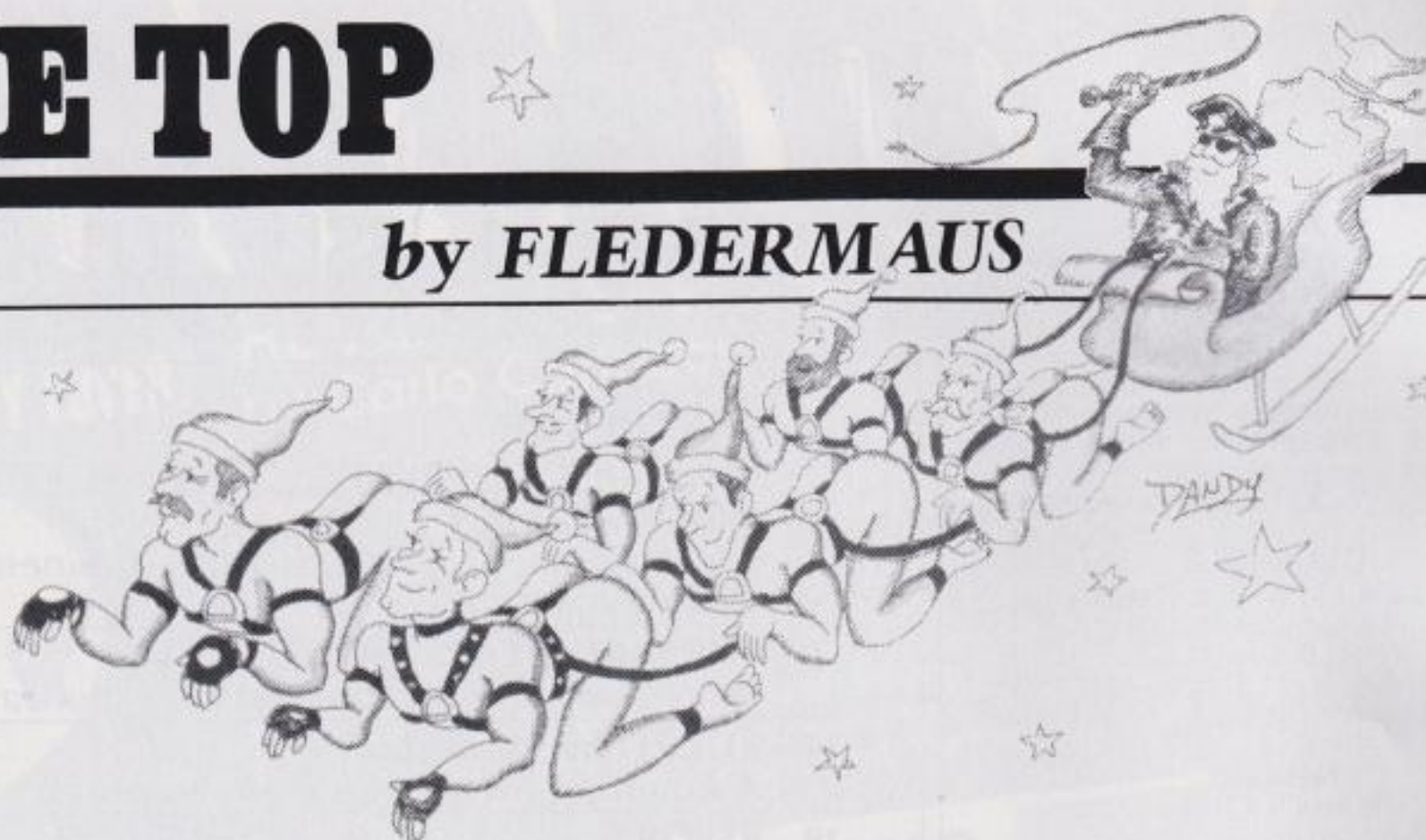
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OFF THE TOP

by FLEDERMAUS



Letters, Letters...

See Malecall; my response to some letters should be considered a part of this editorial.

The news on censorship is getting worse and worse. We hear that the powers-that-be at the two largest gay periodical publishing businesses in this country have met to plan how to tone down their publications. We hear that Washington state, one of the most liberal in the country, has again begun enforcing an old law directed against S/M and bondage erotica. Several bookstores have been involved and trials are pending. We also hear that federal and state agencies have targeted Washington, Oregon and

Idaho for a test crackdown.

I'm happy to get your letters, even when they are critical—but what I'd like better is getting copies of your letters to senators, congressmen, etc. about the growing censorship. Fight it now!

Whose Purse Is On Fire?

As a lapsed Roman Catholic, I have been fully neutral about religion for years. Those who need it are welcome to it. The growing visibility of the bigots on the religious right has been bad enough—but now the Catholic church has decided to jump on the bandwagon. They have decided it is no longer OK to be gay as long as you remain celibate. Now you

are condemned for recognizing and defending your homosexuality—whether you practice it or not! This from the institution that brought you the Inquisition.

T.R. Witomski is circulating a letter calling for all gays and friends of gays to write Pope John Paul II, Vatican City, Italy, and say he is not welcome in this country. (He is scheduled for a tour of the U.S. soon.) I agree—Write!

What Turns You On?

What is it about a photo of a hunk that turns you on—a look? A pose? A body type? A piece of clothing? Write to Fetish Foto and let us know. Each issue we will select one

request and try to give the reader what he asked for. I like a hairy stud lying back with arms up and pits exposed, legs spread and cock and balls vulnerable, and a look of fear or defiance on his face. What is your particular turn-on?

Try to keep your requests simple. If you want a blond, hairy-chested hunk with eight inches and a lion tattoo on his right thigh wearing a pith helmet and bending over to lick his foot, it may take us years to set it up. But if all you want is a blond hunk licking his foot, the request becomes much more likely to be filled.

Let us hear from you and watch for the first Fetish Foto soon...It could be yours!

A Hand in the Pocket—A Kick in the Ass

The Catholic Church, the Salvation Army, many local United Funds, and others regularly ask for our donations, but they deny us any recognition and fight us when we try to improve our circumstances. Let them know how you feel. I wish every

organization in this country would type up, or print up, or have made, small tickets or tokens like the sample here—something to drop in every Salvation Army kettle, church collection plate, etc. Feel free to make copies of this one and use them this season!

This could have been a donation. BUT...since your organization actively opposes the granting of equal rights to gay men and lesbian women, my donations will go elsewhere!

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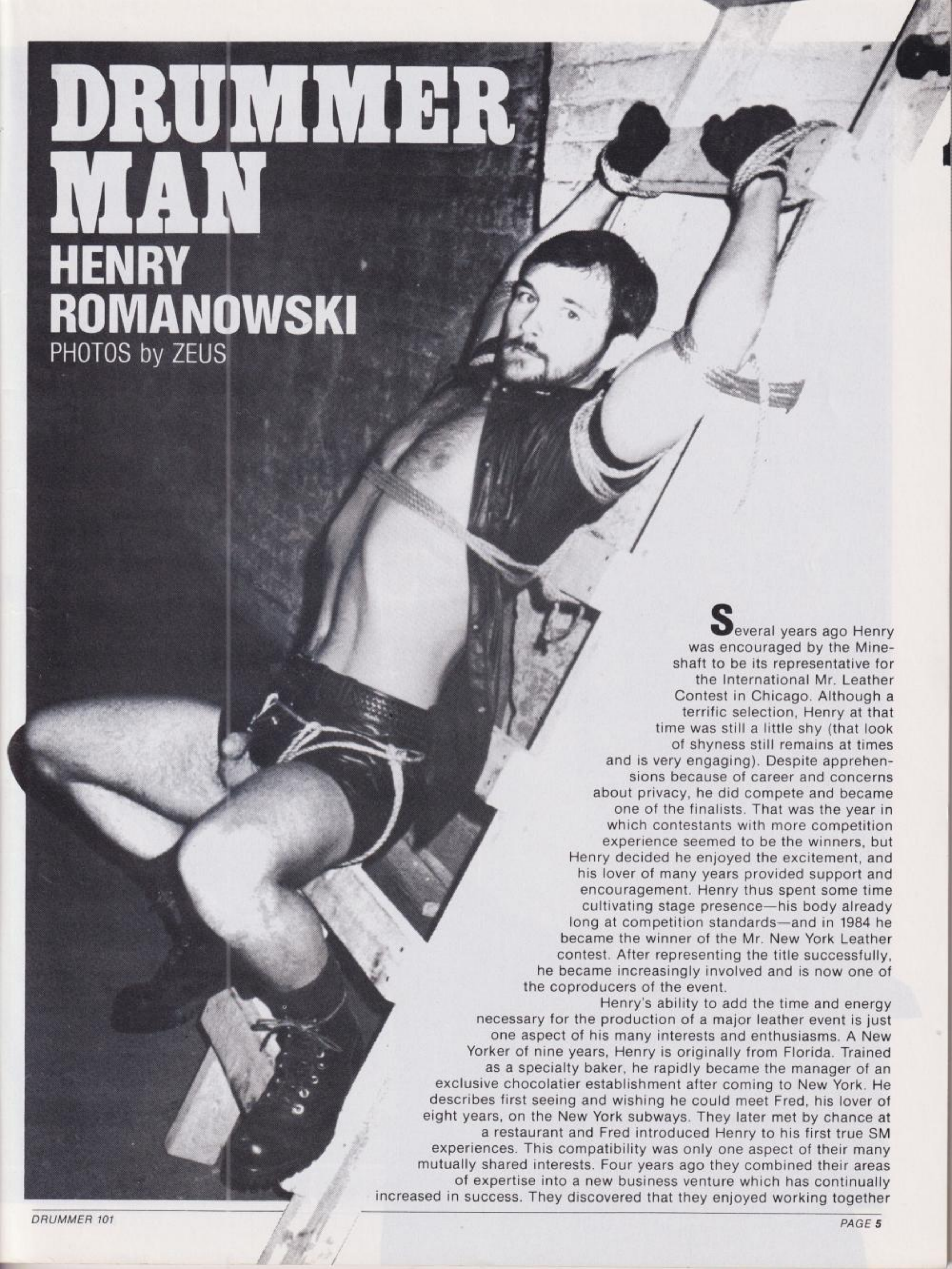
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DRUMMER MAN

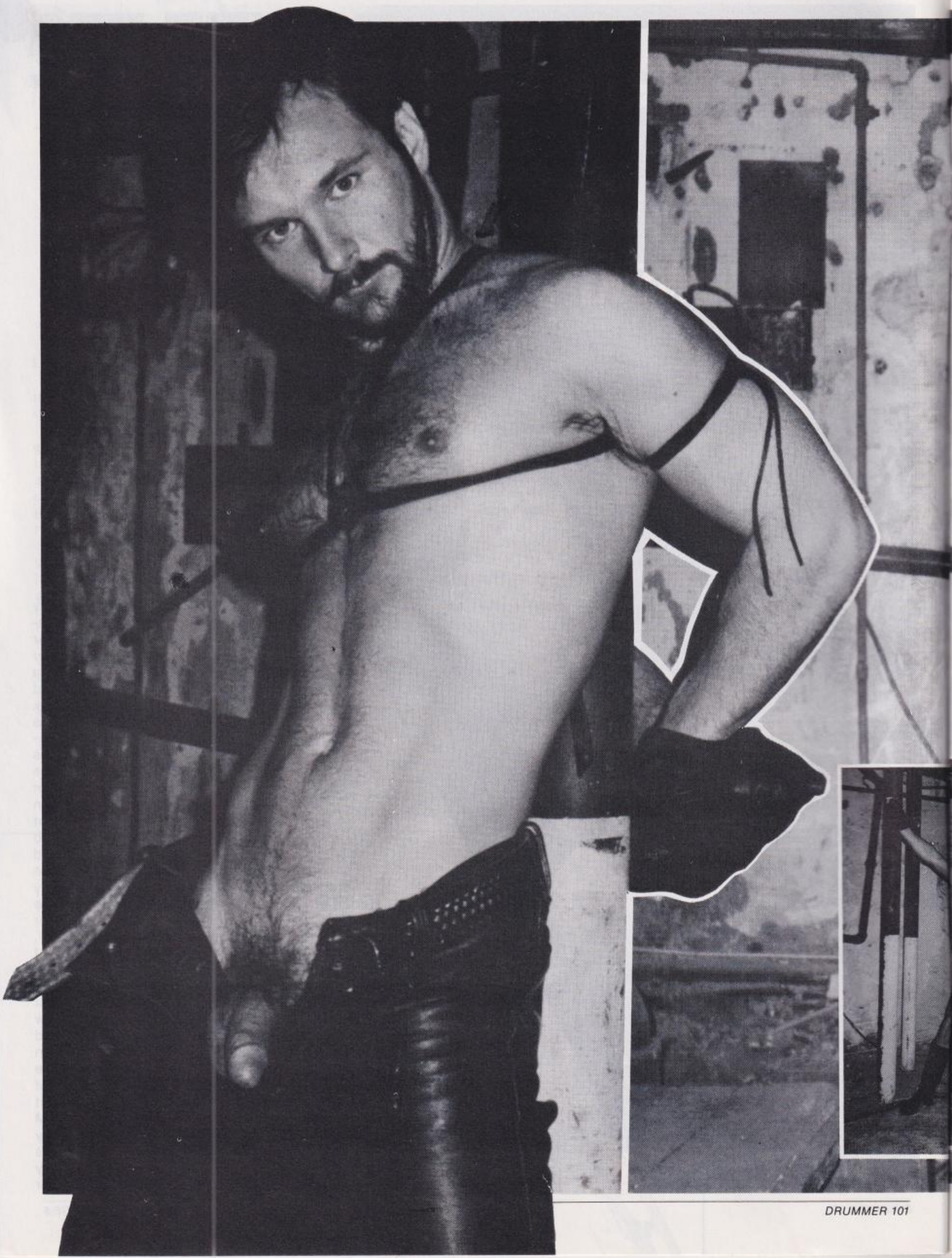
HENRY
ROMANOWSKI

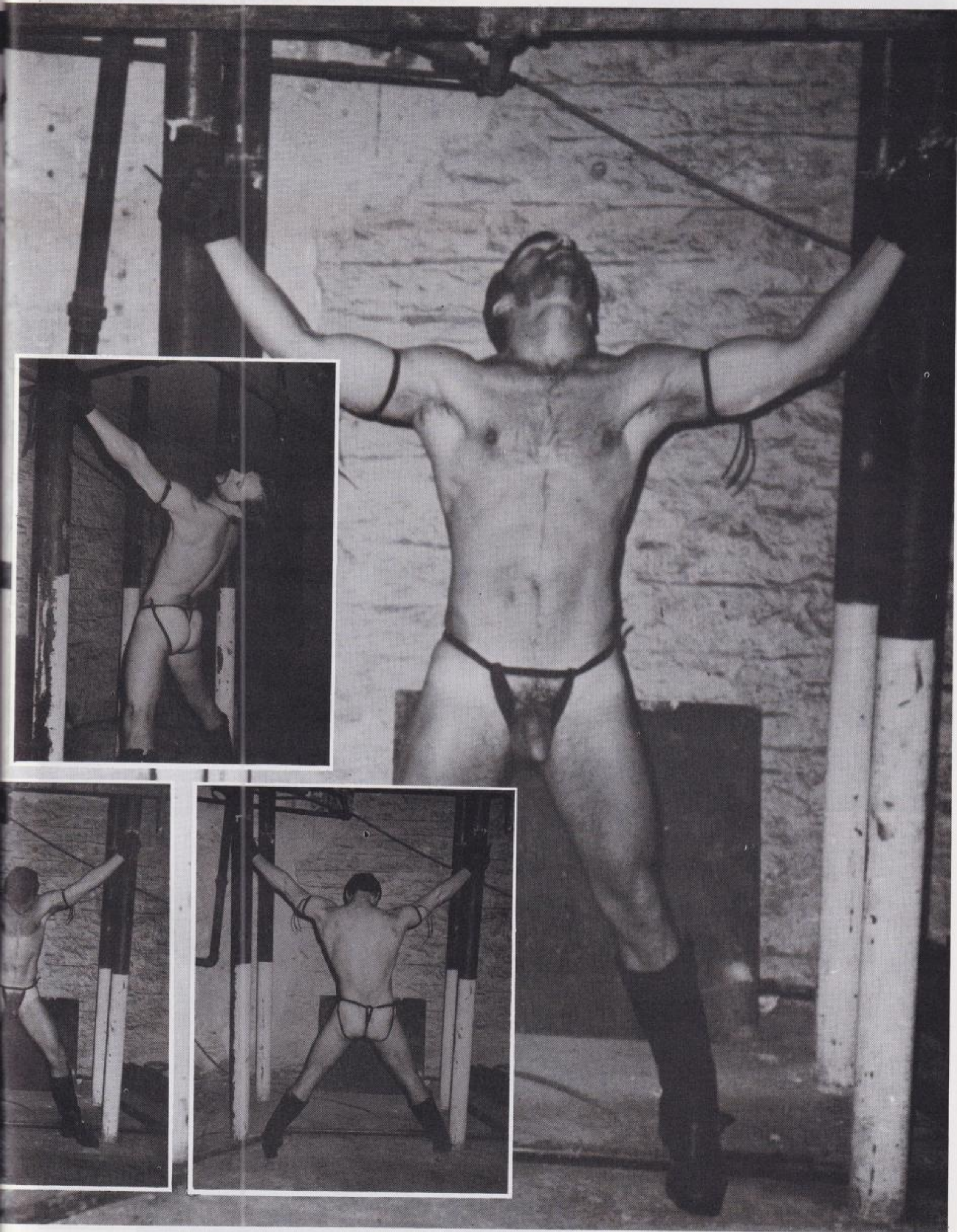
PHOTOS by ZEUS



Several years ago Henry was encouraged by the Mine-shaft to be its representative for the International Mr. Leather Contest in Chicago. Although a terrific selection, Henry at that time was still a little shy (that look of shyness still remains at times and is very engaging). Despite apprehensions because of career and concerns about privacy, he did compete and became one of the finalists. That was the year in which contestants with more competition experience seemed to be the winners, but Henry decided he enjoyed the excitement, and his lover of many years provided support and encouragement. Henry thus spent some time cultivating stage presence—his body already long at competition standards—and in 1984 he became the winner of the Mr. New York Leather contest. After representing the title successfully, he became increasingly involved and is now one of the coproducers of the event.

Henry's ability to add the time and energy necessary for the production of a major leather event is just one aspect of his many interests and enthusiasms. A New Yorker of nine years, Henry is originally from Florida. Trained as a specialty baker, he rapidly became the manager of an exclusive chocolatier establishment after coming to New York. He describes first seeing and wishing he could meet Fred, his lover of eight years, on the New York subways. They later met by chance at a restaurant and Fred introduced Henry to his first true SM experiences. This compatibility was only one aspect of their many mutually shared interests. Four years ago they combined their areas of expertise into a new business venture which has continually increased in success. They discovered that they enjoyed working together





and spending much of the day in each other's company.

Even after eight years, contrary to what seems to be a frequent stereotype about leather/SM relationships ending after the couple discover tender feelings for one another,

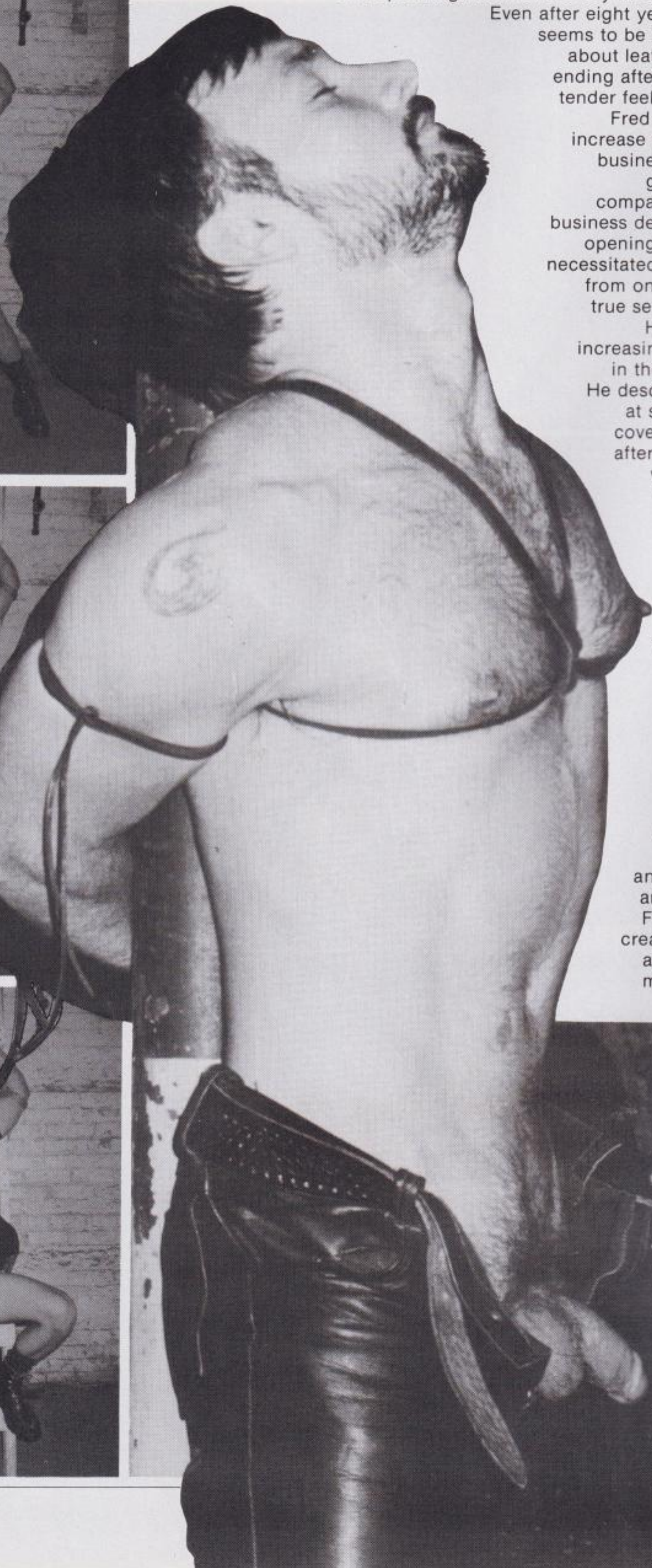
Fred and Henry realize an increase of sexual excitement, business success and ever-growing affection and companionship. When their business developed to a point of opening another store which necessitated them spending time from one another, they felt a true sense of loss.

Henry has become an increasingly prominent figure in the leather community. He described his excitement at seeing himself on the cover of *New York Native* after winning the title but was too embarrassed to actually purchase a copy. Fred and Henry both remain quite private and rarely appear in the New York bar scene.

They are, however, a stellar duo at many leather-world functions and have appeared frequently in *DungeonMaster*, *Drummer*, and *Zeus* photo essays, and the CHC Inferno run books.

Both Fledermaus and I have been happy and privileged to have Fred and Henry as increasingly close friends, and hope it continues many years.

—Versicolor



THE EARLY YEARS

PART II

WRITERS

Robert Payne, Jeanne Barney, Jack Fritscher and John Rowberry have already been discussed in the Editors' section of the first part of this article (*Drummer* 100). Jeanne and Jack were very important contributors to *Drummer* during their tenures as editors, and the other two have been important contributors for nearly the full life of the magazine.

Nonfiction came from a variety of contributors including Robert Opel, who wrote

the name that needs extra-special mention is Allen Eagles, whose Movie Mayhem series was an absolute delight. His selection of movie stills of hunky (and sometimes not-so-hunky) actors usually stripped to the waist and tied up, ready to be flogged or tortured for the titillation of movie audiences, was wonderful. And his accompanying text was a delight to read. He fully appreciated well-done or even only adequately done shots, and openly ridiculed those poorly done. The main Movie May-

"Leather Casting Couch" (issues 12-14); G.B. Misa's "S&M Gym" (issues 14-28); Frank O'Rourke's "Prison Punk" (issues 27-32) and "Captain Morgan" (issues 51 and 52); Orlando Paris' "Seventy-Thirds and Eighty-Eights, Good Buddy" (issue 15); John Preston's *Mr. Benson* (issues 29-38) and "I Once Had a Master" (issue 38); Houston Smith's "Trapped" (issues 18-21) and Hank Trout's "Great Wrestling Match" (issue 36). These are the most memorable of an excellent collection of fiction contributions, but there are two others that require even more specific mention.

Jason Klein's first work to appear was "Thomas in the Pit" in the first issue of *Mach* and quickly followed with "Bottom" in *Mach* 2, "Slaves," in *Drummer* 35, "Broken Moments" in *Drummer* 36, "Sticks and Stones" in *Drummer* 42, "The Final Solution," in *Drummer* 44, "Animal," in *Drummer* 45 and "Cowboy," in *Drummer* 50. (His how-to article on crucifixion, "When in Rome," appeared in *DungeonMaster* 11.) Jason's unique style was startling; his stories revealed remarkable insight and at the same time were wildly erotic. When I first read Jason's work, I thought it was all wildly marvelous fantasy. But after meeting him in 1980 at the Fifteen's Scene Four at the Russian River, I learned that it was instead a biography—elaborated and embroidered, and sometimes with a lot of wishful thinking—but definitely biographical. The events of Scene Four are included in "The Final Solution" in *Drummer* 44 (I am "Blazing Tony, Shiek of a Thousand Competent Tortures, Crusher of Little Men, and Uprooter of Helpless Tongues...").

hem articles are in issues 8 through 14. Scattered shorter pieces appeared before and after these.

In the earliest issues much of the fiction was reprinted from other sources, including Kurt Kreisler's *My Brother, My Slave*, Robert Payne's *Story of Q* and George Birimsa's *Pogey Bait*. The following stories are ones I consider important in *Drummer's* development and growth: Phil Andros' "Babysitter," and "Many Happy Returns" in *Drummer* 8; Scott Master's "Five in the Training Room" (issues 3-10) and

Drummer 44 is an important *Drummer* milestone in many ways. It was the first issue in which slick paper virtually disappeared from the magazine, and the dimensions were reduced by a fraction of an inch. These changes were driven home to *Drummer* subscribers by the mailing of *Drummer* 43 (a much larger and slicker magazine) and *Drummer* 44 in the same envelope—certainly a milestone in bad public relations! But no matter what paper it is printed on, *Drummer* 44 contains what is probably the most important story *Drummer* has ever published: Aaron Travis' "Blue Light." I do not find this a JO story, but it is very erotic. It is also, very simply, one of the best pieces of gay fiction ever penned. This is not just my opinion—but that of many respected authors, editors, critics and other literary types across the country. Aaron Travis' other stories in *Drummer* (issues 33, 46-48, 53-56, 69, etc.) and *Mach* (issues 1, 2 and 3) are excellent. I recently discovered the one-page "Steel" in *Drummer* 33 and loved its originality and intensity—but "Blue Light" is a masterpiece!

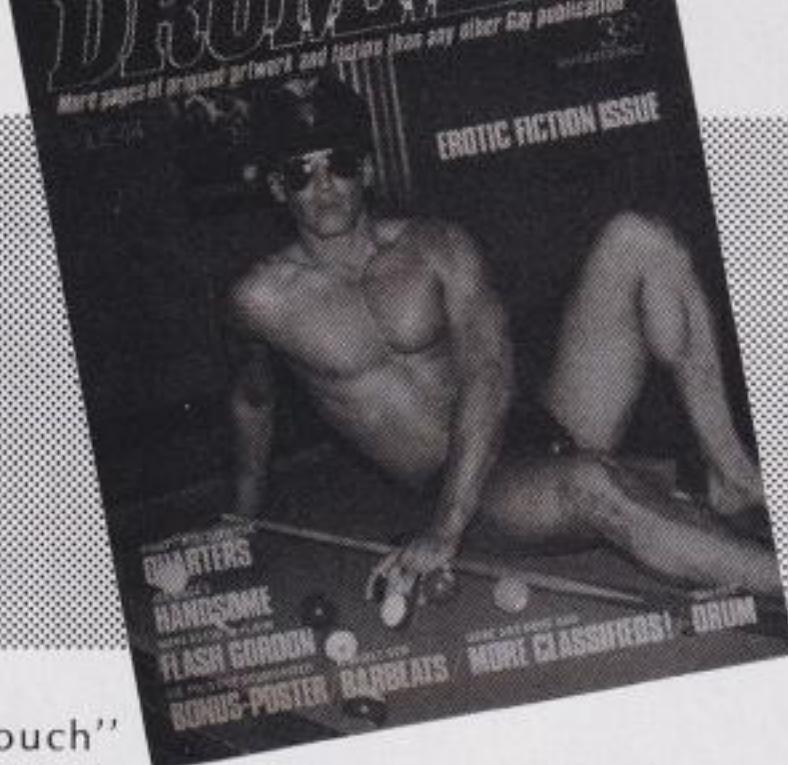
Larry Townsend is a name long associated with leather lifestyles, and very familiar to *Drummer* readers. When researching these articles, I was surprised to discover that his association with *Drummer* is relatively recent. His column *Leather Notebook* began in *Drummer* 38 and his first fiction to appear in the magazine was a reprint of *Run No More* in issues 41 through 51. Other reprints and excerpts appeared in later issues, but "Board of Inquiry" in *Drummer* 100 and this issue is only the second piece of original fiction from him to be first published in *Drummer*.



The Ten Commandments, starring Charlton Heston.

about bars and events; Fred Halsted, who wrote on a variety of topics; Frank Edwards, who reviewed movies, etc.; and Toby Borh and Bernie Prock, who wrote the "Leather Journal." Particularly important are many of the fetish and/or historical pieces in the early issues—unfortunately, almost all of these have no author cited. Jack Fritscher was a significant contributor of fetish pieces during his tenure as was previously mentioned; John Rowberry was a significant contributor of reviews.

In the nonfiction category,



ROBERT OPEL

PHOTOGRAPHERS

The work of staff photographers was reviewed on pages 47-54 of *Drummer 100*, and other contributing photographers are included here. Since "a photo is worth a thousand words," I'm going to add only a few more about photographers and leave more room for their photographs to speak. Some of the contributors are represented by reprinted photos and others by new work.

Robert Opel was an early contributor of photos and articles to *Drummer*—but he soon became known best for his unusual photos with a touch of humor. His photos often graced *Drummer's* "In Passing" page. He was shot and killed by bandits who invaded his gallery in July of 1979. He was memorialized on the "In Passing" page of *Drummer 31* with a photo of him by Jim Stewart and a paragraph written by Opel, which began: "I am Robert Opel. I am an artist, a cocksucker, and an anarchist. My life is my art. Sometimes I use a camera..."

The men of Zeus have often appeared in *Drummer* and will continue to be featured prominently. Zeus men are, almost without exception, also *Drummer* men.

Target Studios also regularly featured *Drummer*-type men, and their work was included in *Drummer's* first issue and often appeared in later issues of the magazine. It was a loss when Target went out of business.

Jim Moss has had more photos on the cover of *Drummer* than any other photographer—and he will soon have another. He is currently working on a special project for *Drummer 103* featuring men of Texas as they celebrate their state's sesquicentennial. □



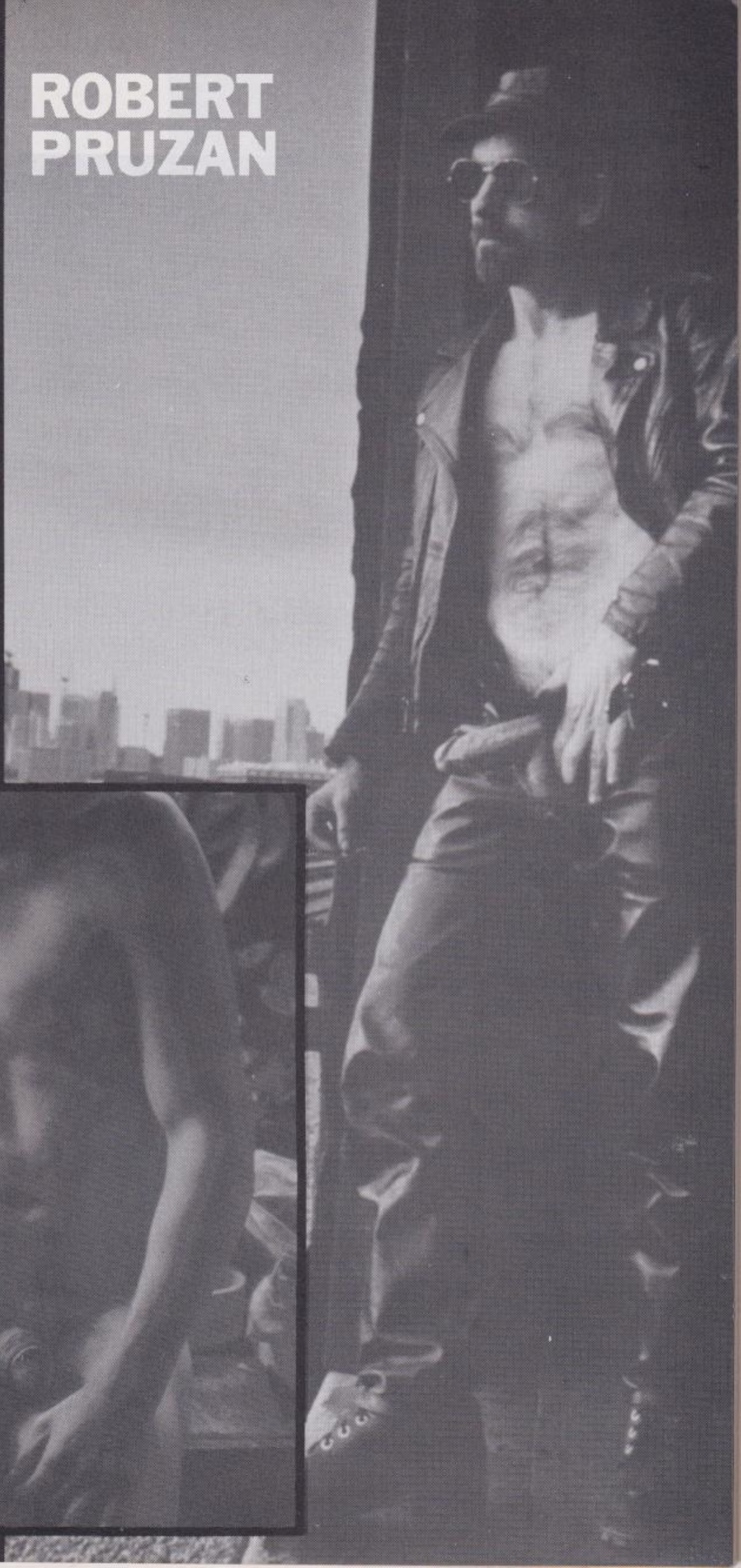
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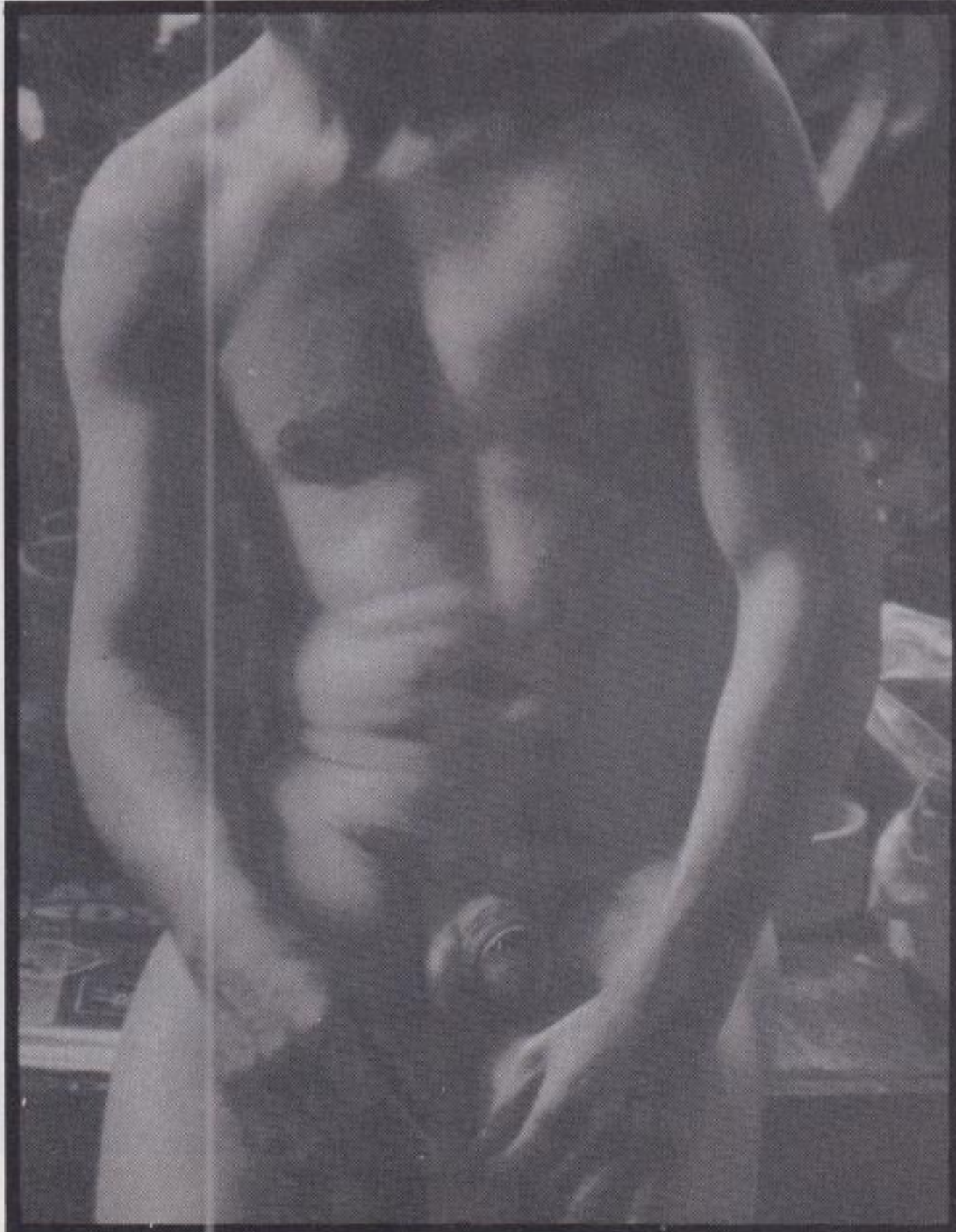
PHOTO BY PAT ROCCO

Bob Opel streaking L.A. Police Chief Ed Davis.

ROBERT PRUZAN



ROBERT OPEL

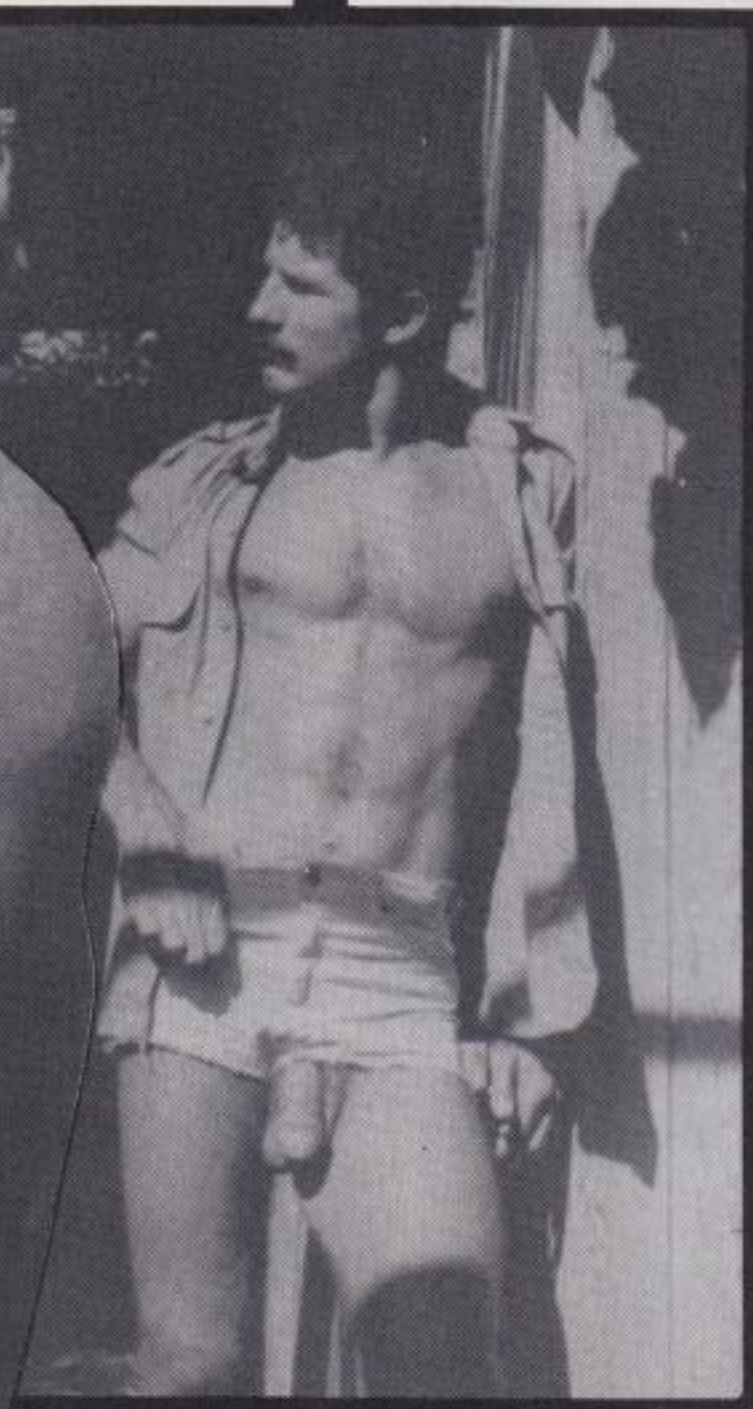


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STUDIOS**

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TARGET STUDIOS



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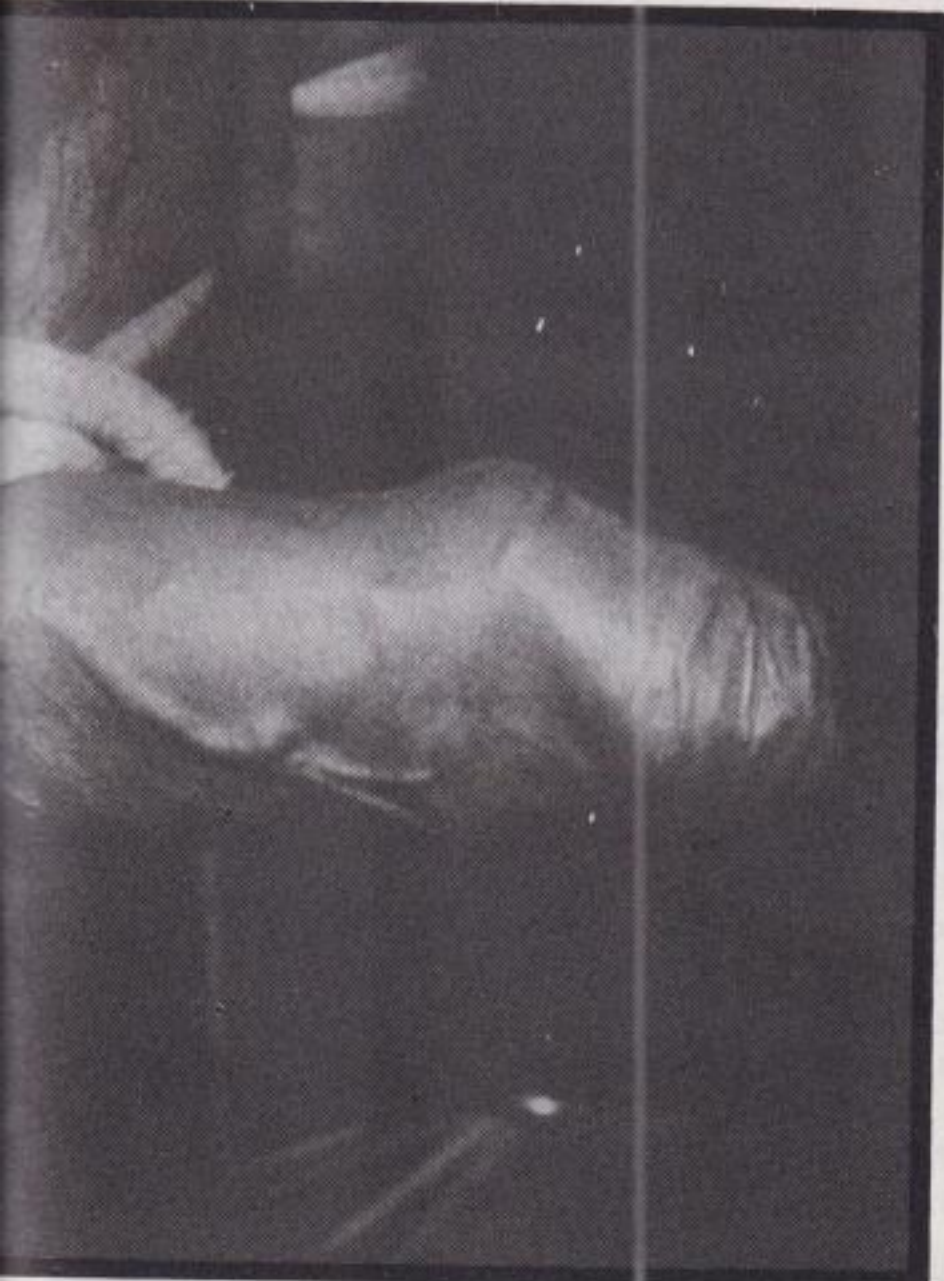


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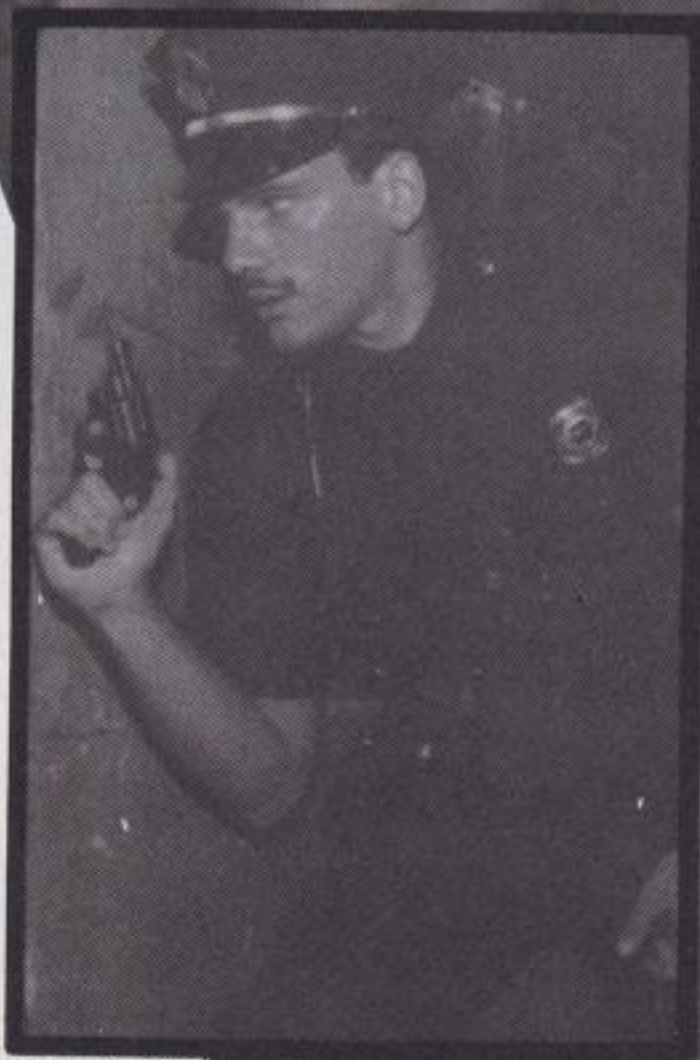
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DAVID SPARROW

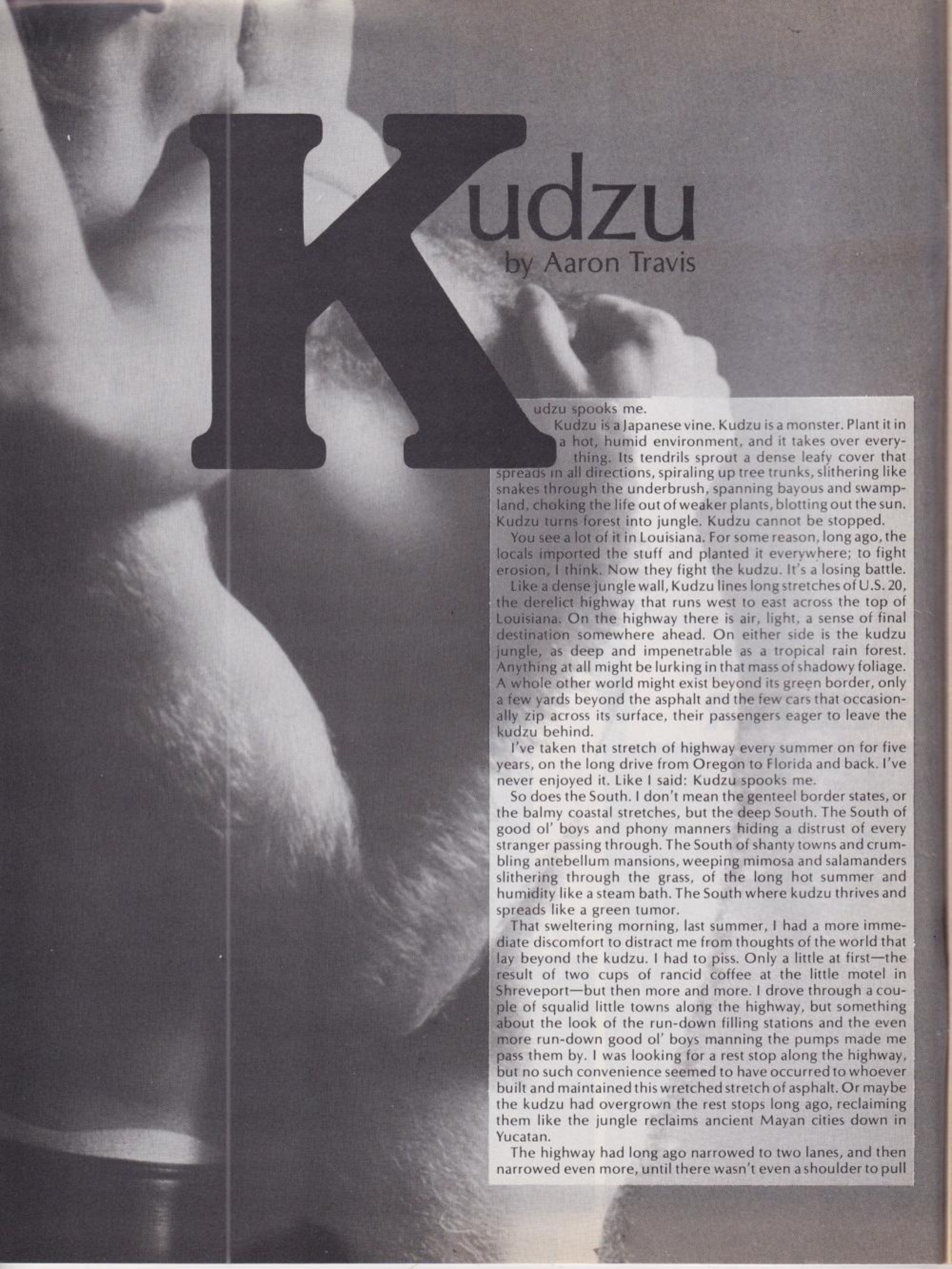
DAVID SPARROW



DAVID SPARROW



DAVID SPARROW



Kudzu

by Aaron Travis

Kudzu spooks me.

Kudzu is a Japanese vine. Kudzu is a monster. Plant it in a hot, humid environment, and it takes over everything. Its tendrils sprout a dense leafy cover that spreads in all directions, spiraling up tree trunks, slithering like snakes through the underbrush, spanning bayous and swamp-land, choking the life out of weaker plants, blotting out the sun. Kudzu turns forest into jungle. Kudzu cannot be stopped.

You see a lot of it in Louisiana. For some reason, long ago, the locals imported the stuff and planted it everywhere; to fight erosion, I think. Now they fight the kudzu. It's a losing battle.

Like a dense jungle wall, Kudzu lines long stretches of U.S. 20, the derelict highway that runs west to east across the top of Louisiana. On the highway there is air, light, a sense of final destination somewhere ahead. On either side is the kudzu jungle, as deep and impenetrable as a tropical rain forest. Anything at all might be lurking in that mass of shadowy foliage. A whole other world might exist beyond its green border, only a few yards beyond the asphalt and the few cars that occasionally zip across its surface, their passengers eager to leave the kudzu behind.

I've taken that stretch of highway every summer on for five years, on the long drive from Oregon to Florida and back. I've never enjoyed it. Like I said: Kudzu spooks me.

So does the South. I don't mean the genteel border states, or the balmy coastal stretches, but the deep South. The South of good ol' boys and phony manners hiding a distrust of every stranger passing through. The South of shanty towns and crumbling antebellum mansions, weeping mimosa and salamanders slithering through the grass, of the long hot summer and humidity like a steam bath. The South where kudzu thrives and spreads like a green tumor.

That sweltering morning, last summer, I had a more immediate discomfort to distract me from thoughts of the world that lay beyond the kudzu. I had to piss. Only a little at first—the result of two cups of rancid coffee at the little motel in Shreveport—but then more and more. I drove through a couple of squalid little towns along the highway, but something about the look of the run-down filling stations and the even more run-down good ol' boys manning the pumps made me pass them by. I was looking for a rest stop along the highway, but no such convenience seemed to have occurred to whoever built and maintained this wretched stretch of asphalt. Or maybe the kudzu had overgrown the rest stops long ago, reclaiming them like the jungle reclaims ancient Mayan cities down in Yucatan.

The highway had long ago narrowed to two lanes, and then narrowed even more, until there wasn't even a shoulder to pull

off on. Then I came to a spot where the wall of kudzu retreated a few feet, just enough to let me pull safely off the road, out of the line of traffic, though I hadn't passed another car for miles.

I stepped off the gritty, broken edge of asphalt and onto a moist carpet of grass. And then, taking a breath, into the kudzu. The vines closed behind me like a heavy curtain silently falling shut, leaving the air and sunlight behind.

A few more steps, and I was hidden completely from the road. I leaned against the moldering bark of a stunted tree, unzipped my jeans, pulled out my cock. I took a quick look around. Nothing to see, except tendrils of kudzu glimpsed through a maze of kudzu, going on forever, ending in a darkness even deeper than the one surrounding me. Nothing to hear, except an occasional bird cry muffled by the foliage, and a faint, steady hissing like steam, the lazy hot breath of the jungle. Then a louder hissing as the flow finally came, splashing against a moldy root at my feet, sending a salamander skittering away in surprise.

The utter stillness, the isolation, the claustrophobia were anything but soothing. The place unnerved me, had me peering into the gloom and jerking my head like a sparrow watching for a cat. Crazy, I said to myself. Paranoid. Which was why, when I heard him moaning, I thought at first that I must be imagining it.

I squeezed my cock at the base to check the flow, stood stock-still and listened. The sound, whatever it was, died away in the silence. I started peeing again, eager to get it over, anxious to get back to my car—and then, as if the sound of my peeing was a cue, the moaning returned.

Something drew up inside me; the piss stopped on its own. I turned my head toward the sound. Not my imagination. Real. And human. And somewhere close by—the sound of someone moaning softly through the dense curtain of kudzu.

I shoved my cock into my pants and zipped up. My first step was back toward the highway. Then the moaning returned, shaped now into a definite voice. A man's voice; too low to be a woman's. More a groan than a moan. There was fear in it. Maybe pleading. Maybe pain. Like an animal's pain, too deep to be put into words. A chilly patch of gooseflesh crinkled at the back of my neck and slithered down my spine.

I bowed low and peered into the underbrush, unable to see anything beyond the kudzu. The moaning continued, growing louder than before and more desperate. Slowly, slowly I reached out and separated the tendrils of kudzu with the back of my hands and stepped deeper into the jungle. Curtain after curtain blocked my way, and as I stepped through each one the moaning grew closer.

I caught a glimpse of sunlight—a clearing up ahead. I stopped, tilted my head and caught a glimpse, lost in an instant, of what lay in the clearing. I sucked in my breath—and thought again that I must be imagining it. Then I heard the moaning again, very close, and knew that what I had seen was real.

I could have returned to the car. I could have turned and run—or better yet walked, because running I would have tripped over the vines and roots—and left the clearing behind forever, telling myself I was crazy, seeing things, hearing things, telling myself it was none of my business anyway. Instead I took a deep breath and pushed onward through the kudzu.

One instant I was surrounded by the choking green vines, still safe in the darkness. Then I was clear of it, blinded by a shaft of noonday sunlight boring down through a hole in the ceiling of the jungle. I covered my eyes with the back of my hand for a moment, squinting. Then I dropped my hand and saw him. Saw what I had glimpsed a moment before through the heavy lace of kudzu.

His back was toward me; I couldn't see his face. He stood upright, his body splayed in the shape of an X. That was what I saw and took in in an instant: the body of a young man, nude and slick with sweat, spread-eagled upright and bound in the narrow space between two trees, shivering and moaning in the hot sunlight.

His wrists were pulled wide apart and high above his head,

bound by metal handcuffs to two thin but sturdy branches. His feet were pulled even wider apart, each ankle circled by a handcuff, the matching cuffs clamped around gnarly roots at the base of the trees on either side. He seemed to hang that way rather than stand, his feet barely touching the ground, his toes straining downward like grasping fingers, clutching at the slippery surface of the moldering roots.

The mind sees more than the eyes alone. I hadn't yet seen his face, but I knew he was young—from the slightness of his frame, lean and wiry. From the tautness of the flesh that padded his shoulder and the hard, flexed muscles of his naked buttocks. From the satiny smoothness of his skin, glowing with a thin sheen of perspiration under the sunlight. The sweat glinted in the dimples of his ass and the crevice of his spine, like the glint of the handcuffs around his ankles and wrists.

I stepped forward. The sun-dried grass crackled under my boots. He must have heard the sound; he jerked. The contorted muscles of his arms and legs drew slightly tauter, straining at the handcuffs, his bowed head snapped upright for an instant, giving me a glimpse of the ragged shock of black hair that curled onto his neck. Something else, blacker than his hair, was wrapped tight around his head—a blindfold. He moaned again, then dropped his head. His body went slack, hanging naked and crucified between the trees.

I stepped closer. I could smell his sweat, carried like the scent of an animal on the sultry air, mixed with the smells of moldering bark and the steam rising from the kudzu. He sensed me drawing nearer; the moans took shape. *No—Please—No*. And other sounds, not quite words, desperate and pleading.

His skin was very firm and very pale, skin that hadn't seen the sun for a long, long time. Against his pale flesh the marks showed very clearly. Broad red stripes, like the marks of a belt, crisscrossing his shoulders and buttocks and the backs of his legs. Some were dark and fresh, others faded to a pink blush. Mixed with the belt marks was a fine hatching of thin welts, like spidery pencil marks, delivered by something harder and thinner than a belt.

His hips were tilted slightly back, his thighs wrenched so far apart that no shadow obscured the crevice between his cheeks. The most secret part of his body was completely exposed and vulnerable. The stripes and welts were concentrated there, at the opening between his buttocks, crossing and recrossing in a crowded hatchwork with his asshole at the very center.

The hole itself was puffy and swollen, like a bee sting turned inside-out and protruding in a slick pink nub, beaded with moisture and etched with tiny welts. A twig suddenly cracked beneath my foot. He moaned again and as I watched, fascinated and appalled, the hole began to twitch as if I had touched it with a live wire, dilating and snapping shut in a strange spastic rhythm.

Then I looked down and saw the rubbers. Twenty of them at least, maybe more, strewn haphazardly on the ground between his feet. Sheepskin condoms, the kind that give most men a loose fit, stretched like overblown balloons. Some were old and dry. Some were new enough to still be filled with semen and glistening with lubricant.

I drew back, staring at his naked ass. At the used condoms strewn on the ground. At the muscles that undulated across his back as he strained at the handcuffs and then fell limp again. If he was still moaning, I didn't hear. My heartbeat was pounding too loud in my temples.

I stepped around the trees, brushing against the kudzu, keeping my eyes on his body. I saw the clamps first. Tiny silver alligator clamps glinting in the sun, pinned to his nipples, pinching them flat and pulling them outward from his chest. His torso was hard and lean and hairless, the flat, square muscles of his pectorals and the ridges above his navel pulled into stark relief by the pressure on his arms and legs.

His cock hung large and fleshy between his legs, red and swollen. A thin leather strap was tied tightly around the base. Another strap was wound around the top of his testicles, forcing them downward into the sack, packing them into a hard red

ball. I had never seen anything like it. But it was the sight of the clamps that made me suck in my breath.

The end of his big cock bristled like a porcupine's tail. A dozen alligator clamps were mounted around the head, biting into the fleshy ridge of the crown. One clamp hung from the end, its outermost set of teeth biting into the very tip of his penis, puckering the slit and pinching it shut.

I think he must have sensed that I was standing in front of him. I think that was why he started to beg. His words were garbled and indistinct, running together, interrupted by moans and shudders that made him shake all over. His voice was a whine, pathetic, close to crying, like the voice of a person used to begging.

"Please, don't hurt me anymore, Lucas. Please. Don't hurt me, sir..."

I looked up at his face. A handsome face. I could tell, despite the blindfold. High cheekbones, a broad nose, a wide mouth with thick red lips. Skin like peaches and cream, except for the bruises. Handsome, and quite young; the stubble across his jaw was sparse in places, like a beard that's only recently begun to grow in. His hair was thick and black, and badly cut. No barber had given him that cut. An amateur using blunt scissors had been tending to his grooming for quite some time.

"Please—take me down. Please. I won't try to run away anymore. Honest. It's just—sometimes I get so scared down in the basement. It's dark, I get scared...and Jimmy Jack is so mean sometimes..."

I was paralyzed, listening to him, staring at him, watching his slender chest rise and fall. Finally I reached up, hardly thinking, and took the clamp from one of his nipples. I meant it as a favor—to take away the pain. But his reaction was something I could never have expected—hissing through clenched teeth, letting out a weird bleating noise of pain, his whole body convulsing in a rictus of agony. My jeans suddenly felt tight at the crotch, pinching into the flesh. That was when I first realized that I had a hard-on.

My cock was hard. Stiff from staring at his nude and tortured body. From watching his reaction as I pulled the steel clamp from his nipple. It scared me, and finally shocked me into thinking instead of just staring. I realized I had to get him down. But I couldn't see how. Without a saw to cut through the branches and roots. Without a key to unlock the handcuffs—

I turned and peered into the thick grass that blanketed the clearing, into the mounds of kudzu that pooled around its edges. There seemed to be nothing there, until I spotted the foot locker. A big metal box, olive green, mottled with rust, almost buried in a clump of vines. I dragged it into the clearing, surprised at how heavy it was. The hinges creaked as I pried the lid open. He must have recognized the sound; he began to whimper again. He must have known what was inside the box.

In the shallow top shelf there were more alligator clamps and another set of handcuffs—shiny and silver, regulation police issue. But no keys. I lifted the shelf and saw the rest of the contents. The things that had made the locker so heavy. The things that had made him groan.

A coiled bullwhip. A riding crop. A car antenna. A black leather dildo the size of a man's arm. A rubber ball attached to leather straps—some sort of gag. A dog collar and chains. Jars of lubricant and a box of condoms wrapped in cellophane. And wrapped in a stained and faded handkerchief, a billfold.

The billfold was thin and worn, molded to fit the curve of its owner's ass. There was no money in the sleeve, but as I unfolded it the rest of the contents spilled into my hands.

He was no Southern boy. I had realized that already from the sound of his voice. His driver's license said New Jersey. Slightly older than I had thought; old enough to be in college. His first name was Tony. His last name I can't remember, except that it was Italian. In the photo he was as handsome as I had thought. Grinning at the camera, eyes bright, his hair cut short and curly, a kid high on the thrill of getting his first driver's license.

There were more photos—parents, friends, family. Tony in swimsuit and goggles, poolside at some sort of athletic meet, his

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curly hair frazzled and damp, his lean body flushed and wet. Another photo of him, cute and smiling, with his arm around a pretty blond girl. There was a message written on the back in a fancy feminine hand: *Tony—Don't forget me while you're cracking the books down at LSU! You know I'll always love you. And watch out for Smokey! XXX, Diane.*

"Lucas? I'll suck you..."

I jerked my head—a reflex at being caught looking through another man's wallet. But Tony was exactly as he had been before, hanging naked between the trees, blindfolded. Still thinking I was someone else.

"Please. I'll suck your cock, sir." His voice was hoarse and thin, and oddly dreamlike, as if he were only half-conscious. "Just don't use the whip. Please. Don't use the dildo. Don't fuck my ass again, not now. Please. Take me down. Take me down and let me suck on it. You know I love to suck your big cock, sir. Let me suck it for you, please. Let me suck it till you come. Just don't fuck me again. Don't let Jimmy Jack use the car antenna on me..."

His voice suddenly cracked and rose to a desperate whine. He pulled against the handcuffs and rocked his torso, making his big limp cock swing between his legs. "Please take me down! I won't touch myself anymore. I won't try to escape again. Never! Please. Take me down so you can fuck my mouth. I'll make it feel real good. You can sit on my face. Please? I'll do it real good this time, not like before. Let me eat out your ass, okay? I'll use my tongue this time, I promise, just the way you like it. Please—"

There was a little wooden box that I hadn't spotted before, nestled in the bottom of the locker. I pulled it out and opened it, thinking it might contain a key.

Inside were more photographs. But these were not snapshots from a billfold. Polaroids, dozens of them, grainy black-and-whites lit by a stark flash. Interior shots, taken in some raw unfinished space like an attic or a basement. Photos of Tony. Always nude, always in some sort of bondage. On his knees with his arms behind him, his mouth plugged with the rubber gag, staring up in fear at the camera. Bent double across a sawhorse, his ankles and wrists chained to the legs on either side. Spread-eagled in a door frame, the big rubber dildo protruding from his welter ass, held in place by electrical tape.

Close-ups of his big, fleshy cock, bristling with alligator clamps. Close-ups of his chest, with more clamps mounted on his swollen nipples. Close-ups of his face, sweaty and bruised, his mouth screwed up, his eyes glittering with pain from something being done to his body out of camera range.

There was a whole series that showed him sucking cock. Two men were using him, taking turns—one using his mouth while the other snapped the camera. The men were never shown, except for their cocks and glimpses below the waist. Lucas. Jimmy Jack. Those were the names he kept using. One had a hard, washboard stomach and muscular thighs. The other was fat, with a big round belly. Both had big cocks, big enough to push Tony's chin down to his chest and make his throat bulge from his neck when they pushed in all the way. In the pictures Tony kissed their cocks, licked them with his tongue, opened his mouth wide and swallowed them whole. There was never a trace of lust on his face, only a desperate, pathetic willingness to please.

Dates had been written on the backs of some of the photos. The newest was less than two weeks old. The oldest had been taken almost a year before.

There was no key. No way I could take him down from the tree. But I could at least take the clamps off his body.

He heard my approach and tensed. I supposed I could have said something to soothe him. I could at least have let him know that I was an outsider, that he had nothing to fear, that I was going to help him. But I said nothing, letting him think what he would. Perhaps even then I knew how it was going to end...

I removed the clamp from his nipple as gently as I could. Even so, his reaction was as powerful as before—gasping, sucking in his chest, making his hard lean muscles undulate beneath the

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glaze of sweat. Making my cock stiffen even harder in my pants.

I took the clamps off his cock. I took my time—to be gentle, I thought, but also because I was hypnotized by his reaction. By his writhing. By his desperate, whimpering squeals. By the way his cock began to stiffen and grow erect as I plucked away the clamps one by one.

Before I was finished, his cock was fully erect, standing up red and bloated from his hips, unnaturally swollen by the strap tied tight around the base. It was then that I saw the spidery marks, like the marks on his back and ass, that crisscrossed the taut, translucent flesh. Someone had been using his hard cock for a whipping post.

There was one more clamp to go, the one attached to the very tip of his cock. As I reached down to remove it, something gave way inside me, gave in to his nudity and helplessness, to the quiet stillness of the kudzu broken by his pathetic moans, to the rigid feeling of power welling up inside my pants. I removed the clamp, but not gently. I took the prongs between my finger and thumb, paused, paused for a long moment, then yanked it away.

I watched him writhe. Listened to him shriek. Smelled the fresh sweat erupting from his pores. Then I put the clamp back on his cock.

That was when I knew I was going to fuck him.

I had never fucked a man before. A few times, over the years, I'd accepted a blowjob from a stranger in a men's room; that was long ago in my college days. Certainly I had never before done the things I did to Tony that day, not to anyone. The whole time I was doing it I knew that it was terribly wrong, that the things I did to him made me no better than the men who had captured him and held him captive. I should have left immediately, found the authorities, found some way of freeing him. And that was exactly what I intended to do, I kept telling myself. Just as soon as I was finished with him.

I was skittish as a cat the whole time, jerking at the least noise—knowing that someone might find us, that the two men in the photos might come back at any moment. But fear only seemed to fuel the sensation. My cock refused to go soft, even after the first time I came inside him and added another used rubber to the pile at his feet.

I remember pulling myself from his ass and staggering to the foot locker. I remember staring down at the pictures, at the dog collar and chains. I remember picking up the car antenna and turning to face him, knowing he had no way to anticipate what I was going to do next, and no way to resist.

The bullwhip. The dildo. The alligator clamps. I kept going back to the box, and Tony kept responding, kept twisting his hard, lean body into ever lewder and more desperate contortions. Kept pleading with me to take him down and let him suck my cock instead, which was the only thing I couldn't do. At some point I stuffed the rubber plug into his mouth, afraid that his squealing might be heard all the way to the highway.

There's no excuse for what I did. I can only say that it was a sort of drunkenness that came over me, fueled by the ferment of the kudzu and the leafy stillness, by the fearful odor of his body and the sight of his silky flesh glimmering with sweat in the sunlight. After I came the second time, the fever receded and the enormity of what I'd done came home to me. Suddenly I wanted no more of it. I only wanted to be far away.

That was when I heard it. A loud noise in the underbrush, like the sound of a man approaching through the kudzu. Later I realized that it must have been only a deer, or whatever large animal populates the kudzu. At the time I only knew that I had to escape. My pants were around my ankles. I turned and bolted, pulling them up as I ran through the foliage, squinting as the kudzu slapped my face, tripping and falling, scurrying up again, never stopping until I had reached my car and was somehow back on the highway gliding down the asphalt.

I drove until my heartbeat slowed to normal, not really seeing anything ahead of me, my mind still back in the clearing. What I had to do was obvious. I had to find the police. I would do it, I

told myself, in the next town I came to. There was no reason not to. The blindfold had stayed on the whole time, I hadn't said a word; there was no way he could have known that it was me. There was nothing I could be punished for. I would simply tell it just the way it happened—the beginning and the end, at least. I had stopped to take a piss beside the road. I hear him moaning, found him hanging between the trees. Saw there was no way I could get him down. Heard a noise in the underbrush and ran—who wouldn't? Went back to my car and found the police as quickly as I could. Just like any decent citizen...

I hadn't been driving five minutes before I came to the rest stop. Even as rattled as I was, the irony struck me like a slap across the face. If I'd only kept driving for five more minutes, there would have been no need to stop alongside the road, and I would never have found him. Never have done the things I did...

As I pulled alongside the rest stop, I saw it—a police car, parked at one side. Like an omen. For an instant I thought of driving on, leaving it all behind me. But I did the right thing. I owed him that much.

The patrolman was sitting on the front bumper, quietly smoking a cigarette. A big, muscular man, his broad chest and shoulders filling out the lines of his tan uniform, his eyes hidden behind a pair of silver shades. He tossed the cigarette aside and stared as I pulled in alongside him, kept his eyes on me as I slowly opened the door and stepped onto the tarmac. He nodded as I approached, his lips curling downward into a frown. I saw myself reflected in his sunshades. The face of a man with a guilty secret.

"Afternoon," he said. His voice was gruff, almost hostile, with just a hint of a Southern twang. A suspicious voice—or maybe I was only imagining it.

I stood there for a moment, staring at myself in his glasses, wondering how to start. "I need some help, officer."

"Yeah?" His lips barely moved. His face seemed to be made of stone. "What's your problem, buddy?"

I opened my mouth, started to speak. Just then another cop emerged from the door to the men's room. A fat cop with a big overhanging gut, still busy adjusting his pants around his hips and buckling his belt. Wearing mirror shades, like his partner. Wearing the same hostile frown.

"What's up, Lucas?" The fat cop had a thin, high voice, glazed with a phony, sweet veneer.

"Don't know, Jimmy Jack. This fellow says he's got some kind of problem."

The fat cop finished buckling his belt and stood beside his partner. I stared at their faces, seeing only the four mirrored images of my face staring back at me. I glanced down and saw the handcuffs hanging from Lucas' belt, and the keys, dozens of keys, dangling from a big metal ring, the kind that jailers use.

I looked up again. In the mirrors I saw myself biting my lower lip. Saw the strange, cracked attempt at a smile that broke across my face.

"Oh... it's nothing, officers. Nothing at all, not really. I'm just a little spooked, that's all. Been driving too long, I guess. The heat. And the kudzu..."

"Sure." The cop called Jimmy Jack smiled and spat on the concrete. "Guess it's a pretty hot day for Yankee boy like you, huh? Maybe all you need's a nice cool glass of iced tea. There's a Dairy Queen a few miles up the road."

"Yeah." The muscular one, Lucas, slowly nodded. "Maybe you should just get back in your car and keep driving. Nothing to be afraid of in the kudzu. Is there, Jimmy Jack?"

"Shit no. Nothing at all." Jimmy Jack giggled. Lucas only smiled a little, the cold lines of his mouth turning slightly upward.

"Sure," I mumbled. "Sure. Thanks, officers." I stepped backward until my hand found the door handle and pulled it open. I slid into the seat, turned the key and backed out of the parking lot. In the rearview mirror I saw them watching me as I pulled onto the asphalt and gathered speed, until the road took a sudden dip and they disappeared behind a veil of kudzu. □

REPORT

DRUMMERMAN ILLUSTRATION by BILL WARD

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A FOUNDATION FOR TOM

The Internal Revenue Service has approved tax-exempt status for a Tom of Finland Foundation to preserve the work of the master of gay art.

The main purposes of the Tom of Finland Foundation are to acquire, preserve and prepare a collection of all his published work, and to document his influence. Tom has personally contributed nearly one hundred separate editions of his publications, approximately 600 photographs, and over one hundred original drawings.

Although Tom has been drawing since shortly after WWII, his work was first published in 1957 when it began regular appearance in *Physique Pictorial*.

The Foundation urges the owners of Tom's originals to consider contributing drawings or photographs. If an owner wants drawings to be permanently preserved, with or without credit to him, he should give serious consideration to making an eventual bequest. For more information about the Foundation and about how to make a gift or bequest, write to Tom of Finland Foundation, Inc., PO Box 26658, Los Angeles, CA 90026.

CHILDISH LAW

The Gay & Lesbian Advocates & Defenders (GLAD) and the Civil Liberties Union of Massachusetts recently won an initial victory in their challenge to the Massachusetts foster-care policy which discriminates against lesbians, gays, single people and unmarried couples.

The court stated "If the best interests of the child are to govern...then any distinction between married couples and singles persons is wholly arbitrary and capricious and adverse to the needs of children," and found it "perplexing that the Department of Social Services, as plaintiffs alleged, approved the plaintiffs as foster parents, placed the children whose "emotional and physical condition improved dramatically," and acknowledged that the quality of care given was "exceptional," and now comes into court postulating that its preference for married couples is rationally related to a legitimate purpose." The court went on to state that "any exclusion of homosexuals from consideration as foster parents, all things being equal, is blatantly irrational."

LAST CHANCE FOR THE HOMO-MONUMENT

Dutch national and local governments have pledged funds for a monument for homosexuals. The C.O.C. (a Dutch gay organization) and Salhomo (the gay Jewish organization) have also raised funds, but a further Hfl 200,000 is needed before the end of the year, or the government funding is withdrawn. The monument is to commemorate the homosexuals murdered in the German concentration camps. Offers of help should be sent to C.O.C., Rozenstraat 14, Amsterdam, The Netherlands.

SUBTLE AND INSIDIOUS TACTICS

In the past, Barnes & Noble,

one of the country's largest book dealers, has carried a wide selection of good gay literature, but this material has been omitted from recent catalogs. The reason? Complaints from the far right against "books for queers."

T.R. Witomski has started a counter-campaign letter-writing blitz of his own. He's asking you to write to Barnes & Noble about the lack of gay material in their catalog, let them know that if you can't get gay books through their catalog, you will have to go elsewhere to do all your book buying. The freedom to read publications that touch our lives is one of our basic American rights, and we cannot allow these rights to be trampled. Send your letter to Barnes & Noble, 126 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10011.

DRUG TESTING REJECTED

The California Assembly rejected a measure that would have required all 120 state legislators to take drug tests after a storm of criticism.

Jerold Hagstrom of Californians for Drug-Free Youth told the committee he felt there had been "a lot of levity"... "I'm talking about a disease," Hagstrom told the committee.

"And I'm talking about freedom, the United States and the Constitution," Assembly Labor and Employment Committee Chairman Richard Floyd snapped.

"I raise enough hell around here that I know the other side has checked my butt out from top to bottom," he said. "I'll be damned if you or Ms. La Follette is going to force a test on me, because I know me."

Assemblywoman Marian La Follette sponsored the bill and even brought a large plastic bag full of empty urine-sample bottles with her to the hearing.

Chairman Floyd had jabbed at the proposal and drew

moans from onlookers by drinking yellow juice out of a container resembling a test tube.

WHO ARE THE HEROS?

In an article from *Israel Today*, Si Frunkin, advisor and past chairman of the Southern California Council for Soviet Jewry and a contributing editor of *Israel Today*, reflected on a Holocaust conference he attended where the conversation turned to Wallenberg and other Gentiles who hid and cared for Jews during WWII. His musings turn to whether he or other Jews would shelter homosexuals under similar circumstances.

"How many of us would take in a homosexual or a homosexual family group under these circumstances? They would have to be hidden from visitors, friends, the postman, the meter reader. They would not be able to pay rent or even help out with the cost of food—food that is rationed and scarce and yet has to be provided to feed these strangers while your own family gets less. They would probably stay with you forever, since there is no chance that our government or its policies would ever change (remember, for most of World War II it certainly looked like the Germans were winning. It was only when they started losing that the Germans and their generals began to dislike Hitler and tried to kill him; most of the rest of the time the Germans were crazy about Adolph).

"Anyway, how many of us would be willing to take in a homosexual family under circumstances I described? Not too many, especially since we would not be doing anything heroic, just unlawful, dangerous and stupid. You see, we would have no idea that the world would decide 40 years later, after most of us were dead, that what we did was herosim."

BOARD OF INQUIRY

PART II

by LARRY TOWNSEND

I was now more convinced than ever that someone had deliberately dropped this inquiry into my lap, in order to embarrass me. Yet the incident had happened outside my command, so the only way I could be faulted was in my handling of the hearing itself. I was saddled with an incompetent prosecutor, whom I personally disliked; nor did the defense advocate appear particularly gifted, and was certainly inexperienced. The incident itself was a crazy escapade that only a screwball midshipman might have perpetrated. He had violated any number of regulations, several of which were serious if anyone was willing to complain. Without a complaint, he had only breached a few minor rules: he had awakened a dozen men from deepsleep, and he had used a few pieces of equipment without authorization. He had apparently not seriously injured anyone, and the superficial wounds he had inflicted on his victims had healed completely after they had been returned to their sleep pods.

And then there was that strange reply by Segovia. He did not wish to file a charge against Forrester because he was in love with Ensign Hudson. That would seem to make Hudson the key to the mystery, but we had only been able to elicit testimony from him under mindscan, and now it appeared that further probing might injure him. Yet he had seemed willing enough to let us do this to him—why, I could not understand. Putting Hudson back under was now out of the question, even if—from a legal standpoint—I was willing to permit it. As I saw it, the only remaining path to the answer lay with the defendant, Forrester. A scan of his mind would certainly elicit everything we needed to know, but such a thing was completely out of the question. A man could not be forced to testify against himself. Oh, but how I would dearly have loved to watch the images that must have been emblazoned on that man's memory! Of course, if he were really innocent, the defense might call upon him to have it. I almost wished they would.

But as I had observed earlier, Hudson had to be the key. I wished I might find some excuse to meet with him privately, and the very idea sent a surge of fire through my balls. I wanted to feel that hard, gloriously defined body against mine—under me, preferably, getting the daylights fucked out of him. But he also had the answers I needed—not only the answers to the behavior of Forrester and Segovia, but possibly to the reasons for the Service having dumped this messy case onto me. I was sure of this, although I could not have explained why. It was simply intuitive.

After dinner, I went back to the hearing room to look over my notes and to review the material in Ensign Hudson's service record. It had not struck me at first glance, but as I slowly scanned the material again, I realized that entries in the ensign's file were unusually sparse. He had never received either a reprimand or a commendation. He had been assigned to a special tactical unit for almost the entire time he had been in service, never moved around to gain experience as was normally done. The printout, of course, came from the central mainframe, which made all the entries uniform in appearance—same typeface, everything phrased in proper service "bureaucratese." Something which might have been written in by hand, or added as an afterthought, was all printed out in neat, computerized type on the pages before me. All semblance of personal, human feelings on the part of his superiors had been obliterated.

It was in his medical record that I stumbled on the first real clue. The man had never been on sick call. In 16 years of service, he had not so much as requested a pill for a headache, suffered a muscular strain or sprain, or requested a shot for a cold or flu. But everyone needed a shot once in a while. Medical science had still not found a vaccine to prevent a cold, but at the first symptoms a man could get a simple, painless treatment to stop its progress.

I decided to call in my G-2. Commander Vince Nagumba was a very handsome, very black, very clever intelligence officer. His gleaming, satiny skin had driven me wild when we first met, but that had been years ago. The initial passions had long since dissipated, and we had become close friends. In fact, I trust him so explicitly, I had done a considerable bit of maneuvering to get him promoted and assigned to his present post. He was more than a friend; he was completely loyal—and smart.

An hour later, in my quarters—and over a snifter of brandy—I explained the situation to him. I gave him a sketchy overview of the entire hearing, but detailed the results of the scan—thereby leaving myself open to court-martial if he ever betrayed me.

"Henry," he said when I finished, "I agree that someone is trying to hang you, and I might be able to get a line on it from friends at GHQ earthside, except if I try to contact them on hyperspace relay it'll have to go right through the Centauri complex. They'll be on us like ferrets. I think your best bet is to get Hudson aside and grill him."

"You know I can't do that, Vince. It would breach every regulation in the book."

"No, I know you can't," he said, placing his enormous paw on my leg and wriggling one long finger up under my codpiece. "Just as I thought," he added, smiling. "You're horny as a goat, and you want to stick Junior, here, up the ensign's bucket."

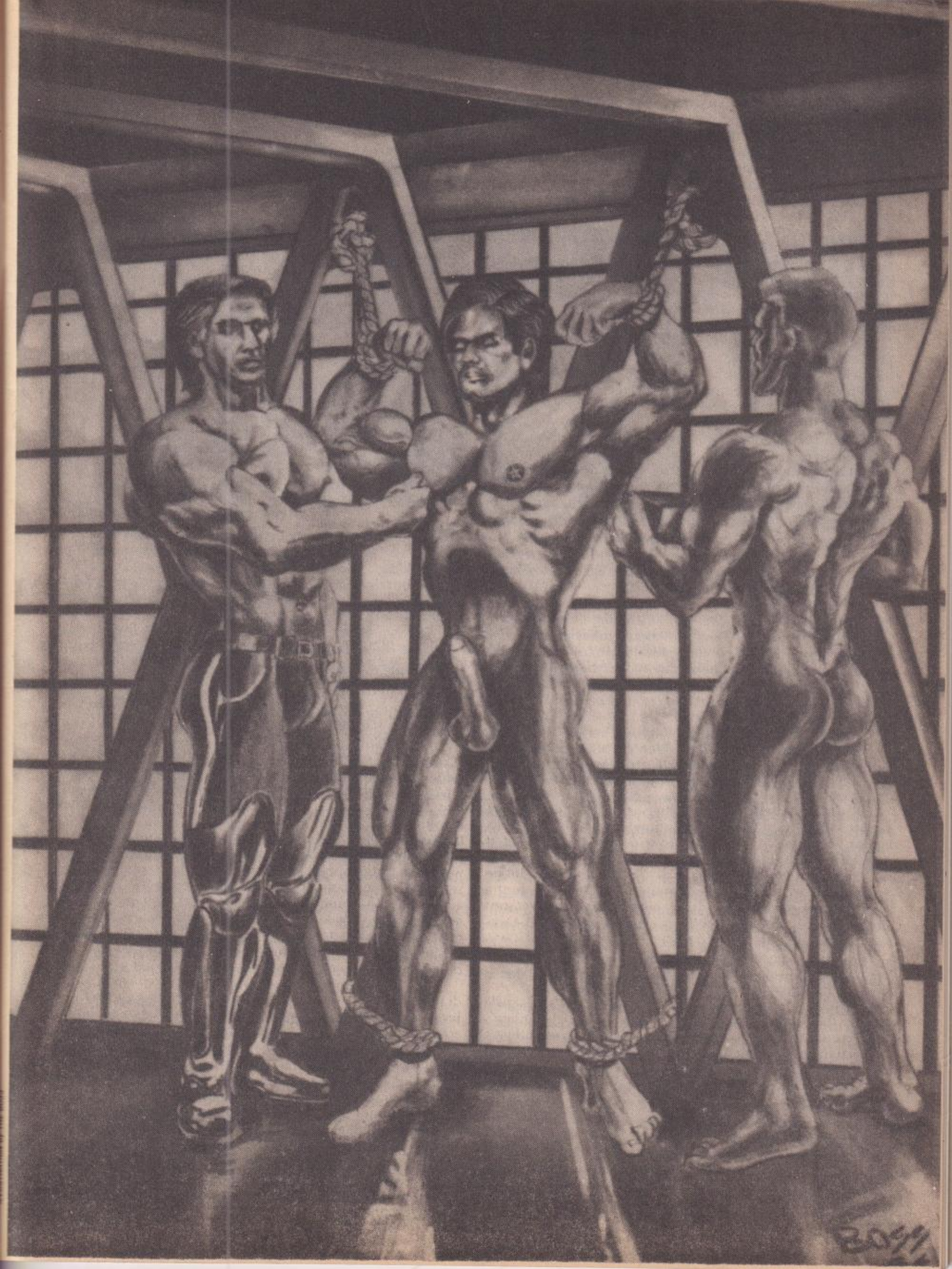
I grinned back at him. "You know it!" I replied. I lay back in the chair, which adjusted to my shift of weight and dropped me into a comfortable reclining posture. Vince's finger remained in contact with my cock, playing with it until it felt ready to break through the fabric. He was still a painfully handsome man, I thought. He'd elected to hold his age at about 25, whereas I had stopped some ten years further on. Flag ranks seldom held at an age under 30, because the few extra lines added character and dignity to the face. A man's body, of course, was never allowed to age beyond its prime. If someone got careless and started to show a thickening about the waist, he was immediately called in by the medical department and put on a regimen of diet and conditioning machines.

"So I guess I'd better get busy," said Vince, reluctantly withdrawing his hand. "Just to be on the safe side, I'll use Bobby to bring him in. Keep an eye on your internal monitor; I'll try to arrange the... whatever, to take place where you can view it."

He got up, preparing to leave, when I stopped him. "Maybe I should fill in all the gaps, so you have the whole story," I suggested, "give you a blow-by-blow of the hearing. I know it won't go any further, and it'll give you a better basis..."

Vince grinned at me, almost condescendingly. "I wouldn't be much of an intelligence officer if I didn't already know... blow-by-blow," he answered smugly.

My face must have shown my surprise, because he continued: "Look, Henry, I'm your friend, remember? There's something very fishy about this hearing. You know it; I know it... knew it from the start. I'm not going to let them fuck you,



baby—not unless they kiss you along with it.”

“Then you’re convinced it really is a setup to get at me? I’m not being schizy about it?” I watched his expression, obsidian eyes returning my gaze, so startling—out of place, really, in the blue-black of his skin.

“As I see it, there are three men who can be hurt by this case. The first, obviously, is Midshipman Forrester. The second is that asshole who’s supposed to prosecute him. If he loses such an open-and-shut situation, he’ll slide down the tube feet first. The third is you, if you don’t handle it in such a way as to avoid any embarrassment to the Service, but at the same time render



bles him, but whose appearance is the perfection of all the suggested beauty in Phil... and what have you? Bait for a trap? A gift from the gods?

“Sir, are you all right?” he asked. He took a halting step forward, as if afraid I might be ill, but fearful lest he transcend the unwritten barrier between us. This was not merely our different ranks; Phil was a slave—a thoroughly dedicated slave, and I had become his Master. He knew better than to touch me without permission.

“Yes, yes; I’m fine,” I told him. “You’d better make some coffee. I’m going to be up for a while.”



The encounter between Ensign Hudson and Vince’s operative, Bobby, came onto my viewscreen about two hours later. I should note, here, that Bobby was one of those fatally attractive men whose physical attributes were attended by a charm that only a saint might resist. He was also one of the most devious agents in our entire intelligence organization. I had known better than to trifle with him right from the start, because his loyalty was to Vince—only incidentally to me, and that because Vince was my man. He was about five feet ten—right in the middle, short to a tall man, small to a big one. His build was lithe and his motions agile, his face almost angelic when he wanted it to be; but his high cheek bones permitted him to assume an air of handsome disdain when that suited his purpose better. He was also a true sexual athlete who could assume any role his partner seemed to desire. He could turn his passion on and off at will, and after observing him in action a few times, I began to think his playacting had actually denuded his emotional being until it existed only as an extension of his intellect.

With Hudson, he assumed a coy, bantering affect to which the other man seemed to respond. They entered the room—ostensibly Bobby’s quarters—directly from the officers’ lounge. As soon as the door closed behind them Bobby took the ensign in his arms and started to kiss him. He had his back to the lens, so that I could see only the dark hair on the back of his head, but I could see Hudson full face. He returned the kiss, apparently with passion, but all the while his eyes remained open and he seemed to be staring directly at me. Not only that, but as the two men continued their prolonged embrace, I could see the ensign’s eyes move as he examined every aspect of the room. But his body had responded appropriately, because Bobby was on his knees a moment later, extracting Hudson’s fully erect penis and beginning to nuzzle it, while the ensign’s hands cupped automatically behind his head, guiding his motions. Still, all the while, those bird-of-prey eyes continued to take in every square millimeter of the room.

It was eerie to watch them, because Bobby—for once in his deceptive life—was being taken in! Hudson responded with every correct and proper move in their sexual interaction, at least insofar as Bobby was able to feel, see or otherwise observe. But I could see that he was... what? distracted? I couldn’t be sure, but something wasn’t quite right. I wished I might some-

an apparently fair—at least legal—decision on Forrester.”

“That makes me one of three,” I replied slowly, trying to evade his logic. “The odds are two-to-one against its being me they’re after—whoever ‘they’ may be.”

“Except that someone’s gone to a lot of trouble and expense to set it up,” he reminded me. “Assuming it is a setup. But who’d waste that much time and effort—to say nothing of the expense—to nail a silly junior midshipman, or that ass of an advocate, who’s already been sidetracked because everyone knows he’s a ninny? No, Henry old boy; it’s your hide they want nailed to the wall, and it’s my job to find out why.”

“And who,” I added.

Vince shrugged. “If it goes too high, we may never be able to answer that one,” he said grimly. “But the ‘why’ should allow us an educated guess. Just remember, this stupid kid pulled a dozen men out of deepsleep, ostensibly to have sex with them—all at once. But you know as well as I do, nobody can control that number of guys and have any kind of a scene. The reason for his attempting this—plus the fact that no one seems willing to testify against him... well, that looks to me like the key to what we’re after.”

“And you think Hudson is going to give us the answer?”

He nodded, looking thoughtfully at the space above my head. “He’s the most logical starting point,” said Vince softly. “Just keep your eye on the monitor. If I’m right, you may find the picture very interesting.”

With that, he slipped out the door, leaving me in a worse quandary than I had been in before he arrived. Then I had been merely worried; now I was downright scared.

Hearing our guest leave, Phil—my orderly—came in from the other door, asking if there was anything I wanted before I went to bed. As he stood just within the room, the light from my table lamp struck his face at exactly the right angle, and for a moment I might have been looking at Ensign Xavier Hudson. The sudden realization of this resemblance struck me so pointedly that I sat down again, staring at him—or rather, past him... through him, at nothing. A jumble of impossible ideas now pressed in on my brain. It was undoubtedly common knowledge that I had selected Phil as my orderly because I found him sexually attractive. This would have been assumed as a standard criterion, expected as such. It would therefore follow that his physical type would appeal to me. So, send in another man who resem-

how have whispered my concern into Bobby's ear. Then, as I continued to watch, Hudson seemed to relax, as if he had initially been wary, but had now convinced himself that everything was all right. He allowed Bobby to stretch him out, spread-eagle on his back. He made no move to resist as his wrists and ankles were secured to the four corners of the bed.

Hudson's apparent change in mood communicated itself to me, because I also sat back in my chair, really starting to enjoy the spectacle. Here was a man who absolutely epitomized my physical "type," slender athletic body, very blond, with a neatly trimmed beard, very light gray eyes. Bound now to the bed, flexing gently against his bonds, he was driving me to an almost painful level of desire. His own cock lay bloated and half erect, arching lazily across one thigh, deep blue veins etched against its ruddy contour. A drop of fluid oozed through the folds of skin about the head. His balls hung deeply within the cavity formed by his widespread legs, heavy orbs lying atop the sheet, lifting slightly with every intake of breathe.

I saw Bobby step away from him, move toward a closet as if about to extract some instrument for us against the stretched, flexing muscles. I might have missed the motion, except that Hudson suddenly turned his head to watch and I saw Bobby's finger touch a tiny panel on the wall before it continued on to the doorknob. There was a sudden change in the screen, as the radiations from a body scanner struck Hudson's body. In almost the same instant his arms and legs contracted, snapping his bonds as if they had been gossamer threads. Then he was sitting cross-legged on the bed, and the screen returned to its normal projection.

But in that momentary glimpse I had seen the potential answer to my questions. Or had I merely gleaned a modicum of information that would serve to deepen the mystery? I couldn't hope to fathom the final answer without further help and investigation, but I had seen the outlines of metal and plastic beneath Hudson's skin. He was, at least partially, an android. It would take a slow motion examination of the recording to know whether his skull contained a human brain, or whether this, too, was artificial. Robot or cyborg? Regardless, the glorious exterior had been specifically designed to appear as it did... designed to be the exact physical type to which I would be most likely to respond. A deliberate bit of bait to tempt me? Coincidence? I lay back in my chair, watching as Hudson began to pull on his uniform, saying nothing to Bobby, who stood helplessly on the other side of the bed.

I decided to keep the knowledge of Hudson's status to myself for the time being. But as I called the next session to order, I felt uneasy about doing this, because it made meaningless so much of everybody's efforts. Listlessly, I listened as Midshipman Segovia concluded his testimony. He described the procedure, as far as he had been able to observe it, by which Forrester returned his subjects to deepsleep. With all of them naked, their hands manacled behind their backs, bound by their genitals to the barred doors of the cells, the defendant had been able to take one man at a time down to the barracks. He had been accompanied on each occasion by Hudson, leaving Segovia bound in the row with the others. Once out of his sight, of course, the witness could not tell us what transpired with the others.

When only Segovia remained bound to the bars, standing totally alone in the silent corridor, he had experienced a real flash of anger. As badly as he had wanted to get it on with Forrester, the man had ignored him until this moment. Then he had been awakened merely as one of a dozen men, and singled out only for heavier abuse and humiliation. He alone had been allowed to go without food, and he had been forced to debase himself by servicing all the others. Now, as Forrester and Hudson were returning the tenth man to the barracks, he had been left alone, bound by his nuts to a steel-barred door. He might easily injure himself, he reasoned; he might faint of low blood sugar, and no one would be there to help him.

With a little prodding from the defense, he admitted that his

major displeasure did not result from his fear of any potential danger, however. He was an inordinately attractive man; yet Forrester had treated him in a cavalier, almost disdainful manner. It had rankled him. Then, the man who really attracted Segovia the most strongly, the man whom he now professed to love—Hudson—seemed to have become Forrester's favorite. He denied that he hated Forrester, but admitted that he had come to dislike him. "Silly little fluff," I thought. "He probably falls in love with every big hard cock that slides up his ass."

When the two men returned, Segovia was untied and required to kneel in front of Hudson. The ensign had been given a pair of space boots, but otherwise remained as naked as before. Forrester had once again secured Hudson's hands together behind his back and ordered him to stand "at ease" while Segovia was required to start at his toes, "to lick, to suck, to make love to the ensign's boots," to gradually work his way upward until he reached the crotch. As I listened to his description of servicing Hudson's cock, I wondered how he would react if he knew he had been swinging on plasticized synthetic, that the load he had taken was an emulsified imitation of the semen he thought had flowed across his tongue. It also occurred to me that this discharge might have been fortified with the nutrients Segovia had assumed he had been denied. Interesting thought.

I mentally tuned out the remainder of Segovia's testimony, mulling over in my own mind the various possibilities. Was it conceivable that Forrester knew the truth about Hudson? And what was that truth? If the ensign was a cyborg; i.e., a largely or completely artificial body, but with a human brain in his plastic-metal skull, that would explain his susceptibility to the mindscan. I didn't know enough about robotics to be sure how an electronic brain would react, whether it could produce images capable of the reproduction we had seen. But on the basis of my limited expertise, it would seem to be one argument in favor of a human brain.

On the other hand, until he had been transferred to the *Scarpa Flow*, Hudson had been on only one assignment—for far too long, and had not been promoted. That argued in favor of his being a total robot. A man would have made some attempt to transfer. Or would he? If his body were experimental and he needed to be closely monitored by doctors and other scientists, that could explain his apparent lassitude. Strangely, despite my knowledge that he wasn't real, I found my mental image of his physical perfection just as arousing as when I had assumed his humanity to be genuine. I riffled the corners of the pages in front of me... Hudson's service record. Well, that certainly couldn't be genuine. No wonder it was so sparse and sterile. It was phony, just as phony as that sexy, gleaming body.

I was brought back to the real world by a sudden shouted objection from Commander Blake. "If the court please," whined the prosecutor, "the defense is attempting to intimidate the witness!"

"In what way, Mr. Blake?" I asked.

"Sir, every time Midshipman Segovia begins to describe a new outrage that the defendant perpetrated upon his body, the defendant stares at him and makes snide little motions with his fingers. I've observed this, now, half a dozen times, and I'm certain it has caused the witness to alter his testimony."

"I find it difficult to believe some eye contact and body language on the part of the defendant could so grossly affect the witness," I returned coldly, but even as I spoke the words I wondered. Hudson was either a cyborg or an android robot. What might Forrester be? As an afterthought, I fixed the defendant with a stern expression and demanded, "Do you possess psychic abilities, young man?"

For several moments silence reigned in the hearing room, as my question was digested by everyone present. I had done it with such a straight face that even the lawyers weren't sure whether I meant to receive an answer, or whether it was a bit of rhetorical sarcasm. However, Forrester's normally swarthy complexion was suddenly more ruddy than it had been before. He stared back at me in surprise, and finally decided that I

expected a reply.

"I...I do seem to have some such ability," he stammered. "But I've never been tested for it, and I've never used it intentionally, although it seems much stronger lately."

The defense began to protest, but I waved him down. "This court will adjourn, and the officers of the board will meet privately in my quarters at 1100 hours," I said, bringing down the gavel.

"Gentlemen," I said, after we were assembled and door closed behind us, "I don't know what's going on here, but someone is trying to make fools of us. I don't know who or why, but I for one am not going to stand for it."

I glanced around at my six companions, knowing within myself that one of them had to be a spy for someone higher up. By maintaining the stern, almost angry facade with which I had conducted the entire hearing I hoped to force some sort of revealing response from the bastard. But regardless of my success or failure in this, I certainly intended that whatever conclusions came out of this hearing, the blame—or credit—was going to be equally spread among my fellow officers.

"Commodore," began Captain Hanks—an old friend who now commanded our newest strike carrier, "I've had the feeling from the start that these men were playing some kind of game with us. I think they're all in on it—all dozen of the alleged victims, although I admit I can't figure out what Segovia is trying to do."

The others all seemed to agree, and I realized after several minutes of back and forth discussion that I would have unanimous agreement if I elected to simply dismiss the charges and sweep the whole thing under the rug. But it would have to be done on my recommendation. No one else was going to propose it. I was tempted to do just that, except that I knew the answer was not this simple. When the conversation finally dropped off, and all faces turned in my direction, waiting for me to take the lead, I decided to lay it all out for them.

"Gentlemen," I sighed, "if it were merely Forrester and his dozen playmates involved in this I'd wholeheartedly agree with you. I don't know what we've stumbled onto, but I can assure you it's a good deal more complicated than you think. Are you aware, for instance, that Ensign Hudson is an adroid?"

I struck paydirt! Five of my fellow board members stared at me in a mixture of shock and disbelief, the sixth blanched and looked down at his feet. This was Commodore Harley-Smythe, who commanded the next star base spaceside from mine. He was very much junior to me, having been only recently promoted, and had been assigned to the board ostensibly because he happened to be in the area, en route back to his command. When the mutters of surprise died down, it was he who broke the silence.

"Commodore Baumann," he said to me, "I find it difficult to believe you just made that statement. There has been no investigation instigated by this board to discover such a thing, and it would have been highly improper had you done so on your own without informing the rest of us."

"In other words, Commodore," I replied, "you want to know how I found out. Well, I wouldn't be much of a station commandant if I let things go on within my command without being aware of them." Thank Mother Space for Vince Nagumba, I thought; then, taking a chance I'd never have to prove it, I continued: "I know about Hudson, because the man hasn't used the head since he came here, and he hasn't needed to get a single item of uniform clothing cleaned. A man who neither sweats nor shits is something other than a man. Then, look at his medical record," I added. "You all have copies of that. He hasn't been on sick call in 16 years of service. Despite his being a seemingly exemplary officer, he's still an ensign—an ensign who's made no effort to get transferred, or otherwise improve himself. I would also like to state that all of this occurred to me only last evening, and I am taking this opportunity to inform you." Having thus covered my ass, I let Harley-Smythe have the floor.

He stared at me for at least a full minute, before he let a grin spread across his face. "Gentlemen," he said, "I have to admit that all of us—all of you—have been subjected to a little experiment. No, no," he continued, raising his hand to ward off the rising murmur of protest, "it isn't anything evil or devious. As you know, I was aide to Grand Admiral Summerfield for a number of years, before receiving my present assignment. The Admiral is due here in about 36 hours. In fact, I imagine Commodore Baumann will be receiving an announcement any minute. That is all I am permitted to say, except to request that all of this be kept confidential until the Admiral explains it to you. However, I was authorized to add—in the event our ploy was discovered prematurely—that the Admiral is most appreciative of your patience and cooperation."

After all the initial formalities of receiving a Grand Admiral were concluded, and Summerfield had met with the board members to ease any ruffled feathers, he and I retired to my quarters for cocktails before the formal dinner that evening. So far, all his explanations had seemed rather superficial to me, but because of his rank no one had dared question him.

"Well, Henry," he said as he settled into one of the servo-chairs with a tall drink in his hand, "it's been a long time since you backed me up on that Scalecian thing...what 80...82 standard?"

I laughed as I reclined opposite him. "You old phony," I replied. "It was 96 earth-standard years ago, and you know it to the minute. Now what's all this crap? I thought somebody was out to scalp me."

"They were, baby; they were!" he roared. "But I figured you had to be just a shade sharper than that gang of pussy-footing, vanilla-sex hounds at GHQ. They wanted you to fall on your ass trying to extricate that dizzy midshipman, when you discovered he liked his sex a little spicier than most. Do you know how long it took them to design that robot so he'd be exactly your type? Shit, they had you analyzed on three different computers to make sure everything fit. That's how I caught them, by the way. Damned fools used Big Buns to run their final checks, and I just happened to have a drive configuration going through at the same time. Harley-Smythe went down personally to check some figures and saw your name on a piece of scrap paper. He told me, and I overrode their security block to find out what they were up to."

"So, what did they expect me to do? Bend the rules to get the kid off?"

"Well, they thought they had you either way," he said. "If you'd let him off, they'd have set you up with Hudson and claimed your SM proclivities had adversely influenced your judgment. If you'd ended up filing charges on Forrester, they'd have used it as precedent to start picking off the guys who were playing rougher games than they think is good for the Service. You were the test; you must see that. Any ruling had to come from a flag rank with SM tastes. Of course, that was all secondary to the official reason for this whole charade. We really wanted to determine how long it would take a group of men with the combined experience of the Board to spot a robot."

"I still don't understand why they used Forrester instead of Hudson then," I admitted.

"A robot can't harm a human, remember? It can play sex games, but you take it past the point where the guy it's working on really doesn't like it, and he's got to stop. By the same token, it couldn't do anything to damage your career, because that would be hurting you. Forrester's just a twirp they set up to do their dirty work...never really understood all the ramifications, but he's a low-level esper. The Hudson robot is too—but much, much stronger than Forrester. The two of them communicated, you see...empathized, I guess you'd call it, with Forrester trying to set out the hook for you, and using Hudson as bait. Except that the robot was actually guiding the action without Forrester knowing it—took over, for instance, right after Forrester took him out of deepsleep, let himself be

worked over and made the human happy by putting on a good show for him. It was the fine points of these exchanges that the programmers couldn't plan for—just had to leave it up to the robot's general instructions.

"What they really didn't count on was: First, you know when to keep your cock in your pants," he was ticking off these points on his fingers, smacking my thigh each time. "Second, they forgot that ESP works two ways, and while Forrester was supposed to do some real harm to a couple of his victims, the robot wouldn't let him. That weakened their case, and then the damned machine decided it would harm Forrester if the others testified against him, so he blocked them, too. Thirdly, along comes Midshipman Segovia. What a little doll that one is! Well, this sexpot falls in love with the robot, and Forrester falls in love with him. But the grand master of this pot boiler tells Forrester 'hands off' until after the court-martial—they figured it would come to that. Hudson was supposed to give the Board enough 'involuntary' evidence to merit further action. Except the mindscan started to overload his circuits and he went into the prearranged pantsing sequence. Your scanner is an older model than the one they tested him on, and it must have shot a heavier load of electrons into him." The admiral grinned, then, laughing at himself. "Listen to me," he said, "calling that machine 'him.' I mean 'it,' of course."

"So Hudson really is a full robot, not a cyborg," I sighed. "Too bad."

The Grand Admiral grinned at my obvious disappointment. "I know it isn't much fun to whip a robot's ass," he said, "Even if he's programmed to respond like it hurts him. But they make good tops, too, especially with a high level of ESP. They'll go just as far as you want, and no farther. And, as I remember, you could take all I could give, back in the old days. Don't you still get the urge to bottom out once in a while." His hand had remained on my thigh long after he finished ticking off his point. He now gave a squeeze that all but made me cry out in pain. (The son of a bitch always had been the strongest man I

ever knew.) "We've got a couple hours before dinner," he continued. "Maybe we ought to relive our youth."

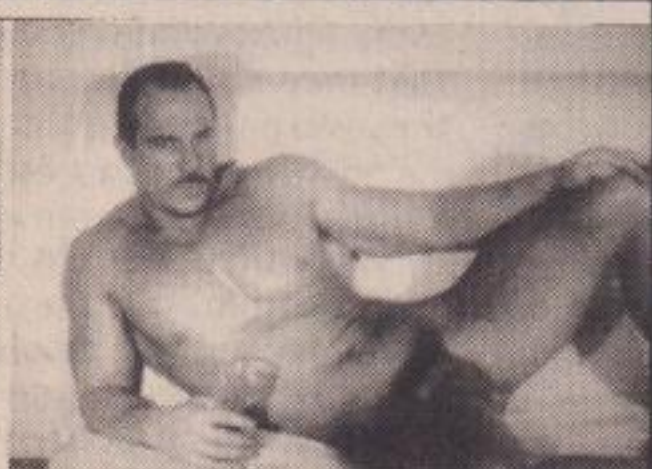
I'd been top for so long, it took me a few moments to recapture the old sensations I used to have when (then) Lt. Commander Summerfield had trained me. "I guess it's okay for a Commodore to bottom out for a Grand Admiral," I replied softly.

I watched him as he shifted his weight in the servochair, and the mechanism remolded itself to his body. He was facing me, now, reclining back on the seat with his legs spread wide apart. "Grand Admiral," I thought... "the highest rank in the Space Service... five stars"... only four other men in the galaxy shared that distinction. But I had served with him, trained under him when he was just another aspiring midrank officer. He hadn't changed very much, although he now permitted a trace of gray to show at his temples. But his skin was smooth with a healthy, youthful glow. His curly, dark-brown hair was disheveled from his having worn his plumed helmet, and this gave him an even younger aspect. His body, even beneath the gleaming black of his uniform was just as hard as I remembered it, powerful muscles of arms and torso straining against the fitted material.

He wore boots of his own design, as did most of us from my rank up, because it was our privilege to express ourselves as we wished in our manner of dress. His were real leather, black and mirror bright. The soles were quite thick, unlike the standard issue of lower ranks, and the tops fitted tightly about his calves, had a joint at the knee—much like an athlete's leg guard—and continued up to midthigh, where they buckled firmly about his leg. Instead of the usual satin-velvet synthetic of a normal uniform, his was suede, blacker than black, fitted and cleverly tailored to display his hard-muscled body to its best advantage.

His face had the weathered look of a young mariner, rather long features that combined to a handsome look of sternness, offset somewhat by his very dark eyes which seemed almost limpid, with an implication of forgiveness. His ears were deeply

CHRISTOPHER RAGE



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lobed and his fingers were long and thick, two clues to the substantial manhood now pressing hard against his sculptured leather codpiece. He watched with some show of amusement when my gaze dropped to the area of his crotch, and he commanded me forward, onto my knees.

I quickly fell into the long dormant role I had always assumed with him, willingly submitting myself to the one man I had ever accepted as Master. I gave no thought to my orderly, who could well have stumbled upon us, or to any other consideration of the privileged status I had grown to know and enjoy. Instead, I buried my face in the leathery aura of his groin, savoring the scent of raw leather about his codpiece. I managed to dislodge the pair of snaps that held it in place, saw the natural color of its inner surface as it fell away, my senses intoxicated by aromas of hide, mingled with his sweat and the essence of genitals. He must have known I would be kneeling before him, and he remembered the effect all of this used to have on me. He had probably allowed his cock to go a day or two without its usual scrubbing, just long enough to let the fragrance reach that tantalizing point of ripened manhood. He had achieved exactly the right degree of this, and as I gently nuzzled the wrinkled foreskin I felt him lean forward and seize my upper arms.

He maneuvered my wrists together, so that I was in the posture of bondage, of total supplication before he granted permission to take his cock. This was a command more easily given than obeyed, because the bulbous crown was almost more than a man might hold within his oral cavity. But I had learned to do it years before. The trick was to force enough slickness up to coat it, then to press onto it without concern for the seemingly impossible fullness it created. Fortunately, it never got so steely hard it wouldn't bend; at least it never had before. I was floating on a cloud of bliss, as if I'd taken some exotic drug, and his enormous tool was alternately gagging me and sliding back to give breathing space, while my senses continued to absorb the scents of his body and its accoutrements.

Finally, he left me kneeling before his empty chair, with orders to remain in place. He went to the door leading into the rear of my quarters and called for Phil, telling him to summon Ensign Hudson, but not to return himself until it was time to get my formal uniform out for the dinner party. He added something else, which I couldn't hear, then returned to the room. Phil left by the service entrance, never catching a glimpse of me; but at the moment, I would not have cared.

He ordered me to strip, then, stood in front of me as I shed my uniform. His fingers explored the curves and plains, testing the muscle tone to be sure I had kept myself in shape. He seemed satisfied, remarking on the improved cording of my abdomen, twisting my nipples and noting that they had flattened out a bit, "probably from lack of proper use." I was never as large or bulky as Summerfield, but my musculature had always been more "showy," because I had a thinner skin, he'd always told me. That made me more responsive to his usage, as well, for the nerve endings lay closer to the surface and were sensitive to every contact.

He unfastened the front of his tunic, discarding it with its heavy constellation of silver and diamond service pips. Then his naked arms encircled me, drawing me into him and our mouths came together. His powerful tool had lodged between my legs, pressing upward against the inside of my crotch as if trying to provide a perch on which I might be suspended. "You're just as beautiful as ever," he whispered as we drew apart. "You're like that ancient statue I have in my garden back home," he continued, "except your flesh is real and warm. I've missed you, Henry, really missed you." He kissed me again, allowing his fingers to trace the length of my spine, finally dropping to the cleft of my ass and exploring that as well. "You've got a body like a young cadet."

He stepped back, rubbing the patch of hair on my chest with the back of his hand. "Just that little growth up here... and down there," he continued, twisting thumb and forefinger into the light-brown shield. He tightened his grip, and I moved

against him, involuntarily trying to limit the pain. His digits moved another few inches and closed about the base of my cock and balls, subjecting them to a gradually increasing pressure. He allowed his fingers to rove the length of my penis, poking his thumb into the foreskin, rubbing the crown where a thick moisture had already gathered. He had just started to kiss me again when a knock sounded at the door.

"That'll be Hudson," he said.

The android entered, a living sculpture that epitomized my ideal... at least the perfect imitation of a man I might wish to subjugate. At the admiral's command, Hudson stripped, and I found myself responding to his beauty, despite my knowing that he wasn't real. But at Summerfield's further instruction, he came up to me, warm and naked, human in every outward aspect. He was slightly shorter than I was, lithe in movement, delicately defined, skin a luscious peachy color. I took him in my arms as I had the admiral, allowed his lips to lock on mine, felt the pressure of his tongue and let it enter me. Although I had seen a demonstration of his strength, he carefully gauged the pressure of his embrace to the precisely desired degree. His cock was touching mine, growing hard and thick as the contact caused me to reciprocate.

There was nothing about him to suggest his artificial state, neither in appearance or behavior, and after a few minutes I found it hard to believe he wasn't everything he appeared to be. I responded to him as I would have to a man who looked exactly like him. Under Summerfield's direction, he backed me into the metal frame where I had often disciplined my own subjects, and bound my wrists with rope to the upper ends of the X-shaped cross. Then my ankles were secured as well, and I stood spread and helpless, facing the two figures who represented the quintessence of my dual desires—the ultimate top, the perfect bottom. Yet, at the moment, I was subservient to them both and that, too, seemed a summation of perfection.

"I'd love to have you the other way around," said the admiral, "so I could lay a few strokes across your ass and remind you that there are still a few men out there worthy to be your Master. But we have our duties to perform tonight, and I wouldn't want to rush it." He walked up to me, and worked my tits as he spoke. "I have a special ceremony in mind right now," he continued. "Maybe after dinner, we can pick up where we leave off." He increased his grip, until I winced and pulled against my bonds. It had been so long since anything like this had happened to me, it was almost a fresh experience... a flashback to days of pseudo-youth, when my experience, at least, had been limited and in need of growth, my body requiring instruction.

He motioned for the android to bring a small package which he had left on the table by his chair. As I watched in bewildered expectation, he opened the leather case and took out a small flask of clear liquid. He opened it and soaked first one tit, then the other. He grinned at my look of consternation, as the fluid seared my skin and the fumes of his antiseptic wafted against my nasal sensors. His deep, dark eyes stared into mine for several seconds, then he abruptly broke the contact, finished by pouring the remainder of fluid into his hands and rubbing them together.

"Do you know what I'm going to do to you?" he asked.

"No, Sir," I replied.

"Oh, yes, you do. Doesn't he?" he added, looked over his shoulder at Hudson.

"He suspects, Sir; but he doesn't know."

"Interesting," said the admiral. "I think you two will develop an excellent rapport." With that, he shoved back the hinged lid of his case with the back of his hand, and pulled a pair of shiny objects from the white-lined interior. "And do you know what these are?" he asked me.

I looked at the pair of metal objects that now lay within the palm of one hand. "Stars," I said, "admirals' insignia."

"That's right," he assured me. "Two of them. You're being promoted, Commodore. You're now a rear admiral—a term I've seldom found as appropriate as it is right at this moment."

As I watched in a mixture of emotion, helpless to resist and

knowing it was useless to beg him not to do it, he took hold of my left nipple, pulled it out hard from my body, and slid the pointed fastener of the first star through my flesh. I responded to the pain by a deep, barely controlled groan, feeling my knees buckle and the weight of my body come down full against the bindings on my wrists. From the corner of my eye, I saw Hudson take a step forward, as if to interfere. I forced my mind to clear itself of any response to pain. I thought of the man who stood in front of me, of my love for him, and this must have communicated itself to the robot. Hudson backed away.

The admiral had to have seen this exchange, but he chose to ignore it. He opened the pin on the second star, as I steeled myself for the next penetration of my flesh. I continued to project the positive thoughts I had previously generated. This time, the android made no move to interfere, and strangely enough I felt a surging warmth within myself, with the pain a stabbing unreality in the background of consciousness. Instead of trying to twist away from him, I found myself wishing to touch this man who had just used my promotion as a medium for a mutual exchange that no other might fully appreciate. But, I wondered, had the robot used his extrasensory powers to dull my pain?

"Now," said the admiral, stepping back to admire his handiwork, "I want you to understand that I had these especially made...solid gold, mind you, and guaranteed not to irritate your delicate skin. I'm going to announce your promotion at the dinner tonight, and you'll be presented with a standard set of stars to pin on your uniform. But you'll already be wearing the insignia of rank, where only you and I will know. And, if you're man enough to carry it out, maybe I'll come back here with you afterward, and give you a proper reward."

"Yes, Sir," I whispered.

"Think you can carry it off?"

"Yes, Sir," I assured him, again forcing my affection for him to override the pain.

He gestured for Hudson to turn me loose, as he continued

speaking to me. I had been reassigned, he explained. I was to go as military ambassador to the Solarian Empire—our principal rival in the known galaxy. "Hudson will go with you," he continued. "That was the real point of this entire exercise... now, and over the last few days. We're convinced he'll pass scrutiny, and serve as both your aide and bodyguard—and maybe do a little mental eavesdropping on your Imperial hosts. Whatever other uses you wish to make of him, of course, are up to you. Then, if you carry it off as I know you will, I'm working to have you jumped in rank...get you a third star."

He clamped one huge paw around my cock, as the final bonds fell from my ankles and I stepped away from the cross. "Guess where I'm going to install that one," he said, crushing the fold of foreskin beneath my cockhead. He grinned again and kissed me lightly on the lips.

A sudden spasm of pain erupted from my nipples as I allowed my thoughts to shift, but it lasted only a moment. I glanced at Hudson, realizing that the android had to have felt my discomfort and reacted to protect me. With his help, I'll damned well get through that dinner and then we'll see if the old man still has the touch, I thought.

Mistaking the meaning of my glance, the admiral let out a roar of laughter. "You'll get used to him," he assured me. "I bet you'll even come to love him. Robots make good pals," he added. "They do whatever you want them to do, and they never tell on you. You've been afraid to play your rightful game all these years, for fear your dignity would suffer. Now you've got no excuse."

"It's going to be interesting," I agreed. "Very interesting." I walked thoughtfully into the bathroom to clean up for the coming ordeal, wondering who would prove to be master of the situation at the Imperial Court...wondering if Summerfield realized just how solid a rapport already existed between Hudson and me.

"Hudson," I thought, "not 'the robot.' 'Him;' not 'it.'" Yes, it would be interesting. And I wanted that third star. □

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DRUMMERMAN ILLUSTRATION by BILL WARD

GQ, LADIES HOME JOURNAL OR...

When I first saw your cute photograph on page 4 of the new *Drummer* (issue 99) in tuxedos and holding champagne glasses, I thought it was some kind of inside joke.

However, now that I have finished with your first issue, I can only assume it was not a joke, but meant to convey what you were going to do to the magazine—turn it into a *Gentlemen's Quarterly* for "leathermen."

If this is your plan, count me out. Your changes should really help sales for *Manscape* and other magazines who still have their balls intact.

C.A.
Glendale, CA

From "the 'Instead of' Magazine for the Macho Male" to the *Ladies Home Journal* in one fell swoop!

I had expected, and hoped for, so much more from the originators of *DungeonMaster*.

What's planned for "milestone issue 100"? Congratulatory telegrams from Edwin Meese and Rev. Jerry Fallwell to replace the 'pretty,' and dated, front and back cover photographs? Or maybe an article by Anita Bryant if your new author Tim Barrus doesn't have another 'erotic' story ready.

Obviously I must have misunderstood your publishers' statement. I thought you were referring to the 1950s, but you actually meant the 1850s.

B.S.

MULTIPLE CHOICE: This drawing and its accompanying story is typical for which publication? (Only one answer is correct.) a) *Ladies Home Journal*, b) *Gentlemen's Quarterly*, c) *The Advocate*, d) *Honcho*, e) *First Hand*, f) *Drummer*.

In your attempt to create a 'new' *Drummer*, it seems you have made a magazine of 'old,' or as referred to in publishing circles, 'stale' news.

1) You devote four pages of photo-

graphs to International Mr. Leather contests, the most recent of which was held six months ago. We know you are from Chicago, but are you also being financed by Chuck Renslow?

2) You began installment publication of "Sado Island," which was first published in early 1985, and for which I paid \$12.50 in one issue. Why should I now pay \$4.95 per excerpt to read it again?

3) Not only was the collage of Gay Games photos amateurish (better suited to a junior high school yearbook) and again dated, but they've been covered before and better in *The Advocate* and other general-interest, gay publications.

For the first time in buying all but two of ninety-nine issues of *Drummer*, I feel as though I've been deliberately "ripped-off." The most interesting and erotic reading in the entire issue was the Dear Sir column.

If you didn't want to publish the type of magazine that *Drummer* has been since its inception, why did you buy it?

R.P.
San Francisco, CA

(Ed.: We have received numerous congratulatory letters and phone calls. Above are three critical ones. I think the quiz question above is adequate response to the first two, but the third one deserves more: First, I must point out that most of the contents of *Drummer* 99 were taken from materials on file here at the time of our purchase. While I planned the basic content of the magazine, I had to be in Chicago closing down operations while it was actually being done. Both the Gay Games and the International Mr. Leather Contest were to be covered from a uniquely *Drummer* point of view—Sweat and Strain. However, nature and circumstances did not cooperate. During the Gay Games, San Francisco experienced one of Mark Twain's winters; straining muscles were kept warmly covered and sweat was little in evidence. Similarly, the photos from IML that I had planned to feature, photos of the contestants pumping up before the contest, were deemed by the art director to be too cluttered and of too poor a quality for use. Other IML photos were substituted. I think that either of these photo features would have been okay for publication in *Drummer*—but the two together made for too few "cock shots." We have done better in Issue 100 and will continue to do so.

As for reprinting items like "Sado

Island," I totally disagree with the criticism. It is an excellent work, many *Drummer* readers did not buy it upon publication, and many of those who did will enjoy reading it again. No one is going to be totally interested in everything in any magazine. They pay the cover price for the parts they are interested in, not for the parts they are not interested in.

As for the type of magazine we want to publish—bear with us for a few issues and watch us grow, rather than judging by our first attempt.

—AFD)

BOUND TO BE CONTROVERSY

Slightly less than a week ago at a friend's birthday party, I heard, "Drummer's not going to publish bondage photos anymore. Tony's letter says it is because of the feds."

I was outraged and said I would cancel my subscription as soon as the latest issue arrived and I had the opportunity to actually read what you wrote.

Well, I've read it. I'm still upset, but not enough to cancel. You've still left me the option of *Mach* and *DungeonMaster*.

I'll keep an eye on the last couple of issues of *Drummer* left on my subscription, but I don't anticipate renewing it at this time.

However, you will find enclosed a check for a subscription to *Mach* and *DungeonMaster*.

The best of luck in your new enterprise. It's a damn shame you are starting with an imposed handicap from the feds and distributors. Still bound and determined to support you.

R.L.D.
San Francisco, CA

EMOTIONAL OUTBURST

Congratulations on the best coverage for the community and best wishes for a smooth and empowered transition of ownership and production to Desmodus, Inc. I've been a member of DM since my awakening into leather and SM through my first Master. Are they still to be dual magazines?

The professional columns and advice of DM are superb and I'd not willingly give it up, as this "slave-trainee" has much to learn and/or experience. Pardon my outburst of willful expression, but...!

Please make editorial assertion to notify your devoted audiences.

G.D.
Pomona, CA

(Ed.: Not to fear, DungeonMaster and Drummer will remain separate and individual publications. Desmodus, Inc. plans format and editorial content changes in both, Drummer and DungeonMaster.

Drummer will remain a monthly magazine and our major priority, but we will definitely not let DungeonMaster be lost in the shuffle. It will be upgraded to a more magazine-like look, will at least double in number of pages per issue and will become, officially, a quarterly, alternating publication dates with Mach and FQ. The new DM cover price will be \$4 per issue, \$15 for a four-issue subscription. DungeonMaster will remain the "professional" magazine, while Drummer will continue with its action-fantasy-SM content. Drummer will be updated with new material, stories, articles, photos and artwork by new and past contributors.

Reader comments and suggestions on both Drummer and DungeonMaster are welcome. —JET)

YOU PAY FOR WHAT YOU GET

I have noted in recent issues of Drummer complaints about the increase in price of the magazine. Hey, people, don't knock it! Here in Germany the newsstand price of Drummer is 24.80 DM, or approximately \$12.50, so don't worry, you're still getting a fantastic magazine at a decent price.

Tom of Virginia
Europe

VENGEANCE IS MINE

As a person who has been robbed many times and almost been beaten to death, I wonder why are you against capital punishment? Using false data and arguments ("Death Penalty," Forum, Drummer 97, pg. 16) against such a purging of worthless scum, it seems you need a run-in with a hoodlum (a Reagan type) and the you'll see the light.

I got your magazine by mistake. I like other gay magazines and hoped you would be like them. Since you are not, I will not buy yours again. Try to have some class and taste by not using such filthy words and violence.

Rev. L. T.
Buffalo, N.Y.

(Ed.: The opinions expressed in Forum are those of the specific author and not necessarily those of the editors, staff or publishers of Drummer. I personally am in favor of public floggings and executions; but that is my opinion. We are each entitled to express our opinions and especially at the ballet box where such things are decided by public vote. Also, taste and class are subjective concepts. —JET)

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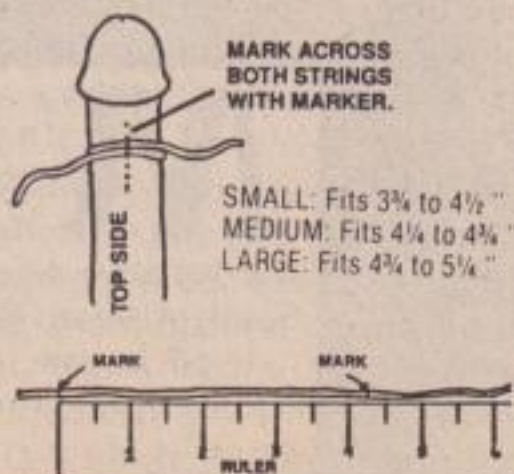
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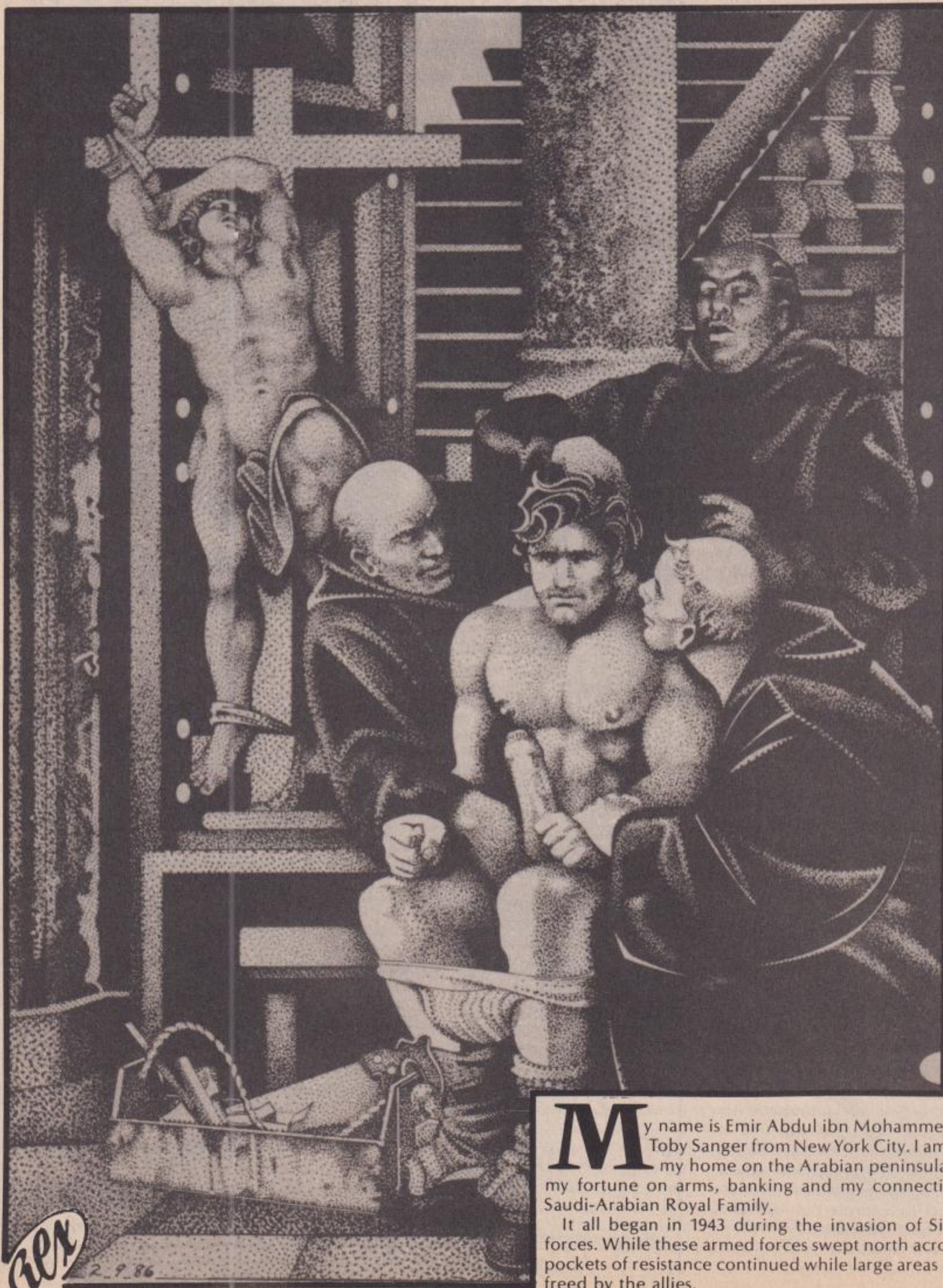
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Mameluke

by FRANK O'ROURKE



My name is Emir Abdul ibn Mohammed. I was born Toby Sanger from New York City. I am 62 and make my home on the Arabian peninsula. I have built my fortune on arms, banking and my connections with the Saudi-Arabian Royal Family.

It all began in 1943 during the invasion of Sicily by allied forces. While these armed forces swept north across the island, pockets of resistance continued while large areas had not been freed by the allies.

I became lost in the mountainous area. Traveling through brush, down steep escarpments, without seeing a single human being, I wondered if I would ever find my unit. As an advance scout, I had become lost in the past, but it never lasted this long.

As nighttime fell, I sought refuge in a cave. I gathered some brush and started a small fire to eliminate the chill. After eating my last candy bar, I cleaned a smooth spot on the floor of the cave and fell asleep.

In the morning, I felt the pangs of hunger and would have given my soul for a good hot cup of coffee. I explored the depths of the cave, hoping that I would find something to eat. Following the winding tunnel, I found myself looking down on lush fields and, nestled against the farther hill, a church spire among imposing buildings.

It took me a half hour to make my way to the buildings. I did not see anyone as I crossed the fields. The quiet was almost eerie. A small postern gate was the only breach in the high walls. I tried the handle, the gate squeaked open and I found myself in a small garden. The sweet smell of honeysuckle and wild roses assailed my nostrils and I felt a certain weakness. The smell and the hunger made me totter as I pushed the gate shut, taking in the gushing fountain, well-kept lawn and arcaded walk which followed the perimeter of the building. The silence was only broken by the fountain.

I passed through the large double doors in the center of the church. I found myself in a richly decorated church with statues in niches, the statues garbed in rich garments, wearing golden crowns that were studded with gems. Incense and burning candles clouded the precincts closest to the high altar. I could see no one.

As I approached the front of the sanctuary, I thought that I heard voices to one side: Walking toward the sound, I saw stairs which descended from the main transept. Descending into the muted darkness, I found myself standing among a group of sarcophagi. From the carved figures that reposed atop the tombs, I guessed that they were burial monuments for prelates. A light at the end of the gloom attracted me. At the end of the corridor I found a heavy wooden door which was ajar. Pushing the door open, I found a half-naked GI sitting while a group of monks stood around him.

In the light I recognized my sergeant, Abe Levine, a former member of New York's finest. Levine was not one of my favorite people. The sergeant was a bully, a thief, and a number one son-of-a-bitch.

"Sarge," I said in recognition.

"Sanger. I sure am glad to see you..."

The monks looked at me. From the light I could see that my arrival was a surprise. A door opened at the other end of the room and a man entered in a long, red robe, his face in the shadows of a cowl. The monks bowed deeply to the figure.

"What do we have here?" the new arrival asked in an Etonian accent. "You are Americans?"

I looked to Sergeant Levine for a response. The man continued to study the floor as he squatted under the new man's gaze.

"Who are you?" I blurted out in return.

"I am Fra Ricardo, Abbot of the Monastery of San Sebastiano."

"This is San Sebastiano, I take it," I said.

"Yes. Now who are you? Are you alone?"

I accepted the question at face value. "I'm lost. I was on patrol and got lost."

"Ah, yes, this is the same story that this man told us," the abbot indicated the sergeant.

I had never seen Levine in such a cowed position. In the past, I had seen the sergeant under very stressful situations and he had always managed to bluster his way out. Was the grandeur of the abbatial precincts and the abbot putting a wet blanket on Levine's usual bravado?

"Can you help us find our way back to our unit?"

"In time. In time." The abbot turned to leave, giving instructions to the monks in Italian.

Two of the monks took me by the arm and directed me toward the door where the abbot had disappeared. As I passed through the doorway, I looked back and was surprised to see the remaining monks taking the sergeant's clothing away from him while he just sat there watching me.

We followed a cobblestone passageway. From the looks of it this must have been the lower part of the medieval castle, or the dungeons of the Holy Inquisition. Doors lined each side of the passageway, but we were moving too fast to afford me an opportunity to look into them. One door was opened and the monk directed me into the room. It was pitch black and I hesitated on the inside and started to back out. Before I could move, the door slammed behind me and bolts were shot.

I was shocked by the actions of the past few minutes. Had I been taken by the Nazis or the Italian fascists? Was this a Mafia group? What the hell was going on? Where was the Army? These monks would have a lot to answer for when the troops got here.

Hours passed. No one even looked into the room. I had felt my way around, barking my shins on a steel bench in the corner of the cell. There was no bedding. The room was empty, except for the bunk and a covered bucket near the door. Hunger was making me dizzy. My throat was parched, apprehension dried out my mouth.

The door opened and three monks entered the cell. They said nothing.

"Why are you doing this?" I asked. "I'm an American. You understand, American?"

One monk held a flashlight. He handed me a black cloak and indicated with his hand that he wanted me to remove my clothing. I sensed that if I did not follow his instructions, they would not hesitate to rip the clothing off of me. Slowly, I stripped. They took my uniform and my underwear. I tried to put my boots and socks back on, but they were snatched out of my hand. The cloak was voluminous, reaching to my ankles and I was able to wrap it around me. The monk with the flashlight directed that I follow him.

The ground was warm, which surprised me. There must be some sort of heating system, but I was more concerned about what might be ahead for me.

We proceeded down the corridor and up a flight of stairs into another corridor. We stopped before a polished wooden door with a crucifix affixed to the center of the door. The leading monk threw open the door, entered and knelt as he bowed from the waist. Rising to his feet, he signaled me to enter.

I entered the high-ceilinged room which was lit by candles. The windows were covered by a broad desk. Behind it in a thronelike chair I saw Fra Ricardo, the abbot. The cowl was thrown back and his blond hair was covered by a red skull cap. He must have been in his early forties and I admit that he was a very handsome man.

"Sit," he said, directing me to a low stool in the center of the room. My escort joined us, standing behind me and at my side, making me aware that any precipitous move would be controlled.

"What's this all about," I asked. I could not understand what was happening.

The abbot raised his right hand to silence me. A heavy gold ring shone in the candlelight. "You will never speak again without permission. Do you understand that?"

"Yes, sir," I responded. My military training had taught me to obey authority.

"Good. Remember it, because if you disobey, you will be punished."

Standing, the abbot began to pace behind the desk as he began to address me. "You will answer a number of questions. I will not ask you any military questions which you are adjured not to give out. We are neither Nazis or members of the Mussolini government. We are loyal sons of Holy Mother Church. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Sir," I said with a degree of relief, since I knew that I was now safe in the arms of the Church.

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"We don't rip you off, we get you off!"

"What is your name?"

"Toby Sanger."

"Age?"

"Nineteen."

"Religion?"

"Well, none, I guess. My folks are Episcopalians."

The Abbot smiled in a pleased way. "Are you married?"

"I'm engaged to a girl back home."

"Where is home?"

"New York."

"Did you know Sergeant Levine before?"

"Yes, sir. He's in my company."

"Are you friends?"

I hesitated. Levine was a bastard, but I didn't want to rap him to this stranger. "Not really."

"We will get into that later," the prelate said as he came around to the front of the desk. "Stand and clasp your hands behind you."

A pair of arms reached around me and loosened the clasp which held the cloak together. The cloak was swept from my body. The baring of my body before this priest caused me to cover my genitals with my hands. The abbot's hand lashed out and slammed me in the side of my head. "Hands behind you, slave."

The word 'slave' shocked me more than the blow. With some effort I gripped my hands tightly behind me. I had been naked a number of times with other men since I entered the service and that did not bother me. I had reacted because of the religious authority the man held. What did he mean by calling me a slave?

"Turn around," the Abbot ordered sternly.

I turned and faced the monks behind me. Their faces did not give me any clue as to what was happening.

"Bend over and grasp your ankles."

Like an automaton, I did as I was ordered. Some device prodded at my rectum, causing me to grit my teeth. I expected that at any moment I would awaken from this nightmare. A hand stroked my buttocks. A chill coursed up my spine, causing the hair on the back of my head to stir.

"Take him."

The monks at my side grasped my arms while the third one held the door open. The Abbot's voice followed me into the hall. "Obey in everything you are told to do, or you will be punished."

In a dazed state I allowed my captors to lead me naked down the hall. We did not return to the basement. Instead we headed for another wing. My hunger was beginning to reassert itself.

"I'm hungry. Will I be fed?"

The monks did not respond. Whether it was a language barrier or they did not want to communicate, I couldn't guess.

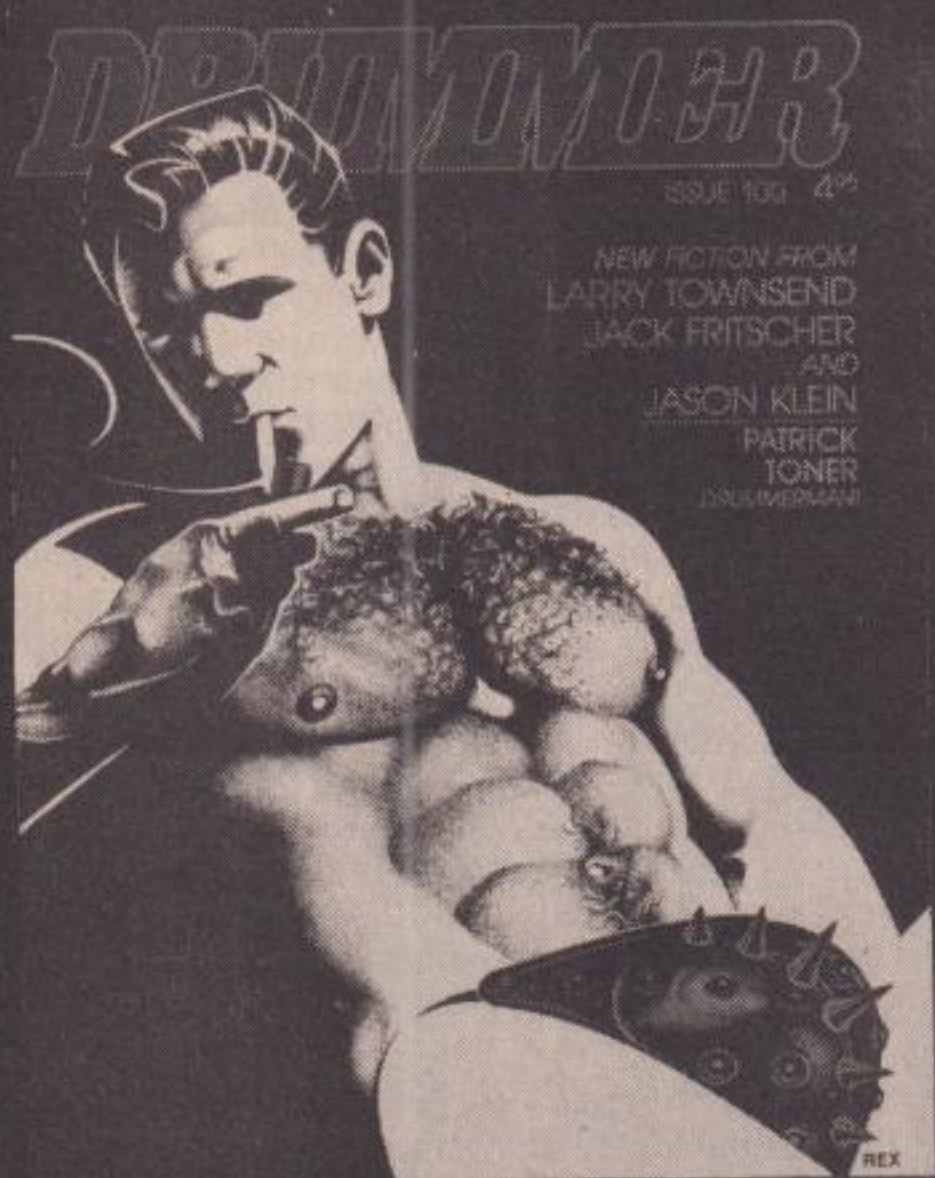
I was led into a large chamber and my eyes almost popped. I found Sergeant Levine and four other men chained to various parts of the wall. All of the men were naked. All had some sort of contraption attached to their testicles with weights hanging from the ends.

A hairy monk with a massive black beard came forward and exchanged words with my guards. The new monk directed that I be taken to the farther wall where he very quickly manacled my hands above me. Kicking my legs apart which put a strain on my arms, the monk attached shackles to my ankles. Going over to a sideboard, he returned with a leather harness and bent down in front of me. He pushed my cock to one side as he gripped my ball sac, stretching it down. The manhandling and abuse to my balls caused me to groan from the pain and humiliation. Excepting the doctor who had examined me in the induction center, I could never remember another man touching my private parts.

After the light weight had been attached, I thought that I would faint from the pain. My balls were always very sensitive.

I knew now that something terrible was going to happen to me, something that I would never have believed was possible in my worst nightmare.

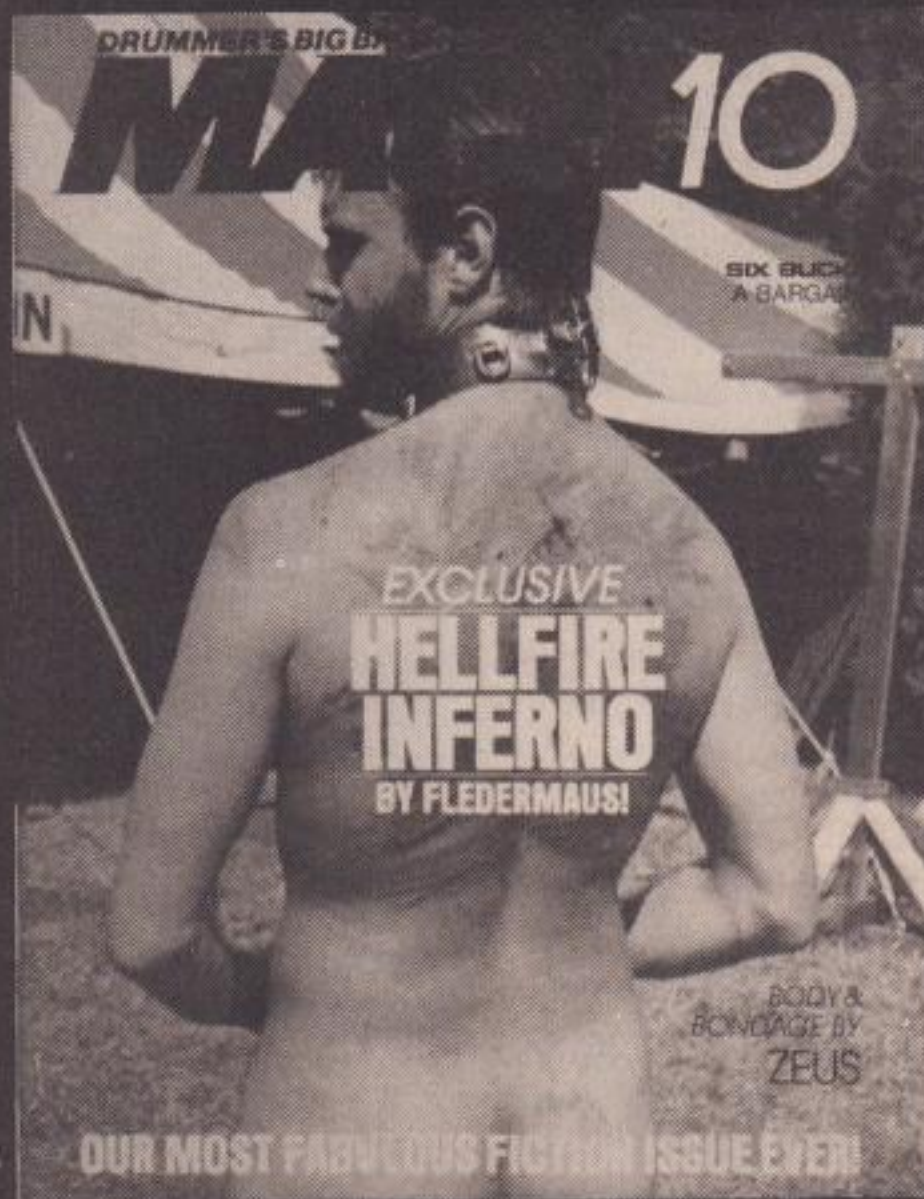
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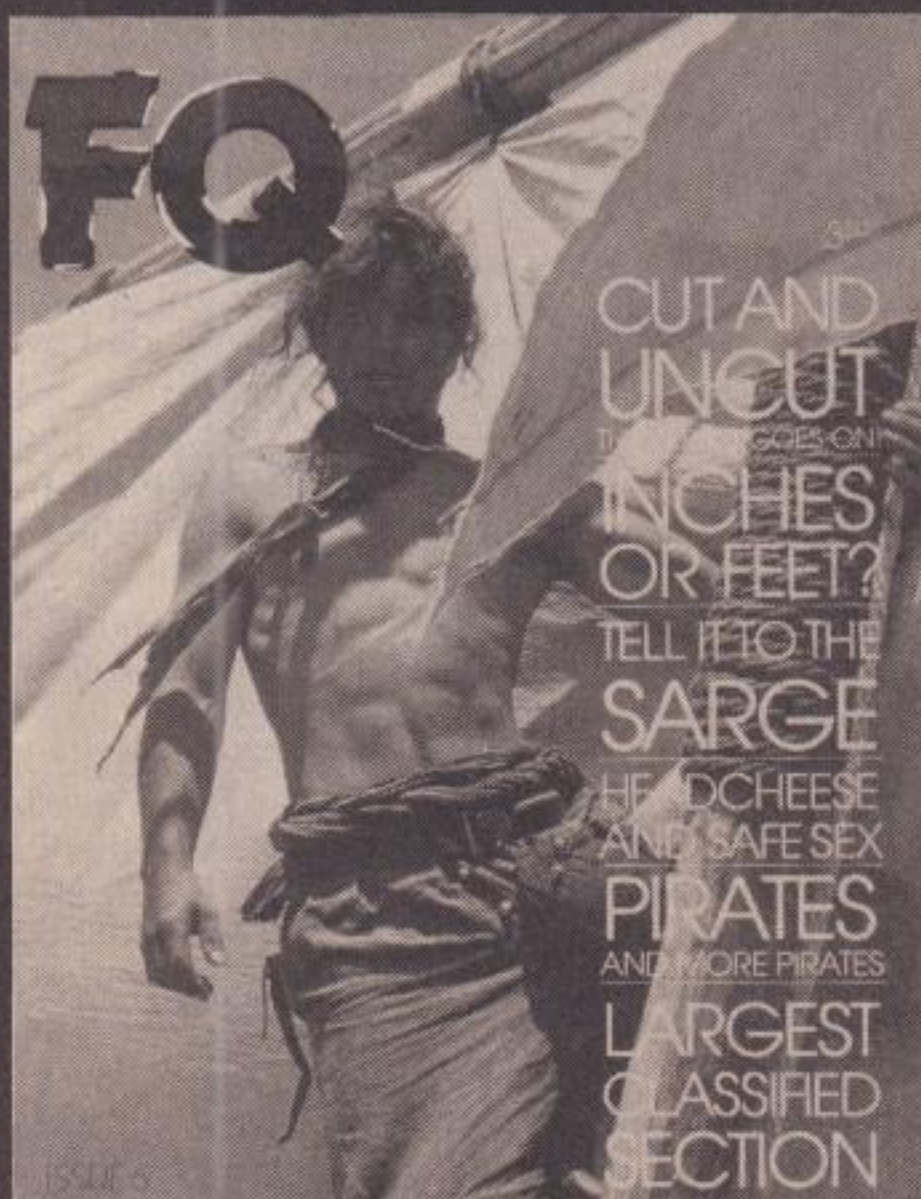
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ROUGH STUFF

by SCOTT TUCKER



DRUMMERMAN ILLUSTRATION by BILL WARD

DRAGONS AND ANGELS

Why is it when I travel West I find myself hanging by my heels and whipped, whereas at home in the East I find myself standing over a submissive stud who polishes my boots with his tongue? Do my sexual stripes change during these migrations? In the alchemy of SM, by what process am I transmuted from slave to sadist, or from Master to masochist? How is the lead of pain changed into the gold of pleasure? For the majority of the right-thinking citizens, the world of fetishism, bondage and SM is marked off as the twilight zone on their mental and moral map of the world. The inhabitants of that hinterland can be branded as perverts, or even as fascists. In days gone by, when the world was thought to be flat and folks feared sailing over the earth's edge into hell and chaos, there were regions uncharted except by this warning: *There be dragons*.

I wandered into those regions by chance as a child, when a dragon appeared to me in the form of an older schoolmate. Each spring the choirboys of St. Thomas Choir School spent two weeks at a country camp, and during one such sojourn this older boy asked me to take a walk with him into the woods. When we were sufficiently distant from the cabins, he asked me to strip naked for "a game." He teased and cajoled, I laughed and demured. Finally, willingly seduced, I stood bare-skinned, my nipples pouting with puberty and my cock stirring, not knowing what would come next. He pulled a length of rope from his pocket and I felt a flash of fear. But we both smiled, and he proceeded to wrap the rope around my torso and the trunk of a tree, binding my arms and legs as well. He tugged my hair and pinched and tickled me, repeating again and again that I'd been "captured." Now and

then he would withdraw some distance simply to gaze at me, a boy bound naked to a tree.

And now and then he and I would laugh or speak simply to break the silence, the intensity of this secret we had created, to establish again that this was only a game, and that we were only playing. For me, it was one more early understanding that there are games which can be played seriously. I did not name our game with any words from the lexicon of shrinks and sexologists, but I did know we had ventured into forbidden territory. *Terra Incognita—there be dragons*. Our game was interrupted by schoolmates approaching through the woods. In a panic, he fumblingly untied me, and I fumblingly dressed.

If I cared to place this childhood game in the perspective of psychopathology, it would be easy to trace my present full-blown fleurs-du-mal to these early roots. I, too, can spin out certain theories which explain everything—and nothing. Instead, I'd rather tell stories, and some happen to be true. A few true short stories, which it may please some to read as true confessions.

I grew up in Puerto Rico and Argentina, and have since spent most of my life in the East of the U.S. Much of my youth was spent in the company of earnest Quakers and political activists, people fired with ethical and intellectual passion. Too much of my youth was spent in the company of leftists who were and are sexual and cultural dinosaurs, people who made idols of Lenin and Castro. Our paths still cross but never converge. I was then, and remain now, an artist, anarchist, and cocksucker. All this helps explain why the path I took towards leather, SM, and other delights was so roundabout, but also why I now feel so much at home. My political back-

ground made me analytical about power, and I have an inclination toward storytelling. SM, is, in great part, a theatre of sex, death, beauty and power. Perverts, if I may use the word affectionately here, are actors who play their parts in dramas with these themes and countless variations.

Coming-out stories are an especially gay genre. Coming out as a cocksucker was, for me, precisely that: I felt that a hidden being was defying enforced privacy, and claiming the public world. But coming out as a leather guy was something quite different for me. It was not so much a coming out as a going in. I did not grow up having masturbatory fantasies about fisting, watersports, whips, tit clamps and handcuffs. My interest in these and other pleasures was an acquired taste, and the magnetism was at first mental. Debates were raging among gays and feminists about pornography, sex and power. I detected a definite dogmatism and puritanism among people who regarded themselves as progressives. They were especially hostile to the leather scene and SM. Naturally, I was moved to take a closer look at both.

At the same time, I was disgusted that some feminists (not all) were no better than far-right fundamentalists when it came to leading censorship crusades. I became friendly with a number of wild women who are writers and sexual radicals. Pat Califia, Gayle Rubin, Dorothy Allison, Susie Bright and others have been generous enough to acknowledge their debt to the sexual culture of gay men, and gay men like myself are in turn grateful to these lesbian feminists. It should be noted that all four were present at the first Living in Leather conference held recently in Seattle, splendidly organized by Steve

Maidhof, Washington State Mr. Leather and his organization.

A more directly erotic influence on my own sexuality was the drawings of gay artists such as Tom of Finland, Etienne and Rex. The cocks were impossibly engorged, the physiques were pumped up flawlessly, and the characters existed in a utopia of sexual abundance and adventure. The sex and stories could be both idyllic and sinister. Here was pornography raised to a real popular art, and here again an acquired taste became a personal passion.

Finally, a friend zipped me into my first pair of chaps and took me on a tour of Folsom. San Francisco was having a rare heat wave, so warm that night that I was able to walk about bare-chested, except for a leather harness. Within minutes of entering The Brig, a tall, dark, handsome stranger cruised me, won my trust, and took me to his place, where he fucked and paddled me cross-eyed. And every time I've gone to the West Coast since then, I've bottomed for Tops, suspended by gravity boots in a private playroom in San Francisco, and tied to a swing at a dungeon party in Seattle. In my home town of Philadelphia, on the contrary, the men I meet bottom out through the earth to China. This remains a mystery. Try to make a science from the alchemy of earth, air, fire and water. Likewise try to make a science from the alchemy of sex, death, beauty and power. Poetry is the most accurate approach.

I've told one story about a dragon in my childhood. Now here's another about an angel I encountered as an adult. I first spotted this angel in Chicago this year, later again in Los Angeles, and both times I responded to his beauty with something like fear and trembling. He has the kind of physique, black hair and blue eyes

which slay me. In Philadelphia we met again by chance, and this powerful young man was seductively servile. "I want to please you," he said, a refrain repeated through our one night together. As he lay on the floor, handcuffed and spread-eagled, I burnished his butt with a paddle. Then he thrust his pelvis to take successively bigger dildoes, and finally begged for my fist. I freed his hands, scrubbed my own and pulled on sterile surgical gloves, then entered him in slow motion, a slow, deep, anal massage while he stroked his own cock.

Was he really the slave and suppliant? All his own youth, beauty and strength was laid out as a gift, and still he repeated, "I want to please you." Whatever he pleaded for was my pleasure to grant; but his pleas, coming from such an angel, had the compelling power of an annunciation. Who was active or passive in our fucking? Whose pleasure and whose power was greater? His asshole ringed my wrist, pulsing while he squeezed the juice from his plums. "Angel," I said, "you do please me."

Like most angels, he appeared and disappeared. What I'm left with are the reverberations of his power and beauty, and with no sure knowledge that I had the upper hand, my own hand gripped within his body, bound within him as surely as his own hands had been bound. He has an everyday life, as we all do. But for me he also has the extraordinary existence of Rilke's Angels. These are the first lines of Rilke's "Duino Elegies," in the Garmey and Wilson translation:

Who, if I cried, would hear me from the order of Angels? And even if one suddenly held me to his heart: I would dissolve there from his stronger presence. For beauty is only the beginning of a terror we can just barely endure, and what we so admire is its calm disdaining to destroy us. Every Angel brings terror.

And every dragon brings beauty. In the San Francisco gay parade this past June, I wore a temporary decal dragon tattoo to see how I might like to live with a permanent one. Yes, if I trusted the skill of

the artist, I could live with a dragon and an angel in my body, beauty and terror together, the imaginary made real.

(Editor's note: Most safe-sex guides encourage the use of dildoes, but say that fisting is terrible and should be avoided at all cost. We feel, as does the author, that fisting, done with caution, belongs in the "possibly risky" category, along with cocksucking. A glove is the equivalent of a rubber, and if a rubber breaks, the risk may actually be greater. In the real world, most of us are still taking calculated risks and remaining responsible.

The following is reprinted from DungeonMaster 31:

"Ass play almost always results in some degree of bleeding in the bottom's intestine. This makes him susceptible to infection from the outside. Small cuts and abrasions are also often present on the hands and forearms of the Top. In fact the very activities that minimize other ass-play dangers, such as the constant trimming and filing of nails, actually increase the probability that such cuts and/or abrasions will be present on the hands. Any such openings expose the Top to contamination from the bottom's blood and fecal material.

"If one man's anatomy goes into another's ass, protect it with an impermeable membrane. Put a condom on a cock, a finger cot on a finger—or better yet use a rubber/latex glove.* If you fist, use gloves that are long enough, use a proper, uncontaminated lubricant and safe techniques. It is not a bad idea for the Top to wear gloves during heavy ass play involving handling of dirty dildoes or other toys. Protect toys that are inserted with similar membranes when possible, and make certain that they are cleaned with proper procedures when not so protected."

We encourage other readers to send in their "second-coming - out" leather/SM stories to Drummer.)

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BOUND FOR GLORY

THE LOST PRINCE

PART X

by MASON POWELL

Molukenor was built of stone and wood, its rooftops steeply sloped to shed the snows, its streets narrow to save shoveling, its temples ornamented with fanciful woodcarving; all except the temple of Dworkrimian, which was built of the darkest stone the region offered and which promised nothing fanciful to either the eye or the heart. Gonar looked up at its dismal facade and wondered if ever the evil deity could be purged from the world and sent back to wherever gods are born, perhaps there to be remolded in the forge of creation and returned to the world clean.

He shivered in the chill air and wrapped the heavy furs more tightly about him. It was a good thing to have traveled and seen snow, he thought, but he was growing anxious now to return to the warm climes of Jhent. Wearing clothing for ornamentation was one thing; needing to wear it for protection against the very air was quite another!

Yet was there any hope that he would ever see Jhent again? If the High Priest of the Dwork in Jhent had got word to the temple before which he now stood, then the Prince of Jhent was truly lost, a corpse tortured to death like so many others for the amusement of the vile priesthood; a sacrifice to Dworkrimian. . . And if that word had gotten through, then his own life would be forfeit as well, for it was certain they would know him by description. A man of Gonar's size and strength was not easy to disguise.

He shook off his reverie. To think before acting was usually wise; but there were times when thought delayed action so much that hope drowned in contemplation. He had to act, and swiftly, or there would be no hope at all.

He dared not think of Fillian, who had come in his stead when he had been captive to the falconmasks. If the boy now lived neither he nor Chom nor Ketis had been able to find any trace, though they had lodged in Molukenor for more than three days while planning their attempt upon the temple.

Gonar nodded, one swift jerk of his head, and across the little open space before the temple a ragged boy with red hair approached the dark doors of the terrible place. Now Gonar's heart beat hard, for he did not willingly risk the loss of Ketis any more than he had consented to the possible loss of Fillian. He watched anxiously as Ketis pounded on the heavy doors, then cursed himself for a fool, and for being so helpless, as Ketis entered and the great doors shut behind him.

Gonar made his way slowly around the temple to where Chom waited at the back, by the cesspool into which the worshipers who failed the ordeals of Dworkrimian were dumped. In Jhent the practice was disgusting and unhealthy, but in Molukenor it was immediately dangerous, for the sewage of the temple was half frozen, the filthy ice broken only where people fell through it as they slid from the vagina-shaped

exit above. Such was the theology of Dworkrimian, that one was born into a vile world to suffer and die horribly before release.

"Have you warm blankets for the boy, my Master?" Gonar asked quietly as he moved next to Chom. There was no crowd of Dworks about to jeer at those who tumbled into the offal, but there were some who watched, and any of them might be affiliated with the temple, a possible danger to their plan.

"In the basket, by the wall," Chom said with equal discretion. "There are hot rocks to keep them warm, and I have made provision with an innkeeper nearby to replace them frequently. He thinks we are the brothers of one who has converted to the Dwork, and sympathizes."

They waited as the morning sun went higher and higher, lightening the dark streets and finally casting its white beams straight down from the zenith. Their fur cloaks and leggings kept them warm, but the sunlight on their faces made them feel human again. Gonar wondered how and why people would choose to live in a land where the air seemed always next to frost, where one's nose always tingled. They were pale people, he noted, with hair like wheat straw and eyes like sky reflected in water; and they were not given to obvious passion. They moved about their streets with much sobriety, always smiling, seldom laughing. They kept clay pots by their doorways in which flowers bloomed, but there were no verdant gardens such as he was used to.

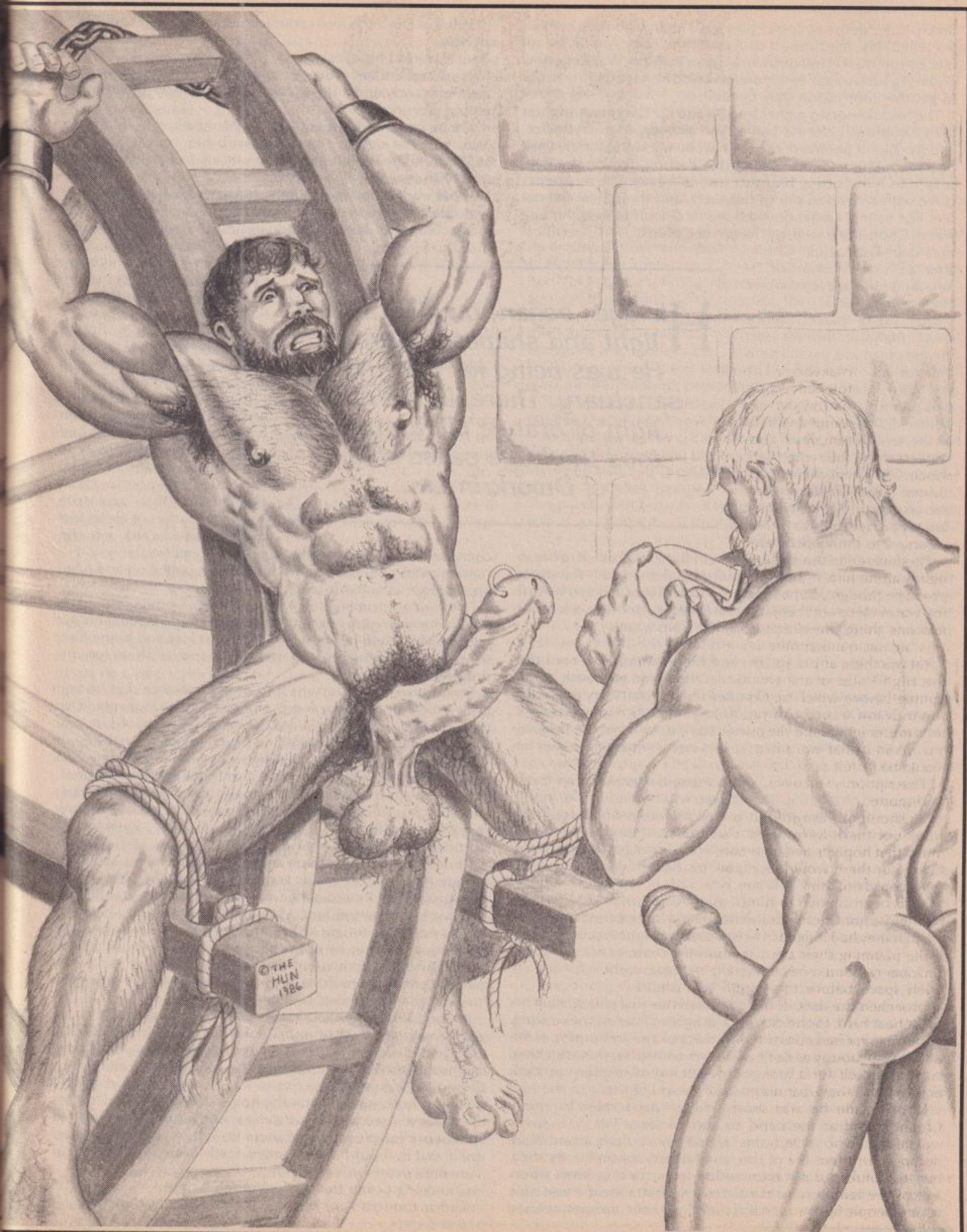
Still, the air smelled clean and crisp, and there was a certain sweetness to it that was refreshing, provided one was not near the temple of Dworkrimian.

He noted that there were no flowers in pots near the temple, and that even the smiles of the people ceased to bloom when they approached the place. He could understand how the poor of Jhent might be seduced by the steamy corruption of Dworkrimian, but it seemed odd to him that these people, so clean of street and dress, should have allowed the deity to enter in at all.

The sun disappeared beyond the overhanging roofs at the opposite side of the street and cool dimness enfolded them again. The innkeeper of whom Chom had spoken came three times with fresh baskets of woolen blankets and hot stones, but still the pitiful rejects of the temple did not include Ketis. Gonar felt sick in the pit of his stomach, found his mind racing over a hundred plans with equally little chance of success. He wanted to speak with Chom, to rage, to cry out, to do something, but none of it was possible.

The grey shadows gathered and the sky turned dark purple and bright stars pricked their way into the firmament. The innkeeper came again with warm blankets and kindly advised them that he would wait the night, for if their brother had risen very high in the ordeals he could expect to spend the night in the keeping of the Dwork.

Gonar thought back to the vision of Fillian, hanging upside



down, untended, his nipples pierced with filthy bones, his balls stretched, his mind almost broken by the horrors inflicted on him by the High Priest of Dworkrimian in Jhent. Was Ketis now enduring such treatment? How far would he have to go in order to get the information they needed?

The Molukenorian night came on and the stars grew brighter than campfires before a battle. The air seemed to crystallize, and the blond people of the town went indoors to kindle their hearths. Gonar stood like a marble carving, feeling the cold seep into him, feeling his heart start to freeze. The innkeeper came with a covered pot of hot soup, and though he did not feel like eating, Gonar downed the thick stuff to keep himself warm. Chom ate as well, but he seemed even closer to petrification than Gonar felt. Chom, after all, was a Corsair of Tillesia, and used to even warmer climes than Jhent.

The night passed more slowly than a midwinter feast in time of famine, yet still Ketis did not return to them. The sky grew grey, then mildly pink, then flamed as the sun returned. The gongs and bells of the temples of other gods sang praises, but the dark abode of Dworkrimian remained silent before them. Life returned to the city, men and women went about their chores, the innkeeper came and encouraged them, brought them food with which to break their long night fast, brought more blankets. Again the street grew light, and again the light grew dim. Gonar felt as if he had been poisoned, and realized that waiting itself was a kind of poison, though one did not drink it from a cup.

At last, as the first stars again pricked the sky, there was a cracking of ice and a splash, and Ketis floundered amid the floating filth before them. Gonar held himself back for a moment, then waded in and pulled the boy out, carrying him to where Chom waited to wrap him. They took him wordlessly back to the inn where they were staying, far from the temple, and there washed him and gave him sweet wine before they let him speak.

"The prince is still alive," Ketis related when once his teeth had stopped chattering. "He is deep within the temple, in the very chamber of the idol. It is well I lived in Rhengfel, for I should never have survived the ordeals that got me there! ... But he is alive, and it is surely the prince, for they have arrogantly set his coronet upon his head, even as he waits hopefully for death!"

"What is it they do to him?" asked Chom.

"He is suspended by his wrists over a large bronze bowl in which there are hot coals. He is at such a height that if he hangs slack, his feet will rest upon the burning coals, so to keep them from being burned he must hold his knees bent."

"He cannot do that for long," said Chom.

"Just so," said Ketis. "Thus the bowl is narrow enough that he can spread his legs and put his feet against its sides, thus resting his numbed wrists and arms at the price of a lesser burning of his feet. He is thus suspended between two tortures: the stretching of his arms and the burning of his feet. Eventually he must find his feet too much burned to bear touching them to the hot metal again, and his arms too painful to support him. Then will his feet touch the coals and be burned more."

"This torture," said Chom, "is one which I have heard used by the desert dwellers of the far southern continent. By such means do they extract information from their captives when they have the luxury of time. Yet it would appear these foul priests do it for sport! ... Still, if the Prince lives, the message has not got through to kill him."

"What of Fillian?" Gonar asked, no longer able to contain his concern.

Ketis averted his eyes.

"Nothing," he said. "But remember that I was not able to ask questions freely under the circumstances. He may be within the temple even now."

"Or he may not have got as far as Molukenor," said Chom. "We must not concern ourselves with him now, Gonar, my Gonar, for there is nothing yet that we can do. Let us rescue the prince. Then we shall seek Fillian."

Gonar wanted to rage, to fight, but against what? His Master was right. There was naught to do but rescue Prince Hrendel and accomplish what they could against the evil of the Dwork.

If they had lost Fillian, then they might at least avenge him by preventing the Dwork from treating any more as they had treated him.

That night Chom bound Gonar upright to the tall posts of the bed they were provided in a private room at the inn. The treasures of destroyed Rhengfel had filled their burses amply, so they had good accommodations and the room was warm as Chom tied the last knots to hold Gonar taut. Rich tapestries depicting battles of elder days draped the walls of the

chamber and a fire roared in the hearth against the wall. Fur rugs covered the big bed, but these Chom pulled off and piled on the floor at Gonar's feet.

"I will want your balls full for tomorrow," Chom said, and he ran his hands over Gonar's body, exciting him, making his big cock go stiff. Then he brought Ketis very close and kissed him, so close that Gonar could smell the spit as their mouths dripped.

This was exquisite torture for Gonar, a torture that he had grown to love; for there was nothing else that Chom could do to him without the god Wa-at taking possession of him and spoiling it. He watched hungrily as Chom licked down the boy's raw body, ran his tongue over the welts where the priests had whipped him, sucked on the balls that the priests had tortured. All so close, all the distance of a tongue away, yet all unattainable. The clear juices began to drip from Gonar's dick in a long string and he flexed his big muscles, wanting, knowing he would not get, wanting more.

Chom turned Ketis around and bent him over. He pushed his tongue into the rosy young asshole, made the boy groan with pleasure. When Ketis reached for his cock, Chom grabbed his hands and prevented him. He pulled Ketis upright, held the boy's hands against his chest, and with his arms around the freckled white body he slowly pushed his big dark prick up into the tight hole. Then he started to slowly and lovingly fuck Ketis, a long, gentle fuck to drive away the memories of the unfeeling fuckings that the priests had given him.

It was a long time that Gonar watched, a long time that he gasped with desire, fighting involuntarily against his bonds. The fire had died down before Chom spurted up the boy's ass, then laid him on the fur rugs and fucked his mouth for a while. When Chom finally lowered his lips to Ketis's young pink cock and sucked it, Ketis was well past the horrors of the day, had forgotten whatever had been done to him out of cruelty. He thrashed with unbridled pleasure and shot into Chom's mouth, his seed spillin' out and down into Chom's neatly trimmed black beard like white pearls.

Chom left Gonar tied, but wrapped him in furs against the final dying of the night fire. Then he and Ketis curled up in the bed and slept.

His eyes began to adjust to the light and shapes appeared. He was being led into the sanctuary. There, in the dim light of orange oil lamps, stood the huge veiled effigy of Dworkrimian.

The next day Gonar presented himself as suppliant at the temple of Dworkrimian. He knew not what to expect, for he had endured half the ordeals before, and Ketis, who who had been trained as a pleasure slave in Rhengfel, had told him what to expect of the rest. He was a little mortified that a mere boy had been able to endure more at the first attempt than he had: he, the champion Shegrin of Jhent! But now he did not balk when he was made to be a temple whore and sold to the first man who had money to contribute to the Dwork.

He was a little afraid, as the priests bound him to a rack in one of the little rooms, that Wa-at might manifest in him and spoil the game: but he had fought down the god before the Rhengfel gate, under much worse circumstances, and he was sure he could do it now. He waited patiently as a tall and very handsome man of Molukenor entered the room, put down a leather satchel on the floor, and began to strip.

His purchaser was the first of the Molukenori whose body Gonar had seen, for they all wore heavy clothes that concealed their flesh. What he saw Gonar liked, for the man was well muscled, tough of limb, with a thick mat of blond hair covering his chest and a long, thick cock with a foreskin that barely covered the smooth, oval head. The man did not look at him while he made his preparations, but went calmly about his business as if it were no more than another job of grooming horses or decanting wine. He opened the satchel and took out various leather straps, bronze clamps, smooth wooden plugs and rods, and some whips.

Gonar felt his cock stiffening, knew that his balls were filling with juice despite their emptying in earlier ordeals. He relaxed, knowing that he would enjoy whatever happened to him now despite the whoredom of it.

He did not expect the sharp blade that the man brought out of the case last, and which the man examined closely by the light of an oil lamp. Nor was he capable of relaxing further as the man came to where he was stretched out and looked him over. He had been too close to castration in recent times for fear to be far from his thoughts. The man reached down and hefted his balls, got a curious look in his eyes when he saw the scars on Gonar's prick and nuts, but reached no further. He let go the heavy sack, stroked the cock a couple of times, then brought the knife up under Gonar's armpit.

Gonar knew how quickly it was possible to die if the big veins under the arm were cut. It flashed into his mind with the suddenness of summer lightening that they might know who he was after all, that his entry into the temple might be a trap. But he clenched his teeth together, ready to die silently if they were about to try him for information about his friends.

The sharp bronze touched his skin, he sucked in a tiny breath. Then the blade began to scrape, cutting away the hair in his armpit.

There were men in many lands who shaved away the hair from their chin, and women who shaved it from their bodies, sometimes in patterns. But Gonar had never desired to have it shaved from his body: and that was precisely what this tall blond man was doing! With deft care he scraped away the hair first from one pit, then the other, then proceeded to removed all the hair from Gonar's chest. It was a bizarre feeling, not only because of the closeness of the knife but because of the way the skin felt afterward. The man was careful to run his hand over the freshly shaved area each time he finished, just to make sure Gonar knew that feeling.

The blade moved down Gonar's belly, then stripped away the pubic hair around his cock and balls. It moved deftly over his balls as well, the man holding them stretched taut as he performed the curious operation, then the knife moved up the hard shaft of Gonar's cock, taking the last hair that grew up to it and leaving him completely smooth.

The man seemed totally absorbed by what he did, moving next down Gonar's legs and shaving them smooth. His cock was partly hard as he worked, but it did not drip with passion as Gonar might have expected. Gonar wondered what kind of

pleasure the man was deriving from the rite, but it was not his to question, only to be object for that pleasure. He began to sweat a little when the man moved the knife to his face and shaved off his beard, his moustache, then his eyebrows as well. Finally, the knife was applied to his head and his curly black locks were shorn, leaving him bald.

The rack was so constructed that it was a simple matter for the man to flip him over and take what remained off his ass and the backs of his legs: then there was no hair on Gonar's body but the slight length of his eyelashes. The man seemed to feel it unnecessary to remove them, and at last Gonar relaxed, for he did not relish the idea of the knife near his eyes.

Still without speaking the man took a wooden plug from his inventory of toys and pushed it slowly up Gonar's asshole, stretching the sphincter in a way that was painful yet not so harsh as to cause splitting. He took a wooden plug the size of an apple and put it into Gonar's mouth, then secured it there with a thong around Gonar's head. He flipped the rack over again, so that Gonar was on his back, then he took a slim wooden rod and worked it into Gonar's piss slit.

Gonar groaned at this invasion, but he noted that the wood was smooth polished, presumably so as not to leave splinters.

Now the man left him for a moment and returned to the satchel. From it he drew a bottle and a metal cup, and from the bottle he poured liquid into the cup. Gonar thought back to the fiery oil that Chom had pushed up his ass, slid up his prick, and the drugs that had been put into him through his cock and his asshole by the falconmasks. He knew that he could endure such things again but he did not want to. Yet he didn't groan or show fear. It was better to let the man proceed: a show of fear might make his torturer focus on that one technique.

The tall blond man held the cup of liquid over the flame of the oil lamp, letting it heat. It took a long while and he swirled it occasionally to make sure it heated evenly. Gonar knew that time was a part of the torture, the time that he had to contemplate what was coming next. The man was using time quite well.

When the stuff was hot the man brought it to Gonar's side and without preamble began to drip it in little splashes on the newly shaved areas of his chest.

It was scalding and it burned! Gonar cried out, bit the wooden gag, thrashed. The man smiled and continued to splash the hot oil on him, making it fall on his tits, tossing some into his armpits, finally moving down his chest toward his belly. Then the cup was empty. The man returned to his bottle and refilled it, then went to the lamp again.

So this was it! Gonar thought. He would watch the cup being refilled, be scalded with the oil, watch again.

And so it was: first the oil on his chest, then in his armpits, then down his belly. Then it went to his head, over his raw bare scalp, then on his face, so that he had to shut his eyes and he could no longer watch, only wonder when the hot oil was coming. He was turned over again and the hot oil fell on his legs, on the backs of his knees, on his ass. Then he was turned one final time and the scalding oil fell first on his cock, then on his shaved and tender balls.

Next the whips came into play.

Broad whips first, with flat strips of leather that landed across his chest, his belly and his legs like multiple belts. Then narrower whips that bit in, a cutting pain. Finally thin whips, almost hair whips, that landed on the raw flesh like lines of fire. He cried and whimpered into the wooden gag and thrashed against his bonds, and the man turned him over, began anew with the broad whips on his shoulders, legs, butt, then the thinner whips, then the hair whips. His flesh ached. He knew that every stroke showed on his bare skin. He knew the subtle difference that was made by taking away the hair, the small protection that it offered.

At last the man pulled the wooden gag from his mouth and shoved his half-hard cock in. Gonar sucked, sucked furiously, with complete abandon. He made the cock in his mouth hard, tasted the sweet precum as he teased its pisshole, wanted more.

This man was good, this man tortured with the sure hand of an accomplished Shegrin. Gonar desired him.

The man pulled his cock free of Gonar's mouth, went down the rack, slid the plug from Gonar's asshole, then shoved the hard cock in. He began to fuck Gonar, long steady strokes that pushed all the way in, that filled Gonar's bowels in a way the wood had not. He kept it up a long time, wearing Gonar's asshole raw, making him want to scream, to cum, to go out of his body with the intensity of it, the steadiness of it, the timelessness of it.

Finally, Gonar felt the hot spurting of the prick deep within him, felt the man slacken, spent; go partly soft. He felt the cock slide out of him. He waited, wondering what was next.

The man came to the front of the rack, held his big prick in his hand, then pissed in Gonar's face. Gonar lapped at it, tried to get some in his mouth, tried desperately to please the man. The man played the yellow stream back and forth, keeping Gonar from catching more than a little. When he was finished he shook the last at Gonar's face, then wordlessly got dressed and left.

Gonar lay stretched and breathless, the smooth wooden rod still in his dick, his balls full and ready to explode. When the priests came for him, they laughed as they untied him. He reached for his dick immediately, slid the wooden rod out and shot his load.

They laughed at him more, made him lick it up, then took him to a room lined with plain wooden benches to await the next ordeal.

As Gonar sat on the wooden bench, it occurred to him that not once had he felt the presence of Wa-at attempting to invade him, to take possession. Not in all the ordeals he had offered! Did that mean the god had finally abandoned him? Or was it only that he was now in the temple of another deity? Was Dworkrimian so powerful that Wa-at could not enter here?

That thought sobered Gonar greatly, for he had seen the volcano god destroy a city. It was not a pleasant thought that Dworkrimian might be strong enough to resist Wa-at. Yet it was because Gonar had sworn enmity against Dworkrimian that Wa-at had taken him.

Other supplicants were brought and left on the wooden benches and Gonar looked them over, even as they eyed him. They were exhausted, as well they might be, but there was a brightness in most of the faces he saw that showed the lust of the fanatic. These people were here because they wanted to be, because they liked what was happening to them. There could be no quarrel with either their tastes or their morals, only their judgment. . . . At least from Gonar's point of view. But he knew that they would show him no such tolerance if they were given the chance, for their belief was in a single "true" deity, and their intent was to conquer the world for their foul faith.

At last the priests came and took him into the next chamber, the one with the round firepit and the crosses facing inward. The chamber which he had used to torture the High Priest in Jhentfel. There was no fire in the pit as yet, but Ketis had told him what to expect. He was bound to a cross, his arms tied tightly, his ankles bound so that his feet would be very near the fire when it was kindled. Then they left him and brought in the next man.

When the crosses were full, two priests piled wood in the middle of the pit then heaped it with charcoal. They lit the fire, made sure it was blazing, then left. It was not close enough to burn the victims hanging on the crosses, but it was hot, and Gonar knew it was only the beginning. He waited as the fire got hotter, as the temperature of the room soared, as the sweat poured from his shaved and whipped body. His hands went numb, then his arms. A man with brown hair across from him started to moan and his cock went hard. Gonar felt his own dick get stiff, and soon all the other cocks were hard as well. He remembered someone telling him that if a room were filled with naked men one cock would eventually go hard, and that if it did, they would all get hard out of sympathy. His neck began

to ache and he rotated it. He clenched his fists but there was no feeling.

The fire blazed and the charcoal burned and the big fire became a pile of coals. Gonar thirsted but he knew there would be no quenching for a long time. A single priest returned and raked the glowing coals outward, spreading them evenly around the circle so that they were directly beneath the crosses. The searing heat reached up for Gonar's feet, made them hot, cooked them, made them hurt. The priest left.

After a while a man crucified to Gonar's left began to cry out, then to scream. A priest appeared and he was taken down from the cross, dragged across the room, and thrown into one of the omnipresent pits. Gonar could picture him falling into the frozen filth, could picture him being relieved at the coldness, then trying to walk out with his feet so burned. It would be painful, but as Ketis had shown, it would not last. None of this pain was meant to last, only to break men's wills.

Gonar sweated and ached and his eyes burned with the fumes of the charcoal, but he endured. Three more men broke and were ejected, then the remaining four hung silent as the coals died. Hot time passed, how long he did not know, then priests came in again and he was taken down from the cross.

He could barely walk as they took him into the next chamber, telling him as he went that the path of the Dwork was a painful one to walk. He almost laughed at that, so much did his feet hurt, but he kept silent, knowing they would be offended if he did not take their mouthings seriously.

The next room was the torture chamber in which he would spend the night, the room like the one in which he had found Fillian. Here the tortures would become individual, a matter of the priests' fancy. The several who surveyed Gonar were bemused with what to do with him, for he was clearly among the most splendid specimens they had ever seen. Several of them argued about it, for the scars on his cock and balls, and in his palms and on his feet, showed him to be tough. They settled at last upon what they called "the torture of the grave," a thing about which Gonar knew nothing until they did it to him, and then which he thought too easy: until it was done.

They opened a box and took out strips of linen. He was sat on a low table and two of the priests began to wrap the linen tightly around his feet, then up in a spiral around his legs. They wrapped it around his buttocks but left his cock and balls free, then tightly around his belly, his loins, his chest. They told him to take a deep breath as they wrapped his chest, for they wanted him to be able to breathe.

They took more strips and started at his hands, wrapping them flat and tight so that he could not bend them nor even move the fingers. They wrapped his arms, his shoulders, then took the linen down his chest, so that he was covered except for his head and his genitals.

They stood him up and put his legs together, then began wrapping the linen around them both. They put his arms at his sides and wrapped the linen around and around, so that his arms were bound tightly at his sides. An older priest took his balls in hand and squeezed them, then stroked his cock until it was hard. Then they started at his neck and wrapped upward.

They put a large, flat stone in his mouth, so that he could not move his tongue, and they wrapped his jaw tightly shut. They wrapped over his mouth, left his nostrils open, placed flat leather pads over his closed eyes, then wrapped over them. His head was completely encased in the linen, and still they wrapped, around and around, working down his body again.

Gonar felt dizzy, was unable to balance, almost fell; but they caught him. He felt them put pads over his ears and wrap more. The world became more and more muffled, and he got hotter and hotter. Again he felt his balls squeezed, hard, and his cock stroked. At last there was nothing but his cock, the smell of the men near him, his balls, and the inside of his mind. He felt them lift him, lay him down, and then all was still.

It took a while for him to understand the torture, but understand it he did. His nose began to itch. His fingers began to



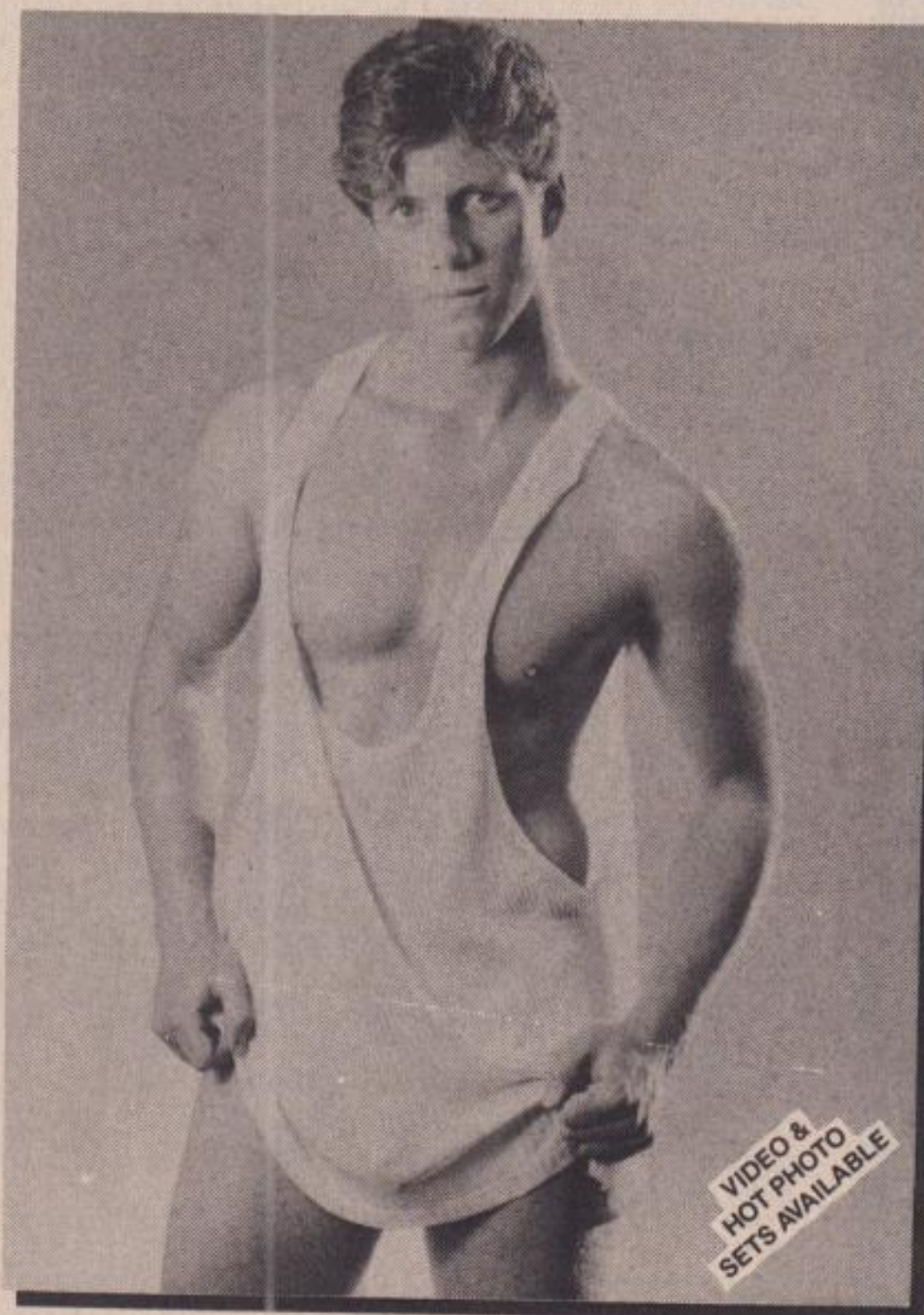
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cramp. He tried to flex his muscles, but there was not enough room in the bandages to do that. It was, indeed, a torture of the grave, for his body was held as still as death. He concentrated on his cock, knowing that it was exposed to further torture, and it became stiff. He waited for something to happen but nothing did.

His mind went back to that time when Chom had bested him in the arena and he understood fully. It was again the mind game, the prospect of waiting for an unmeasured time that was the torture.

...But he was Gonar of Jhent, the Champion of Jhent in the sport of Shegri, and he had already lost once to this particular imposition. Had he been able to smile in the tightness of the bandages he would have. He pulled his mind back from the present, ran down the many corridors of memory until he was tired of reliving pleasantries, and then—he slept.

Gonar awoke with a hard-on and the distinct feeling of a knife blade caressing his balls. He tensed, remembering where he was and how helpless, and that the High Priest in Jhentfel had intended to *kill* Fillian. The blade moved lightly up and over, then up the underside of his cock. The fear, the danger, made Gonar's dick get stiffer, and he felt a fool for his response. The blade rested against his piss slit and remembered Chebid mutilating the impaled councilmen of Throm.

The blade moved down the top side of his shaft, then the point touched just at the base, as if to be driven in right above his cock. With the big flat stone in his mouth he could not even swallow.

The knife slipped in under the linen strips and began to cut the cloth, upward toward his chest. In a moment it was at his throat, then up his chin, touching his lips, his nose, between his eyes. The encasing linen was peeled back and the leather pads taken from his eyes. Through his eyelids the light was painful. The cloth was pulled from his head and he was lifted upright. The cloth was pulled down over his shoulders and the knife slit the wrappings on his arms. In moments he stood, still blinded, naked, his body feeling newborn in its hairless nakedness. His cock was still hard.

He heard someone gasp.

"What is it?" an unfamiliar voice asked.

"Nothing!" snapped a second voice, but this was a voice Gonar knew. "Take him to the next room. I was only impressed by his body. I shall enjoy whipping him!"

Gonar tried to open his eyes and confirm what his ears told him but it was too painful. Yet he had no doubt that the voice belonged to Fillian!

His arms were jerked behind him and bound. A thong was tied tightly around his cock and balls, then he was yanked along. His eyes began to adjust to the light and shapes appeared. He was being led into the sanctuary. There, in the dim light of orange oil lamps, stood the huge veiled effigy of Dworkrimian.

At one side of the chamber he saw a tall tripod set up over a metal bowl of embers, now cold after the long night. From the tripod hung a boy wearing a coronet. It was as Ketis had described: he was in the presence of the lost prince. The boy had his father's face, still softened by youth, but he had his mother's coloring, his hair tending to auburn rather than either black or red. The burned feet now hung among the dead coals, and the eyes were closed in a merciful unconsciousness that would not last once the priests took note of him.

Yet of more interest to Gonar at the moment was the assembly of priests, for among them was his beloved Fillian.

A second's eye contact told him the situation, and he knew to show no more. It was as it had been in Rhengfel with Chom. Fillian was now the Master and he but a suppliant. How things would fall out was a matter for the boy to decide.

Others were brought in who had hung in torture for the night. There were only two. Presumably the third had failed. They were lined up before the idol, facing it, then three priests,

including Fillian, went to the antechamber where the whips and bonds were kept. They returned with metal-barbed whips of the most cruel kind and stood, each before a suppliant, Fillian before Gonar.

A man stepped forward whom Gonar took at once to be the High Priest of this temple. He spoke to them sternly, and his voice carried authority such as men should not have. They knew him to be a Master of life and death, and Gonar at least denied him that right in his heart.

"You have come to the ninth ordeal, and you must know the truth that accompanies it. If you succeed here you will be considered ready to offer your lives to Dworkrimian. If you do that, then all the privileges of the priesthood will be yours, some of which you can guess. If you do not succeed, you will be cast into the pit from which you must crawl up again, as you may have before."

He paused before continuing.

"These men will whip you, will scourge you with pain greater than you have yet known. If you cry out, you will be rejected. If you take the pain, you will be allowed to make an offering to the True God. That offering will be your left testicle. I will cut it out of your sac and it will be cast into the dark pit under the idol from which there is no retrieval. After that you will be allowed to return to this chamber at will, that you may freely worship the One True God."

As he said this the three priests opened their robes and spread their legs, and showed that what was said was so. Gonar felt sick as he saw that one of Fillian's balls was missing.

"More than that," the High Priest continued, "the one ball you keep will be always in the service of the True God. You will never touch your cock again, but always be serviced by suppliants. If you give yourself pleasure, you will be punished, even as you have punished a priest in your ordeals; for all must fail so long as they live. And more than that, if you should leave the service of the Dwork, you will lose the other ball against your will. Knowing this, will you dare the ordeal, or be cast out now?"

Gonar swallowed. This was madness. Better to leave now if he were sane. Yet the plan that he had prepared with Ketis and Chom might save him, and besides, there was now Fillian to be rescued as well as the prince who hung in agony nearby. He kept silence and nodded. Then he looked Fillian straight in the eyes, hoping the boy could give him something.

Fillian stared, his eyes saying nothing.

The other two men also nodded.

The three priests raised their barbed lashes and began the whipping, hard across the chest, the metal tips biting in. Gonar nearly screamed with the first of it, for his flesh was tender from the cooking on the cross; but he kept his silence, held on and made of the pain a love offering from the boy whom he had rescued. His mind raced, trying to escape the agony by filling in pieces, seeing Fillian's desperate attempt to get access to the prince, seeing the boy offer his nut in order to gain the priesthood.

The lashes cut his belly, his legs, snapped like shark's teeth at his cock, which even now was hard. Fillian began to move around in a circle, beating his shoulders, his ass, making what was left of him into raw meat. Gonar jerked and gasped under the assault, hoping desperately that one of the other men would break. Perhaps that would put an end to the ordeal, he thought.

But it was not so, and the others proved as tough as he was! Eventually the whipping stopped.

The High Priest came forward with a leather case and opened it. Inside was a sharp ritual knife.

"Hold the first one!" the priest commanded, and two priests seized the man who stood to Gonar's left.

"Spread his legs!"

Two more priests held the man's legs wide. Gonar could not help but watch. The man was white with fear, but he did not cry halt. The priest approached him, took his balls in hand, brought

the sharp knife close. The man's cock was stiff as stone. Gonar felt his body pouring sweat, as did that of the victim of the sacrifice.

The knife sliced the man's scrotum, just slightly, above the ball that hung in it.

"Uuunnnnnnhhh!"

Thick white jism throbbed from the end of the man's dick, all over the priest's hand, even as the priest squeezed slightly and popped the round pink testicle out and into a ritual cup.

Another priest appeared with a bone needle and silk thread, and as the man shook, he sewed the small wound shut.

The priests who had seized him let the victim go and he staggered, but he held his feet. The High Priest handed him the cup.

"Make your offering!"

The man staggered forward and with a look of sublime horror hurled his own testicle into the pit under the covered statue of Dworkrimian. Then he collapsed. Two of the priests seized him under the shoulders and dragged him back to his place in the line.

"The next one!" the High Priest instructed.

Two strong men grabbed Gonar's arms.

Where were Ketis and Chom? he wondered desperately. The plan was for them to enter the temple by different means, Ketis as one who had won his way to the inner chamber (but who had cried out under the lash) and Chom up the chute from the cesspool exit. Had they both somehow failed? Must he go through with this because they were late? There could be no second chance in this matter.

"Spread his legs!" the High Priest commanded.

Gonar felt his legs pulled apart, was painfully conscious of his naked sack hanging down, of his shaven cock standing up. He knew that the primal fear and terror he felt would make him shoot as surely as it had the man before him. He did not want to lose even one of his balls—and yet, now with it so close, there was a terrible fascination. Even as there had been that night he had offered both his balls to Chom.

The High Priest took his nuts in hand, stretched them downward. The knife touched.

"Halt!" came Chom's voice from behind him, and Gonar knew that Chom was hurling himself out of the other pit, the one that led to the cesspool, hurrying to his rescue.

The knife cut.

Ahhnnnnnnn! Gonar groaned as he felt the High Priest squeeze, felt his left nut pop out of his sack, felt the cum boil up out of him painfully, spurting with a force of fear and terror he had never known. As if from the heights of a tall cliff he looked down at his shaven groin and saw the white sperm, saw his pink testicle plop into the little ceramic cup.

Suddenly the High Priest was jerked back. Still thrashing from his orgasm, Gonar saw his testicle on the grey stone amid broken pottery, saw booted feet scuffle near it.

"Put it back in and sew it shut, or the High Priest goes into the pit!" Fillian's voice snarled, and Gonar looked up and saw that the boy priest now held the High Priest with a knife at his throat.

There was a moment of silence, then Fillian pressed the knife he held harder and the High Priest said: "Do it!"

In amazement, Gonar watched as one of the priests picked up his ball, dusted it like a piece of food that has fallen to the floor, then pushed it back in through the little incision in his scrotum. The priest with the needle stitched it shut.

Gonar began to feel the pain of what had happened to him, but there was no time for it to develop.

The door to the chamber burst open and Ketis entered, a long, thin sword in one hand, a short bow held drawn in the other.

"Don't move, or I will kill the High Priest!" Fillian repeated.

"Why should I care?" asked Ketis, clearly puzzled.

Gonar realized through the haze of pain that was boiling up from his groin that Ketis and Fillian had never met.

"He's one of us!" came Chom's voice, and Gonar managed to

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turn his head a little and see that Chom was taking Prince Hrendel down from the tripod. He wanted to vomit.

"All of you priests, and you, new initiate to a fool's god; lay down on the floor on your faces!" Fillian's voice was no longer that of the boy Gonar had rescued. Whatever he had endured since their parting, he had learned authority. "Now, you," he said to the surprised Ketis, "bind their hands and feet tightly behind them."

Gonar felt himself stagger as the men who held him let go and followed the orders of the boy who had moments before been one of them. He stood still, not daring to move, as Ketis followed Fillian's directions, binding the priests with strips torn from their own robes. Chom had Prince Hrendel free now, but the prince was in no condition to move on his own. His eyes were open, but he stared blankly as he hung limp in Chom's arms.

"Now, you, down!" commanded Fillian, and in moments the High Priest was bound as were the rest.

"Why does Dworkrimian allow this?" demanded the bound man who had just thrown his ball into the pit. "Where is the power of the True God?"

Gonar pitied the man even as he ached, and was grateful to have escaped the same fate.

"Ketis," said Chom, "I will entrust the Prince to you, for you know where the horses and wagon await us. If we do not follow—"

"Why should you not?" Ketis asked, taking the prince under his arms and moving toward the pit that lead down to the cesspool.

"Gonar cannot go down into that filth with his sac cut open. The infection would kill him. We will have to fight our way out."

"There are other ways," said Fillian, stripping off the hateful black robes of the priesthood. "The important thing will be to keep his balls clean, and I can do that with my mouth."

Chom looked at the boy with new respect.

"Why, just so," he said. "But then, my mouth will do as well."

"We may need your sword arm more," said Fillian. "Let me perform this service for my Master."

Something new came into the room, something generated suddenly of the love the four men felt for each other. It kindled from Fillian, moved to Chom, enwrapped Gonar, reached out for Ketis, whom Fillian knew only as a new partner in their enterprise. Gonar felt it like a flame against the snow.

"So be it!" said Chom.

They helped Gonar to the edge of the pit and he watched Ketis slip in. They waited long enough for him to have righted himself in the icy floating filth below, then they slid Prince Hrendel in, a limp, staring emptiness of flesh. They positioned Gonar on the rim of the pit, then Fillian wrapped himself around Gonar, his legs around Gonar's chest, his arms around Gonar's thighs. The boy took Gonar's balls gently in his mouth, sucked so that they were sealed within, then took a deep breath. Chom pushed them slightly and they fell, down the long, greased chutes, bumping, colliding, falling finally out the vaginal port and down into the icy waters of the cesspool.

Gonar struggled to get his feet under him, knew that he must do it quickly, for Fillian could only hold his breath for so long. He waddled through the filth as best he could, fighting off the pain, half walking, half swimming, acutely conscious of Fillian's face in his crotch, of the fact that Fillian was upside down in the stinking offal.

Young, strong arms grappled at him, helped him, as Ketis waded back in. In moments he and Fillian lay next to Prince Hrendel on the stone stairs that lead up out of the cesspool, panting with the exertion. Fillian still held Gonar's balls tightly in his mouth. Ketis left them for a moment, then came back with cold water, which he poured all over Fillian's head and Gonar's crotch.

There was another splash in the cesspool and Chom waded out. Ketis continued washing the filth away until he adjudged it was safe for Fillian to let go, then they all climbed to their feet, except for Prince Hrendel.

Chom hefted the prince, threw him over his shoulder, and with Gonar limping, still fighting off the urge to puke, they headed for the inn. Along the way they met the innkeeper who had supplied warm blankets and he, astonished at what he saw, brought them fur cloaks against the rapidly chilling air.

It was strange to note the difference between the prince and the two boys, Gonar thought later as he lay in the back of the racing wagon next to the prince. Fillian had been given to the Dwork by uncaring parents. Ketis had been a pleasure slave. They had both survived innumerable tortures and abuses, had taken contempt as their lot, and they had come through with minds and spirits intact. The prince, on the other hand, had been raised up to rule a kingdom, with every luxury supplied, every need provided. He now lay staring blankly at the stars, his mind retreated so far into itself that they could not reach him. The training that had prepared him to rule had not prepared him to resist, had not made him fit to be ruled.

The wagon hit a rock in the road and Gonar felt an agony go through his belly, but this was not new. They were going as fast as they could, knowing that dawn would bring discovery and pursuit. Ketis drove the wagon like a madman, Chom and Fillian rode with weapons at ready lest pursuit come sooner. Gonar felt he should have been in the guard rather than in the wagon, but by now he had gained the wisdom of an individual: a sick man does best by getting well, and does not make of himself a double liability.

The moon was up, a thin scythe mowing down the year. Gonar reached over and pulled the furs more tightly around the prince, wondering if the boy would ever recover. His face was pale, and even as he stared upward, uncomprehending, the muscles of that young face twitched with the memoried repetition of the horrors he had endured.

Gonar could picture the anguish of the queen if they brought home her son in this condition, but he could not imagine what the king's reaction would be. The king was mad with the fear that his son would be horribly murdered. Indeed, the king had every reason to assume that his son was dead. How would the king feel to see his son mindless, a shell without thought? Would he then, finally, take vengeance upon the evil of the Dwork? Or would he continue to heap his enmity upon the Shegrin who were pawns in the Dwork's evil game of conquest?

Gonar hoped that the king would see reason, and scourge the temple of Dworkrimian from the face of the world. But he had seen enough of human nature that he expected the other, less sane, reaction. The king would more likely strike at those who had attempted to help, meaning Gonar and Chom and Fillian and Ketis.

It was therefore *not* a good idea to return the prince to Jhent if he could not be brought out of his silence.

But then, Gonar noted, this was only the first night of freedom for the boy. His mind, though observing the change in his surroundings, might yet be unwilling to admit his rescue. The boy might still be defending himself from cruel trickery. How many times might they have promised him his freedom? How many times might they have kindled his hope and then dashed it out?

Gonar moved closer to the prince, put his arms around him protectively, and spoke softly to him.

"If you can hear me, oh prince, take comfort. We have brought you out of the temple. You are no longer in the hands of those evil people. We are taking you home now, to see your father, the king, and your mother, the queen. You will be restored to your rightful place as Prince of Jhent, and then the king will destroy those people who so hurt you. Take comfort. All will be well."

He kept on whispering to the boy as the wagon hurtled along, up the steep road into the mountains, back the way they had come; away from steep-roofed Molukenor. He wished that he believed what he told the prince more completely, for then the prince might find it easier to believe. Boys had a way of seeing even well-intended lies.

Despite the banging and the bumping of the wagon, despite the periodic stabbing pain that the harsh ride caused, Gonar at last fell asleep, his arms around the prince. And when he slept he dreamed.

He was in a temple.

Not a temple of pain and terror, but a temple as it should be: a place of light and beauty, a place which humankind had erected for a meeting with the gods. There was a feast set, and at the head of the table a gilded throne was decorated with flowers. Golden utensils were set upon the table at that place, and the choicest portions of all the dishes were first cut and set upon the golden plate, the first of the best wine poured in the golden goblet.

Sweet music of strings and flutes and pipes played, and boys and girls garlanded with flowers danced for the pleasure of gods and humans. The succulent taste of the food flooded Gonar's senses, the sweet scents of the flowers filled the air. He was adrift in a sea of pleantry, and yet there was something missing, a something which he could not define.

He looked around at the people feasting and realized that they were strangers. They smiled, they were friendly, they were all beautiful; yet they were not his friends. In the midst of beauty and pleasure, Gonar felt an insufferable loneliness. He wanted those he loved to be with him, more than he wanted to be in this place of sublime comfort.

He started to rise from his place at the table, but the man next to him touched his arm and directed his attention to the gilded throne. Gonar looked, but for a moment could not see. There was a shimmering light there, a substance that was yet unsubstantial. Then, as through a cloud one gains the first glimpse of the beloved, there appeared a figure.

He was golden, as if his flesh were made of gold. He was more beautiful than anything that lived in the world. Gonar knew him at once, knew him from the safe moments of childhood, from the small offerings placed before his image on the altar. He was fierce, with the fierceness of a war-chief who defends his home

and children. He was gentle, with the firmness of a father teaching his sons and daughters the things they will need to know. This was the god of his fathers and mothers, the god who was always worshiped in Jhent. This was Roghgota, whom he had half come to doubt as he grew up.

For had he ever seen the god? Had the god ever spoken to him? Had the god ever put a hand to his life directly?

At the head of the table Roghgota smiled, and his smile was as beautiful and as fierce as the withering sun of summer, too bright to be borne upon the face. Gonar turned away, ashamed that he had doubted, humble before the perfect form of everything that he wanted to be.

There was a rumbling, and the table shook. Gonar looked to the entrance of the temple, and there, glowing with the fires of the world's heart, stood Wa-at, looking around, seeking. His glowing eyes fixed upon Gonar and he stretched out his hand.

"Come!" Wa-at said. "Now you belong to me!"

Gonar looked around the table and saw that the strangers had become his friends. There sat Chom, and Fillian, and Ketis. There was Chala and her tormented brother Chebid, and next to her Lady Lharna, who had been of Rhengfel. There were all those who had been with him; all but the priests of the volcano god.

He tried to look to the head of the table, to implore Roghgota for help, but he could not. His eyes would not lift to the god of his fathers and mothers. He rose from his place, and bidding his friends farewell, he went to greet the god of the volcano.

"Hush!" came a voice from the sky. "Do not cry! All will be well!"

Gonar opened his eyes and realized that it had been a dream. Then he knew whose voice had called him back from it.

He had fallen asleep cradling the helpless form of the lost prince. Now the young prince cradled him.

There was hope after all that Jhent could be saved. □

(To be continued)

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**FULL LINE
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LEATHER NOTEBOOK

by LARRY TOWNSEND



ILLUSTRATION by BILL WARD

Dear Larry,

Two short questions: 1) How long should toys and leather be exposed to a bleach solution to insure their safe use in subsequent sessions? 2) Do you know of any home remedy for ridding leathers of a urine odor?

Norm, Canada

Dear Norm,

For metal or other nonporous materials, the bleach solution should kill the microorganisms within a few seconds. For rubber or plastics (like dildoes, butt plugs, etc.) I'd let them soak for ten or fifteen minutes. For leather, I wouldn't use bleach at all, because it can cause damage. Regular rubbing alcohol works just as well. I've simply been cleaning my items with it by wiping them down with a fair amount and letting them dry naturally. If a whip draws blood, I soak it in alcohol, let it dry out in the sun, and let it lie for a month or so before using it again. I should also note that the above reference to metal objects does not refer to needles used for piercing, etc. These should be discarded, or at least never used on more than one person. Getting the urine odor out of leather is more difficult, because most things that will remove it are not good for the item. The old home remedy is tomato juice. There are also several products on the market to get "pet odors" out of carpets and furniture, but these may leave a residue which will irritate the skin. Besides, what's wrong with a little extra aroma? (Unless you intended to wear them to the opera.)

Dear Mr. Townsend,

I am in the U.S. Navy. Recently they conducted a Navy-wide HTLV-3 test, and lo and behold I tested positive. Through the Navy's program I met my daddy, who had also tested positive. Our question is: since we are both positive,

is there any need for Daddy to use a rubber? And if there is, where can I find heavy-duty, industrial-strength, Jumbo-size rubbers? He has tried several brands, including the "natural" (sheepskin) rubbers, but the damned things always shred. Thank you.

B.D., East Coast

Dear B.D.,

I fear that by this time all the harm that can be done has already happened, insofar as your personal situation is concerned. However, just for the record: A person who tests positive for the AIDS antibodies is already at greater risk than someone who tests negative. Unlike most common diseases, our best evidence indicates that the AIDS virus mutates so rapidly that each exposure increases your risk dramatically. This results from the fact that your body has already produced antibodies against the particular mutation to which you were originally exposed. When struck by a second, third or further exposure, your system will eventually reach a point where it can no longer produce the requisite varieties of antibodies, and you succumb to the disease. That, at least, is one of the more popular theories. So I would answer your question with an emphatic "yes, you should use a rubber." As to your second question, to the best of my knowledge there is no such thing as "industrial strength" rubbers. (Few machines seem to require them.) There are a couple of brands (maybe more) that do come in larger sizes. Go to a pharmacy and ask for them. Then ask your daddy to use plenty of lubricant and to stop letting that big thing go hog wild when he gets it into you.

Dear Larry,

I have a problem I hope you can help me with. Next year I

turn 30, and for the past few years I have been looking for a daddy. Right now I feel that my age is not helping me. Whenever I see a guy whom I consider "daddy material" (over 30, hairy, beefy-muscular, etc.) he isn't interested in me. (I'm short, stocky, with a beard.) To be truthful, if I were to find a Dad I would want to be a son, not a slave. I don't want to be kept nude in a house, wearing just a dog collar and be subjected to all that this implies. Yet I would want him to be boss, and I would be willing to do pretty much what he wanted me to—including sessions at the gym to get my body into the shape. Is there any hope for me? I just desperately want to find a dad.

Tony, NY

Dear Tony,

This seems to be "Daddy Month," doesn't it? Although most successful daddy-type relationships that I have observed seem to have started when the "son" was a little younger than you are, they frequently extend well beyond that point. And there certainly are relationships that start when Sonny is well past 30. I really don't think age is your problem. If your present appearance isn't working, why not change it? Work out, lose some weight, and shave off the beard. If it doesn't work, you can always grow it back. If you want the relationship so badly, this would seem a reasonable concession. I don't know what sort of approach you are using with your potential daddies, but you might also give this a little more thought. If you come on to a guy who is about your own age (and who may like to think he looks younger) with a big "Take me, Daddy!" you are only asking for rejection.

Dear Larry,

I have a physical problem that I can't seem to get the

answer to. When I get a hard-on, my dick develops a severe downward curve that makes it difficult to use as I'd like to use it. I've been like this as long as I can remember. A nurse friend-of-a-friend told me I have something called "Peyronie's Disease." I asked my doctor about it, but he didn't seem to know what I was talking about and said I had just been circumcised too tightly. He didn't offer any solution, and in fact seemed a little uncomfortable discussing it. Can you tell me anything about it?

Arc'd in Utah

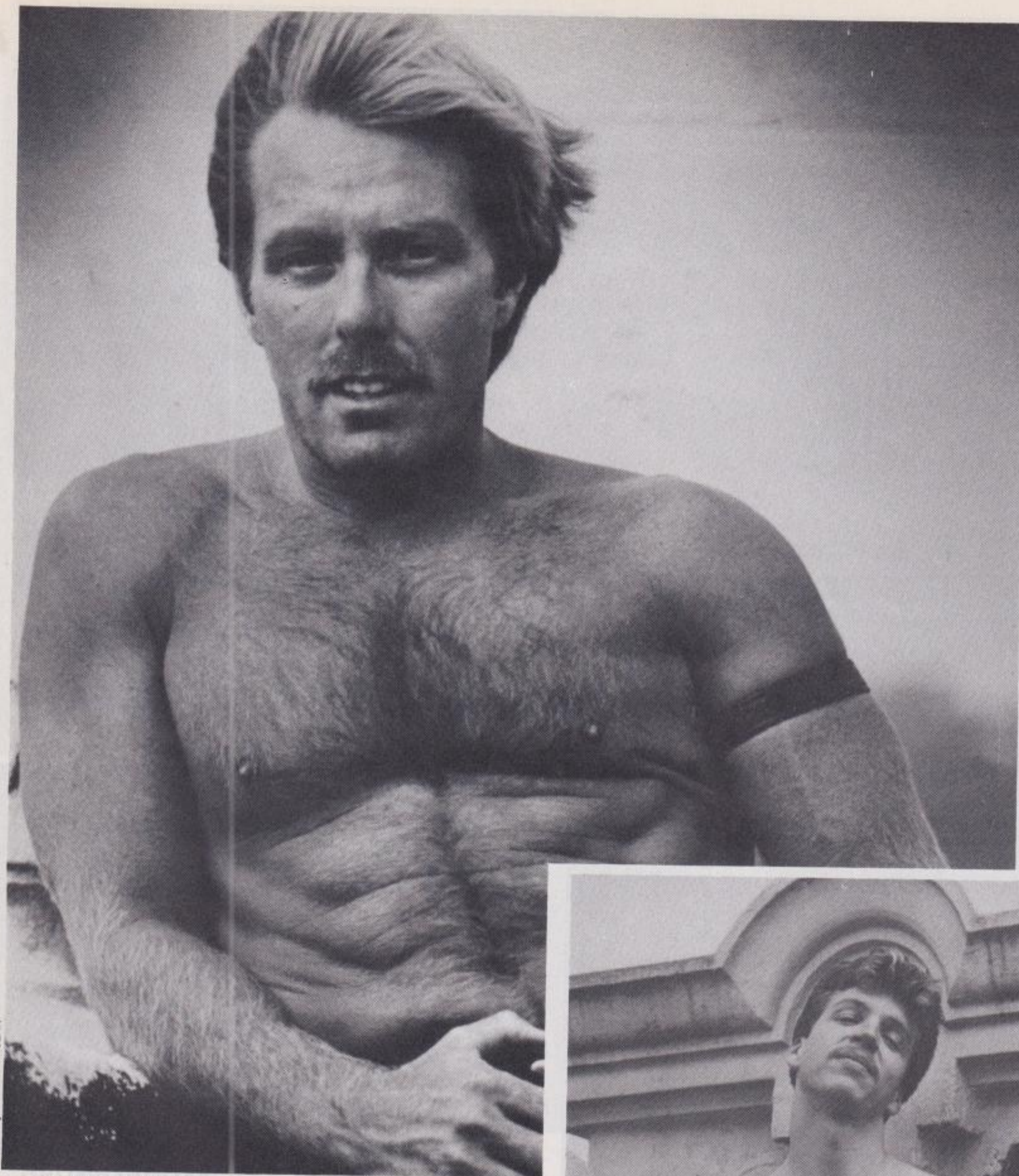
Dear Arc'd,

Again I remind you I am not a doctor. However, consulting my files I found a reference to Peyronie's Disease in a correction to an article that appeared in the Mayo Clinic Health Letter. They call it an organic disorder of the penis, and went on to note that there is medical disagreement as to whether it should be treated with radiation or not. They also seem to suspect that the condition can be brought on by certain "beta blocker drugs" (such as Inderal) which are frequently prescribed for people with heart disease and/or high blood pressure. The article in question is in the January 1986 MCHL, if you can run it down. However, my feeling is that your doctor was probably right. If you have had this problems since puberty, you may very well have been cut without enough slack in the skin of your penis. Why don't you go to a sex clinic if there is one in your area, or talk to a plastic surgeon? I should think they would be able to correct the problem.

(If you would like to have Larry Townsend address a particular problem or issue, you can write him via Leather Notebook, Drummer, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314.)

CALENDARS 1987

PHOTOS by ROBERT PRUZAN

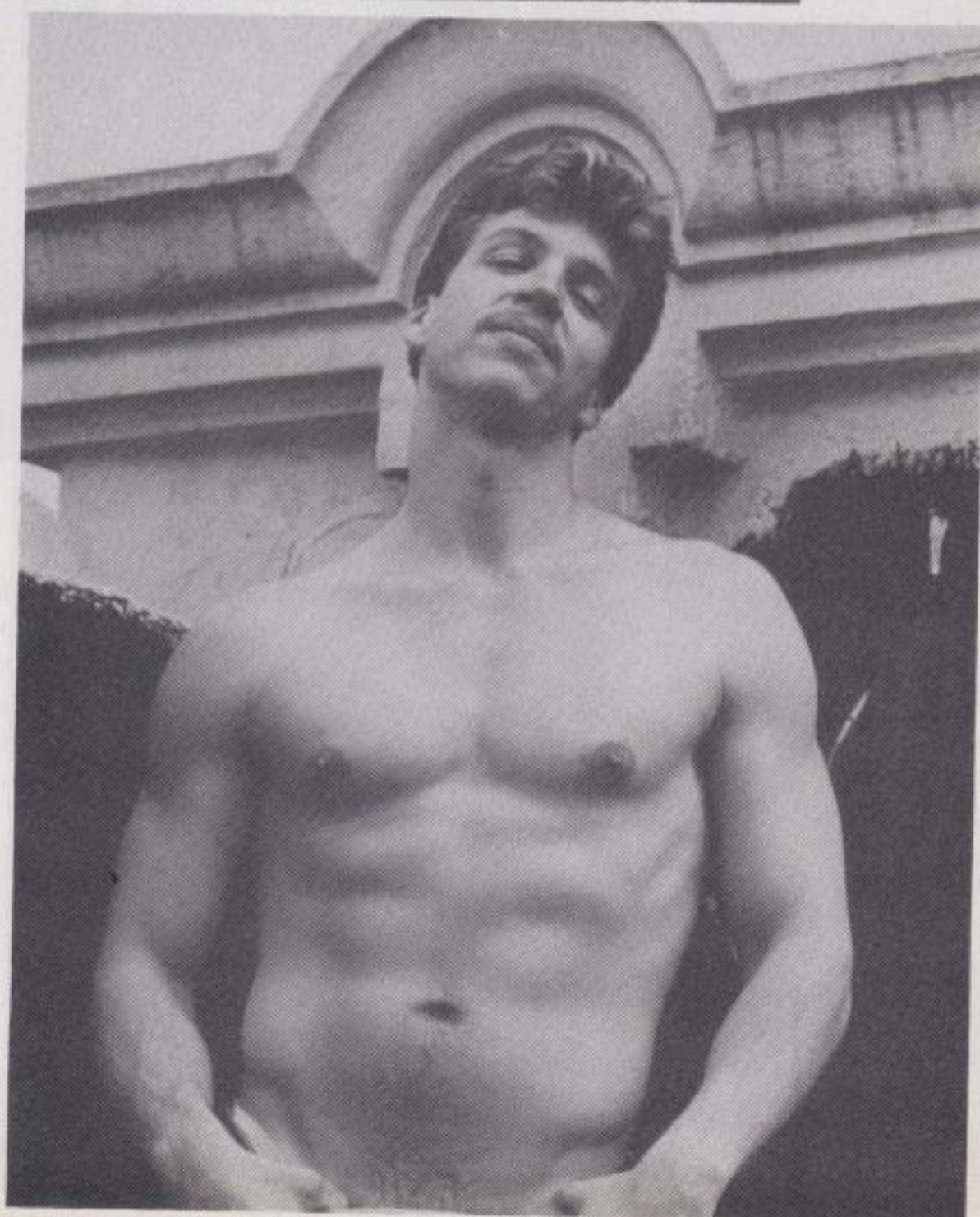


SOUTH OF MARKET BARE CHEST CALENDAR

Each year the San Francisco Eagle has a series of contests to find the best of the chests in the West. This year the monthly winners have been combined into one of the hottest leather calendars we've ever come across.

The creative photography is by Robert Pruzan, a frequent *Drummer* contributor, and each is worth a month's viewing. The two examples shown are Mr. April, Ron Mikkelsen and Mr. September, Joe Nucatola, who was also Mr. Northern California Drummer 1986.

All profits from the South of Market Bare Chest Calendar are donated to the San Francisco AIDS Emergency Fund and Coming Home Hospice. All twelve of these bare-chested hunks can be yours by sending \$12.50 to S.F. Eagle, 398 12th Street, San Francisco, CA 94103, or pick one up when you visit the S.F. Eagle, the leather bar in San Francisco.



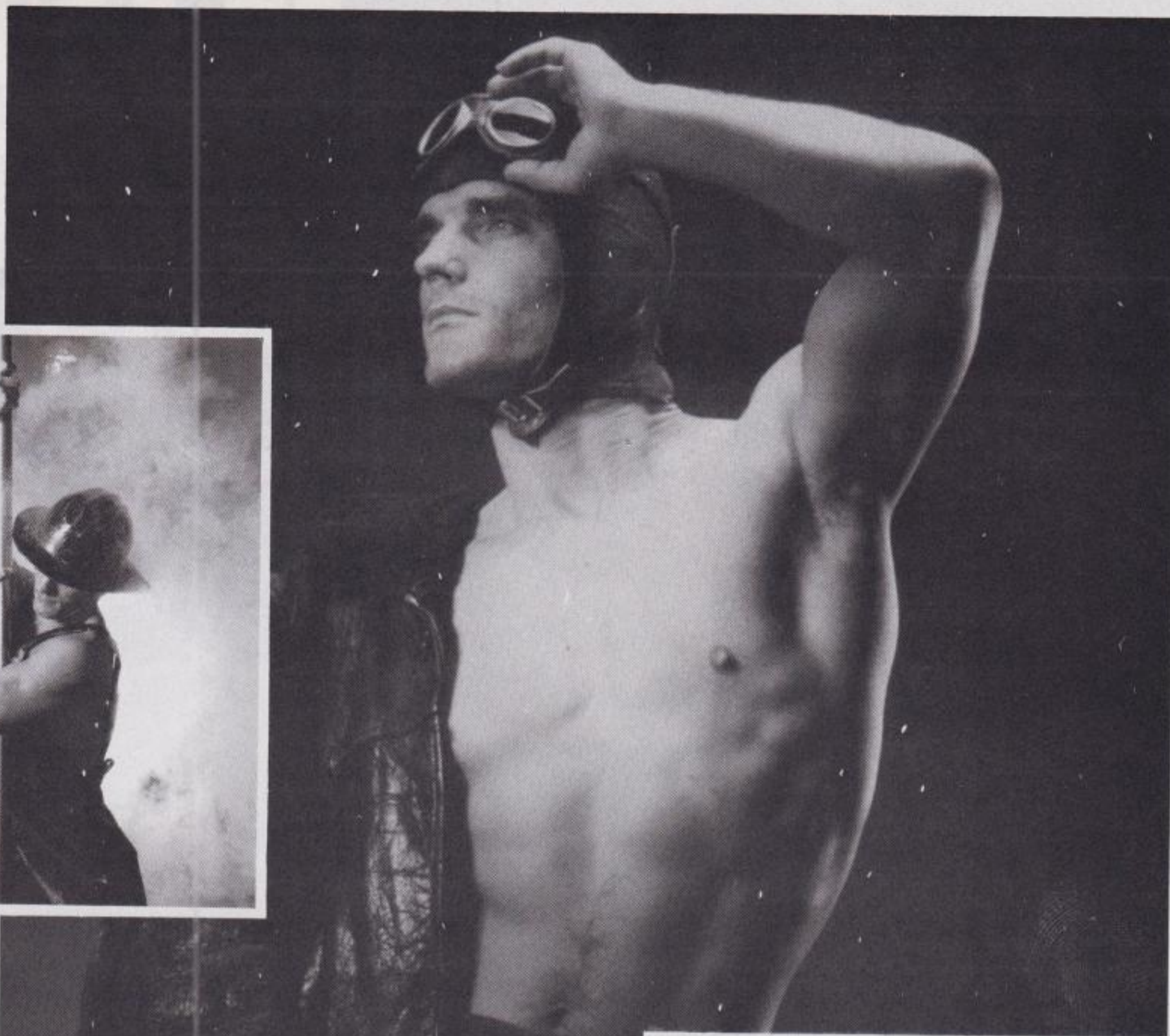


SAFE SEX IS GREAT SEX 1987 CALENDAR

Fantasize all you want! The *Gay Chicago Magazine* Safe Sex Calendar is loaded with creative photography by Jack Sitar and the late Glenn Mansfield. Depicting the safe use of toys, phone sex, voyeurism, auto-eroticism, SM and some unusual photos of what to do with whipped cream are the focus of this unique edition.

Glenn Mansfield conceived of the idea of a safe-sex calendar to remind people daily that safe sex cannot only be fulfilling but erotic. Glenn died in August of this year and the calendar is dedicated to the memory of Glenn and the nearly 14,000 men, women and children who have died of AIDS-related diseases.

The calendar contains safe-sex suggestions and reminders, along with addresses and phone numbers of AIDS information centers. The calendar sells for \$10 (all sales are donated to the Howard Brown Memorial Clinic) and can be ordered from Ultra Ink, Inc., 1529 N. Wells St., Chicago, IL 60610, (312) 751-0130.



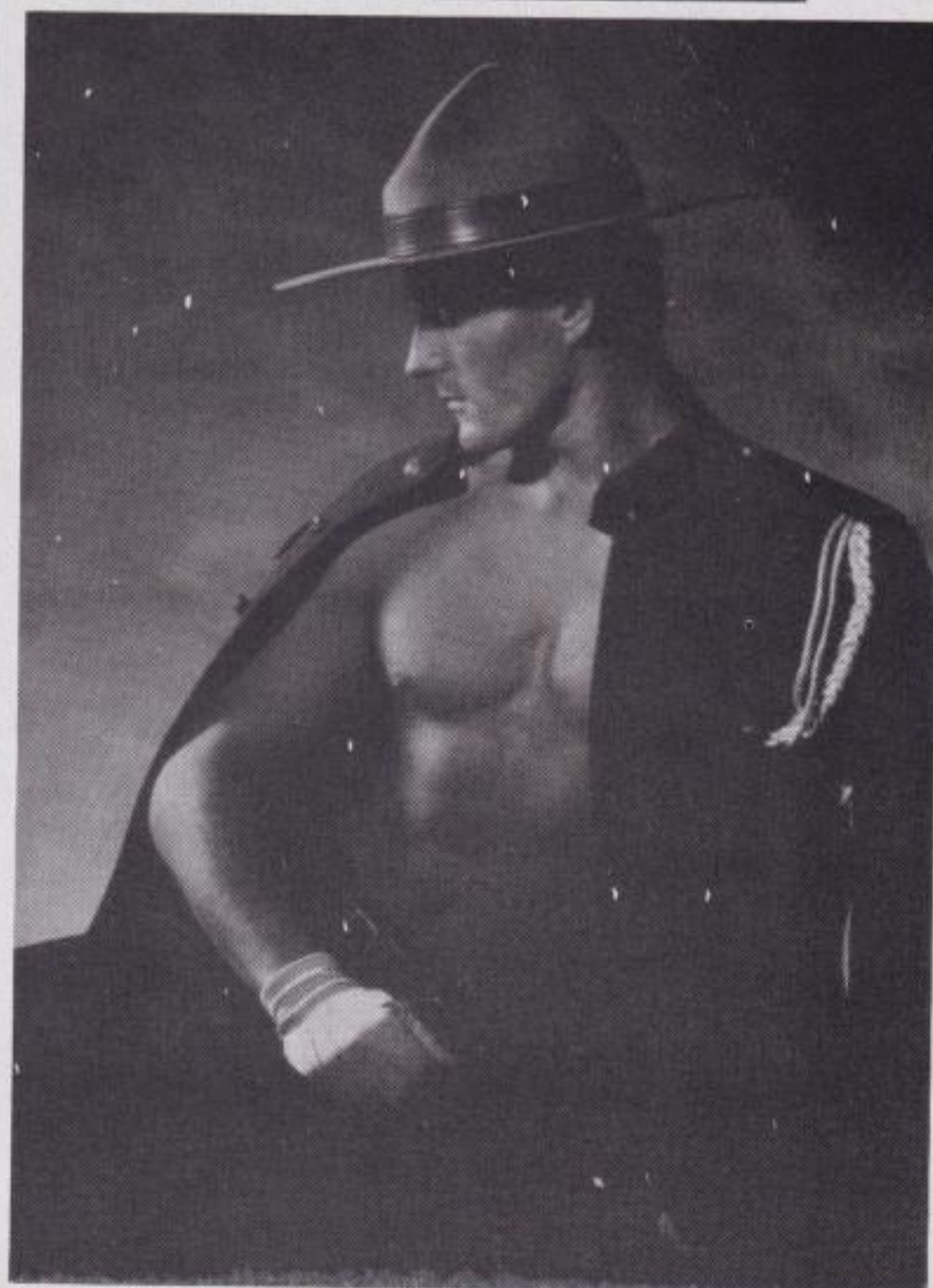
PHOTOS by IAN LEITH

I LOVE A MAN IN UNIFORM 1987 CALENDAR

Who doesn't love a man in a uniform? Whether he's the sultry fireman slithering down a firepole or a hot cop on the beat, he's a man in uniform and the appeal is universal. André Fiset, one of America's sexiest young men, has produced a stunning full-color calendar for 1987 as well as a provocative black and white poster.

The uniform selection runs from WWII combatant to, traditional cop and fireman to foreign military and constables. Fiset's superb body and rugged good looks give each full-color study that extra erotic touch. His unique style has been met with increasing acclaim, and with good reason, as you can see from this selection.

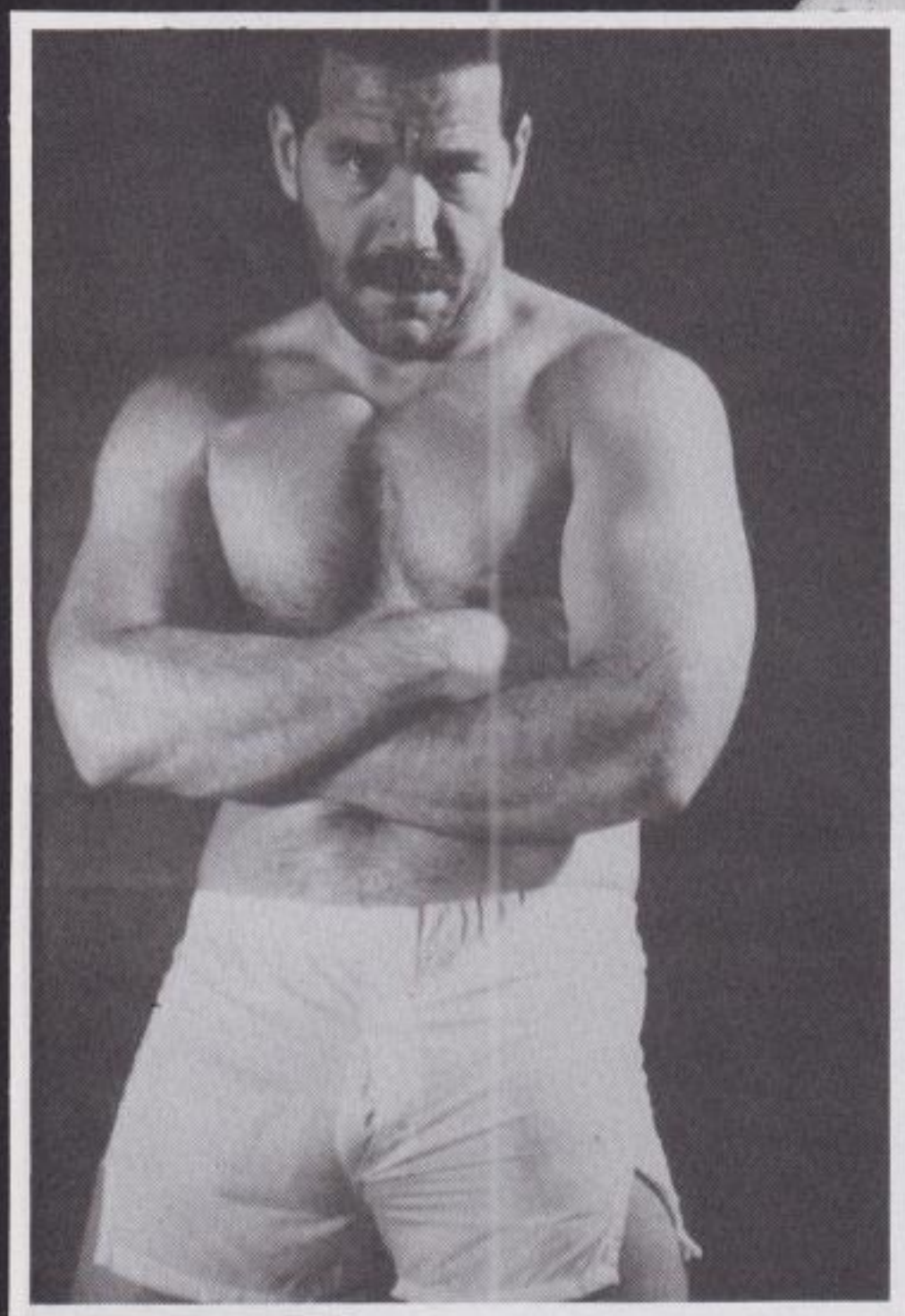
The calendar "I Love A Man In Uniform" is available for \$8.95 and the poster is \$4.95 (autographed posters are available for \$6.95 each) from André Fiset Productions, PO Box 1721, JAF Building, New York, NY 10116 (include \$1.50 postage and handling per calendar).



TOP

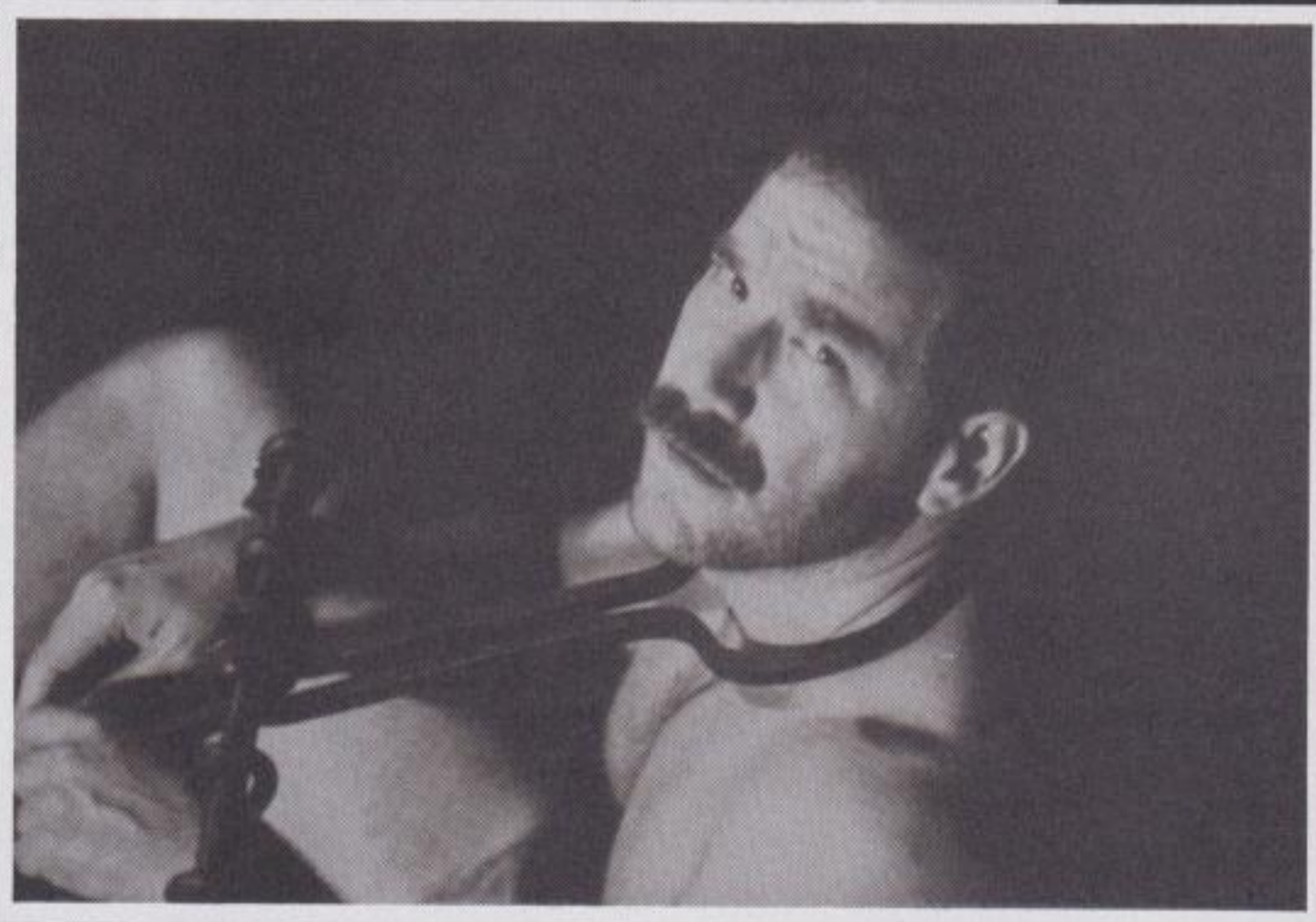
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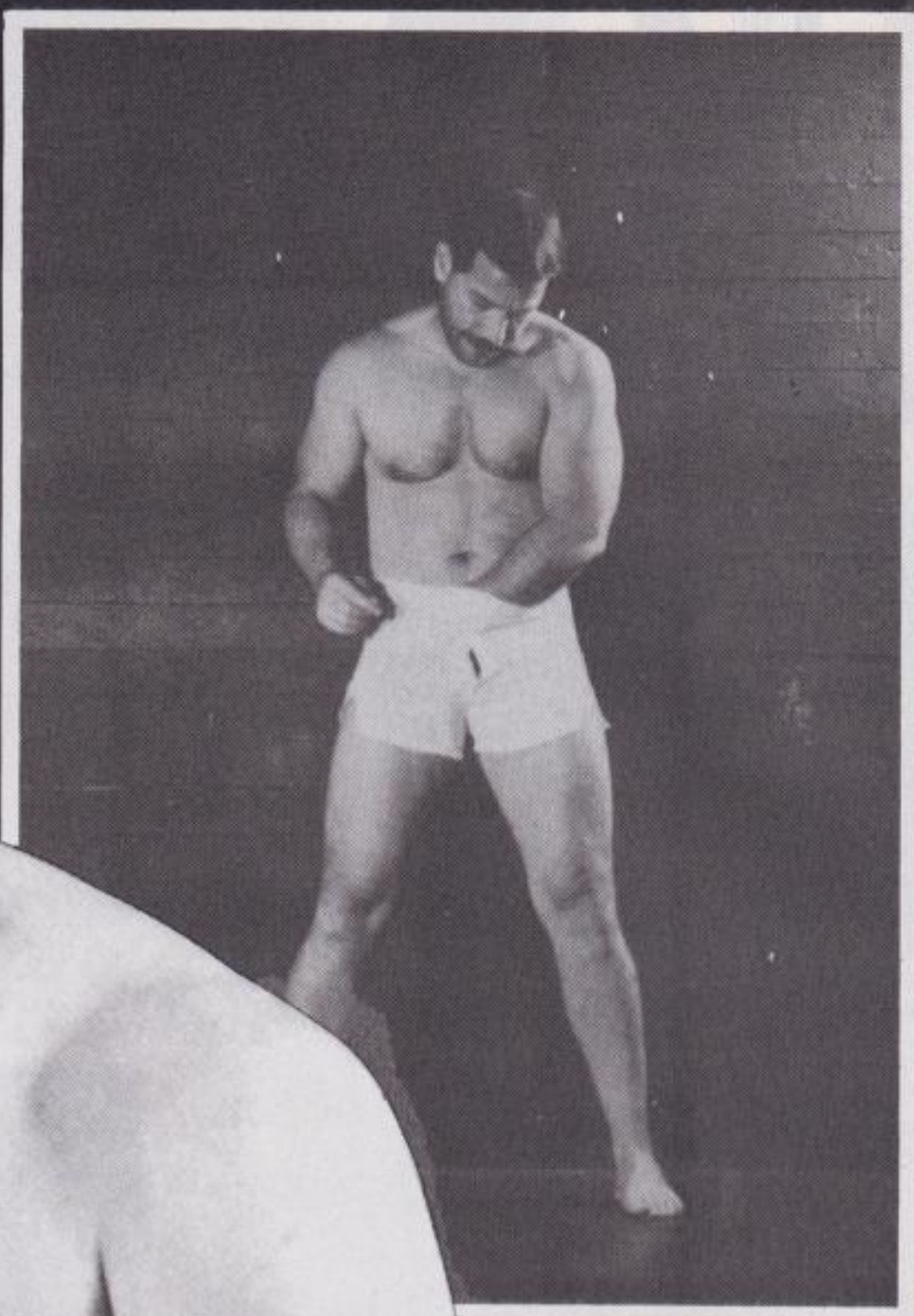
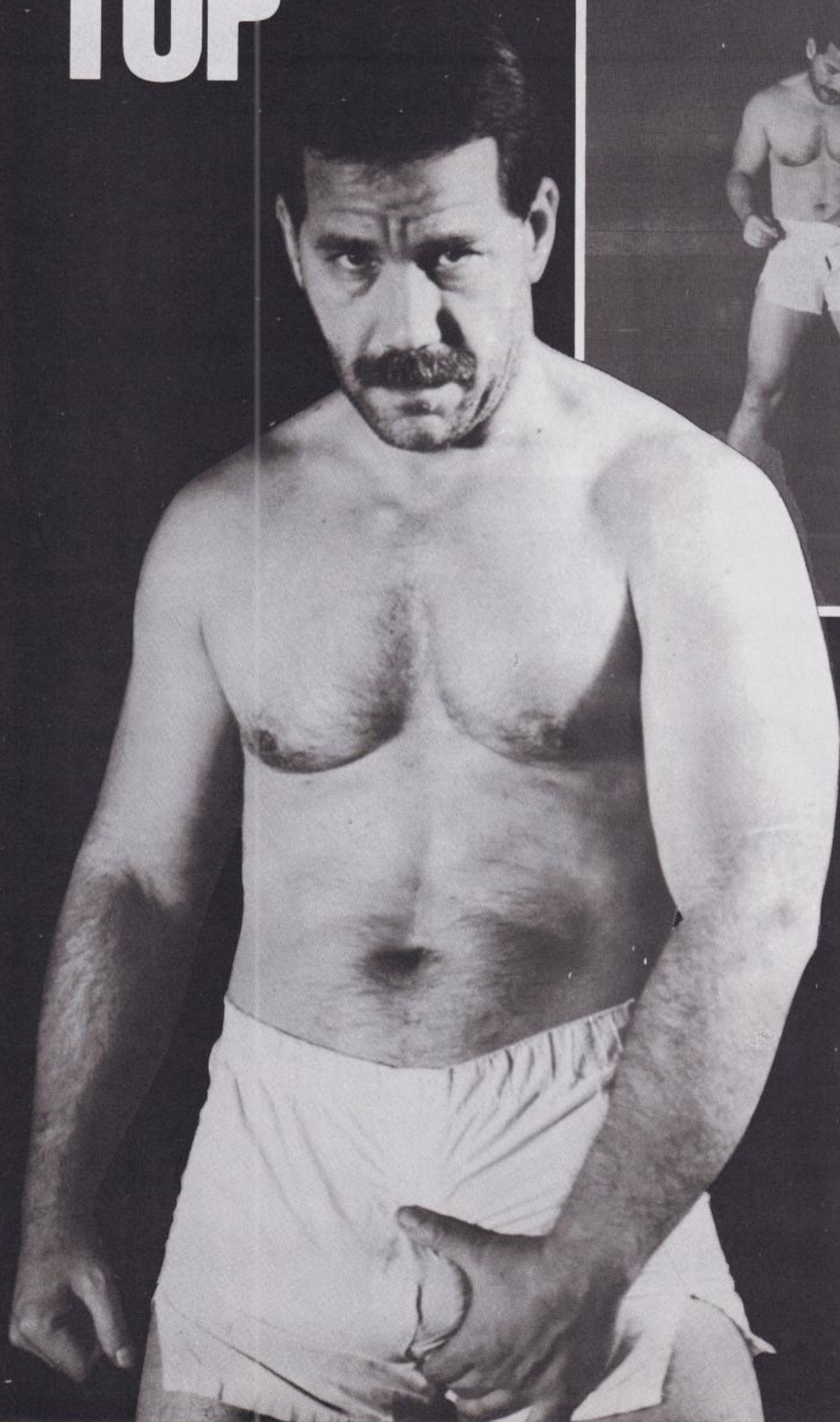
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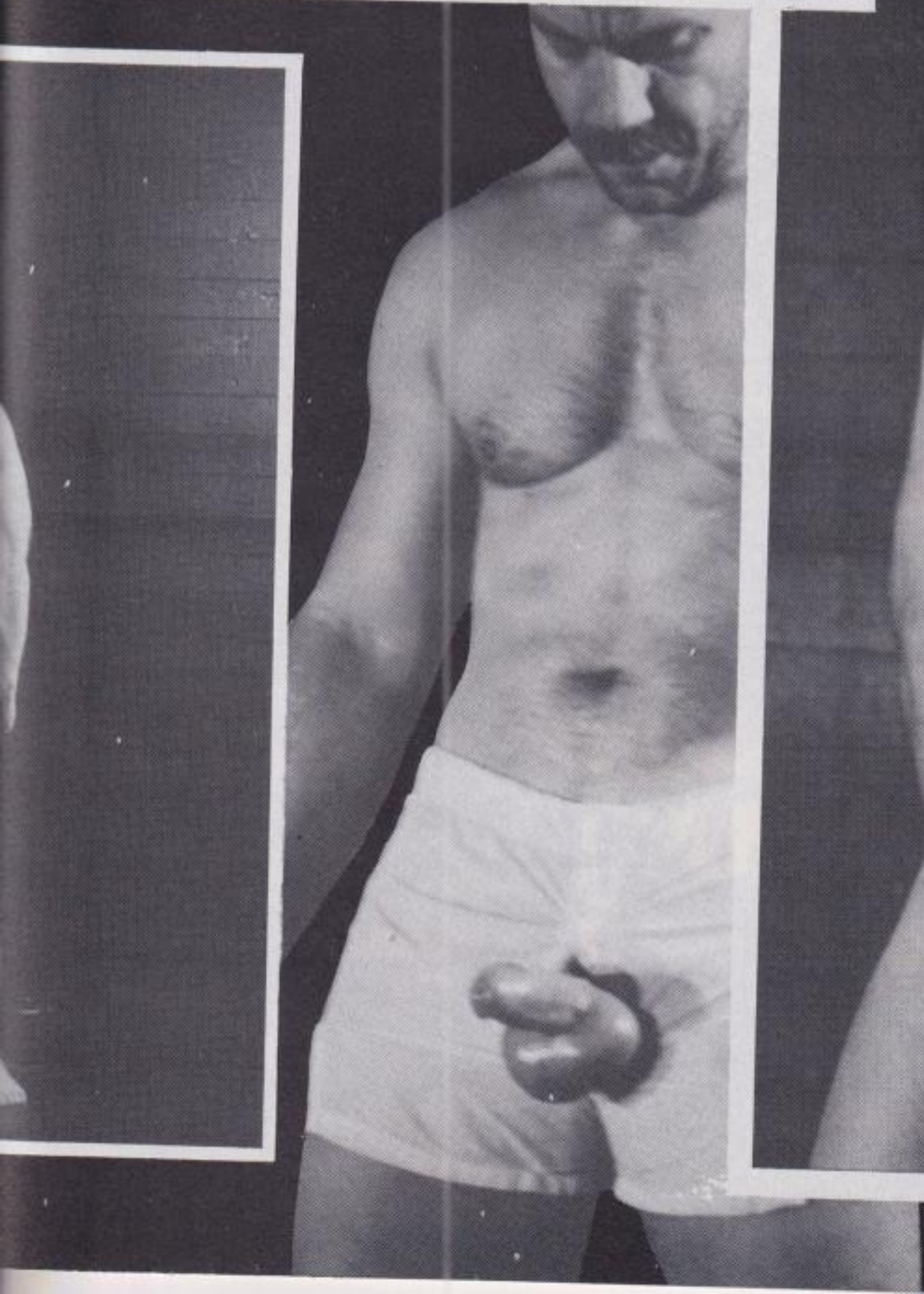
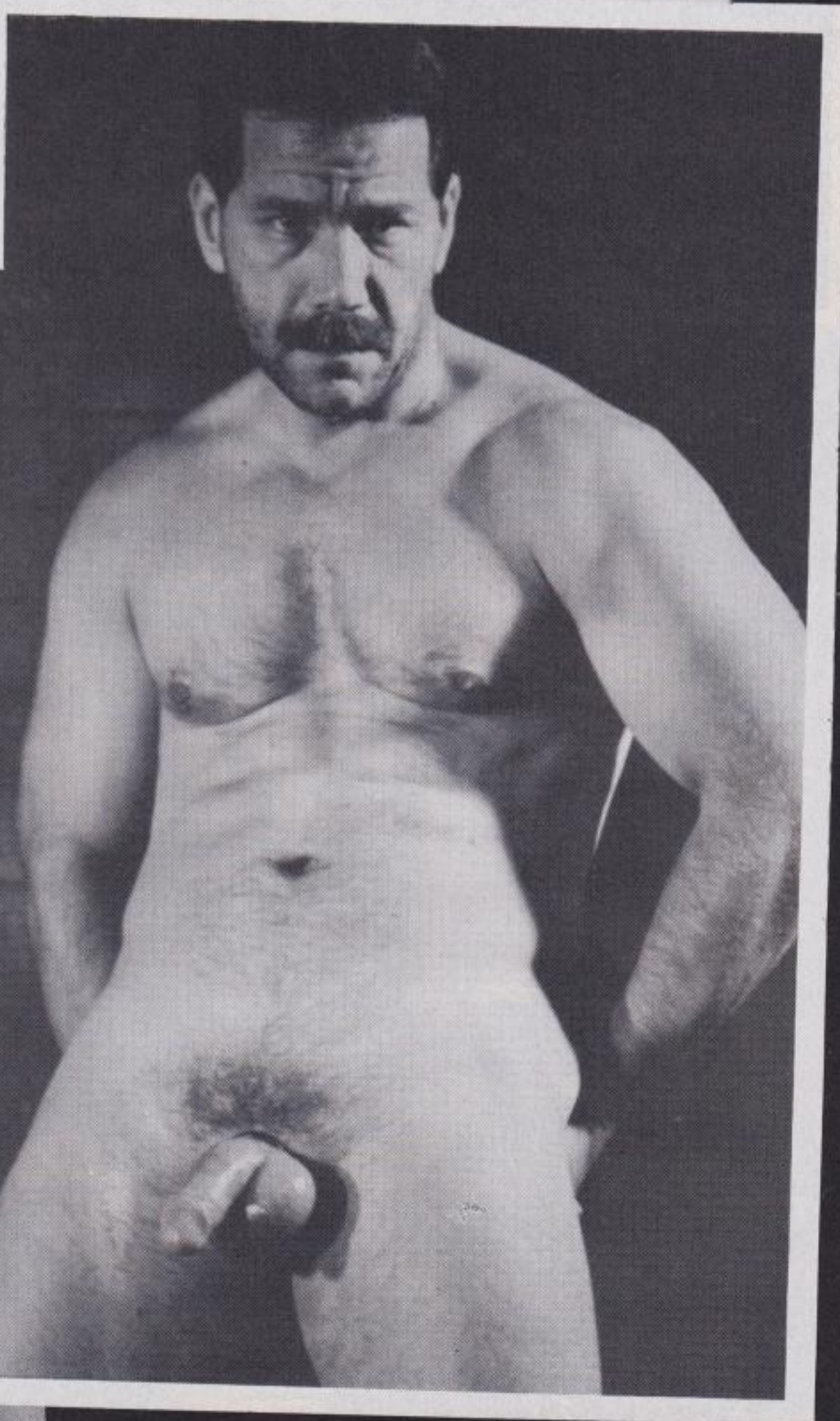
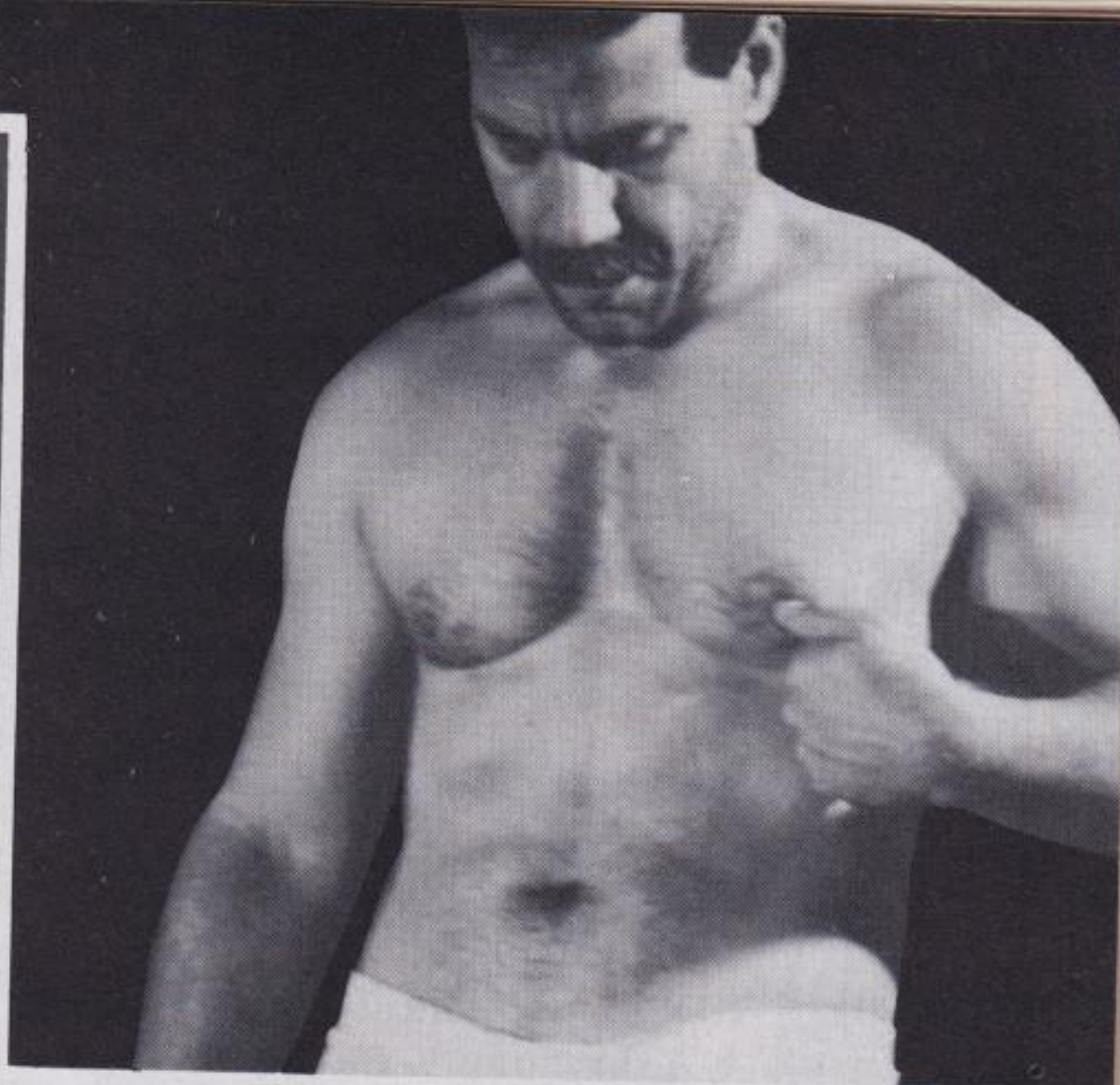
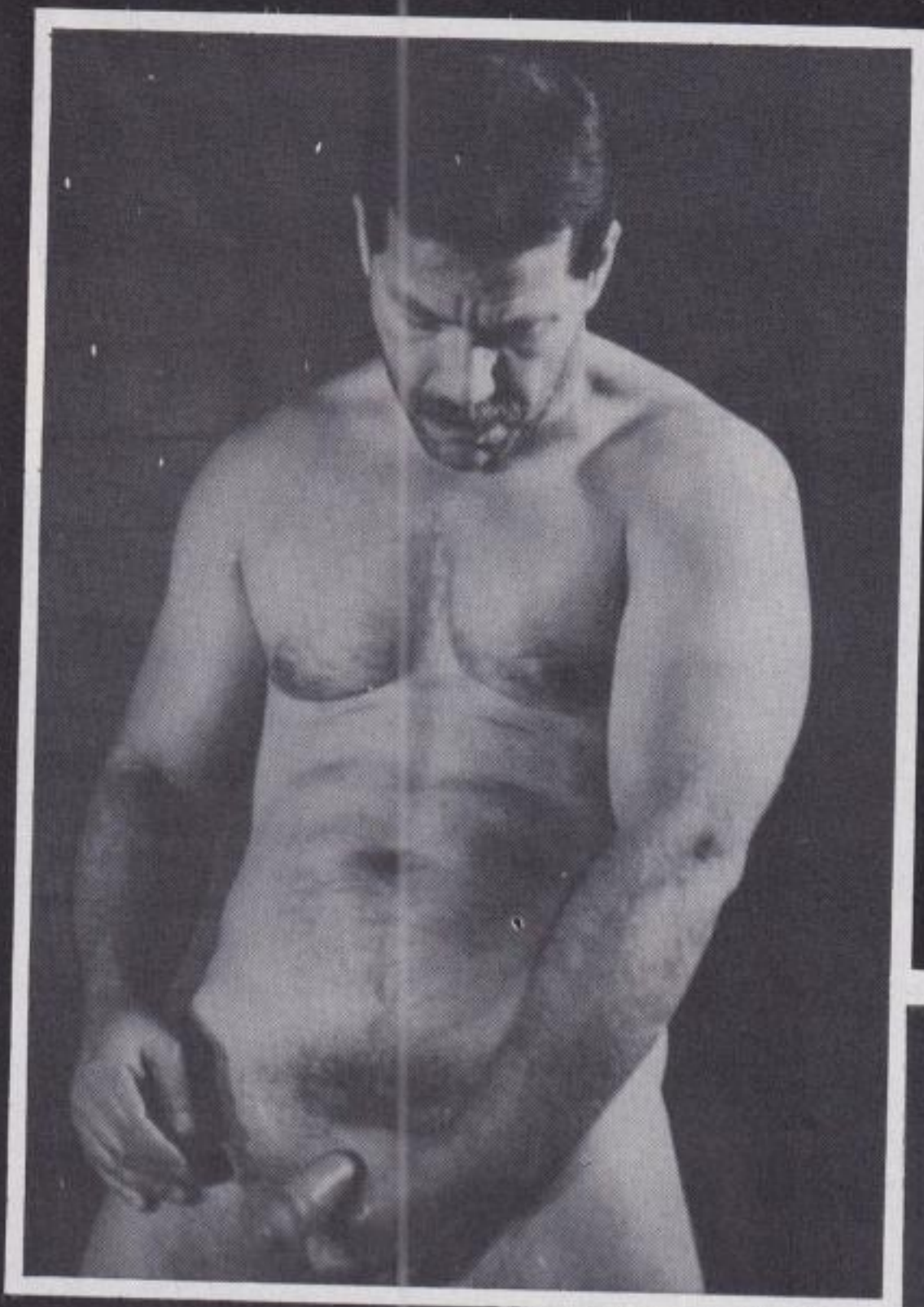
by VICTOR LARGO



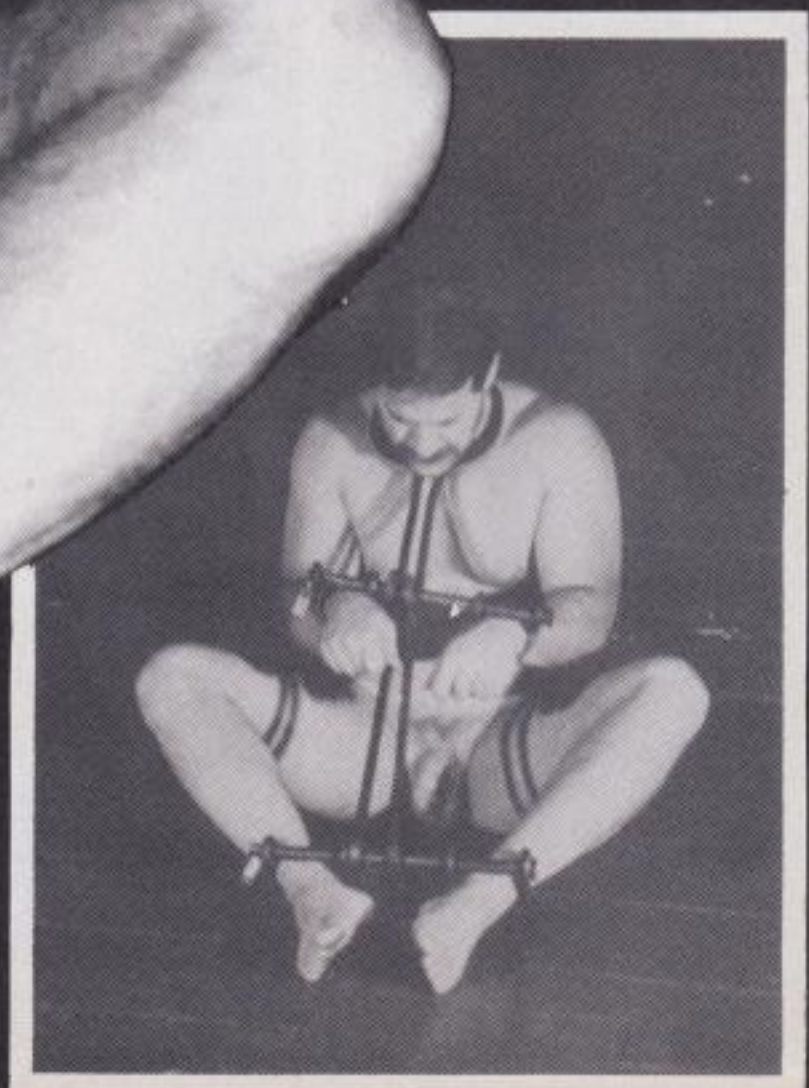
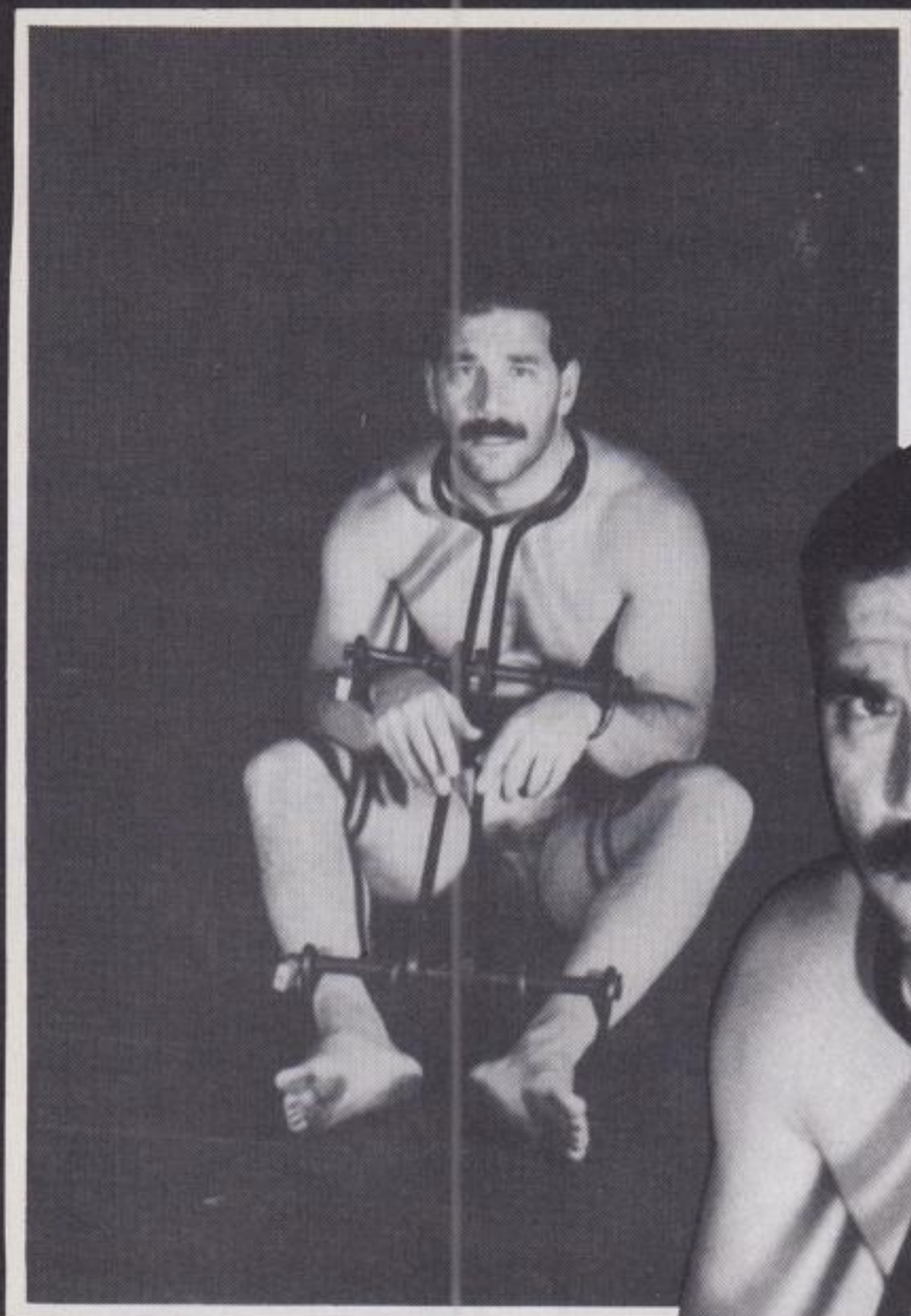
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Your ad: First, give us the top line for bold type. There's no extra charge for this attention getter!

Print it out: Don't worry about using abbreviations to save money—you are paying by the word—not the number of characters. Tell 'em what you want and what you're offering. At these prices you can be as wordy as you wish.

Where will your ad run? Under your state or geographic section. If you would like your ad to appear under "Nationwide" or "International" instead of your state or country heading, say so. Ads for Models, Organizations, Mail Order, or Services will appear under those respective categories.

Deadline? There isn't any. You'll get in the next issue, even if your ad is listed under "Late Submissions." Allow 60 days for your ad to appear. Subsequent insertions will find you where you belong if yours is more than a one-time effort.

Discount? You've already gotten it. Our rates are a fraction of the competition.

Want a DRUMMER box number? Add a buck, that's all. The responses to your box will be forwarded to your address immediately. That's a bargain!

Phone number? Run your number for instant results. But include a dollar for us to call you to verify the number for your and our protection.

Payment? Pay by check, money order, Visa, or Mastercard. If paying by credit card, include card number and expiration date along with your signature.

Censorship? No, Sir!—provided you keep references to Minors, Animals, Prostitution, or Drugs out of your ad. These we cannot accept. And you, of course, must be 21 or better.



DEAR SIR

DESMODUS INC.

PO Box 11314 San Francisco, CA 94101-1314

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

PLACE MY AD IN THE FOLLOWING CATEGORY:

BOLD HEADING (25 letters & spaces maximum)

AD COPY (please print)

How to reply to a DRUMMER box number: Answering a DRUMMER box number is easy, but the few rules we have are hard and fast, so observe them or **else**. **1)** Seal your letter in an envelope on which you have written the box number on the back flap in pencil. **2)** Put your return address on the envelope if you wish the letter to be returned to you should there be some problem with delivery. **3)** PUT PROPER POSTAGE ON THE ENVELOPE—domestic postage is 22¢ for the first ounce, 17¢ for each additional ounce. Foreign overseas postage is 44¢ per one-half ounce. Enclose a quarter (25¢) for each envelope and we will immediately address them and mail them out. **4)** Put the whole thing (sealed letter and forwarding fee) in another envelope and send it to DESMODUS Inc., PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314. LETTERS NOT PROPERLY PREPARED WILL BE DESTROYED!

IT'S THAT EASY! And that's the way it should be.

The pages of this magazine have always been a communication center for leathermen! By expanding and simplifying Dear Sir (formerly known as Drumbeats) we are doing just that. No deadlines, no \$7 box charges, no \$20 cancellation fee, no \$5 phone verification fee. And only 50¢ a word!

FOR LEATHER FRATERNITY MEMBERS: Your 50-word ad is included for the next twelve issues as part of your membership! Change your ad as often as you like. There is no box charge and if you send replies to other advertisers you don't need to bother sending in the 25¢ forwarding fee per envelope. How about that! The Leather Fraternity is a real deal even without these features. With them it is even a bigger bargain!

Dear Sir:

Cost of Ad (_____ Words × 50¢) \$ _____
 Number of Insertions (× _____) _____
☐ Box Number (Add \$1⁰⁰) _____
☐ Telephone Number in Ad (Add \$1⁰⁰) _____
 Total Enclosed \$ _____

Payment enclosed is: ☐ Check ☐ Money Order
☐ Visa ☐ Mastercard ☐ American Express

Card No. _____ Exp. Date _____

Signature _____
 (I am 21 years of age or older)

I declare that I am 21 years of age or older and that the data in my ad is true and correct. I understand that no proofs of ad will be supplied to me for approval and I waive all claims regarding accurate reproduction due to mistakes or technical failure. I understand that Alternate Publishing is in no way responsible for any transactions between myself and any persons I contact through their publications.

DEAR SIR:



NATIONWIDE

TOTAL SADIST

seeks abuse-hungry WM masochist for heavy S/M pain trips. TT, paddled, canes, CBT, cigarettes. Begin slow, work up to heavy action. Masochist must have high or nonexistent pain limits. Good build required. Sadist is 43, 170, 6', blond, HOT! No fluid exchange or permanent damage/marks. Western U.S. Box 5278LF

YOU CAN SERVE 2 MASTERS

Submit your subservient will, brain and smooth, trim body to Daddy (52, 5'10", 170) and Brother (37, 6'2", 165) both G/a, F/p, for sex & servitude for once or forever. You will be owned, protected, controlled, trained, disciplined, punished, exhibited, humiliated, worked, bound, used, abused, & know that you are loved. Mental surrender is first; the rest is easy. No phoneys, dopeys, or alkies. Pot & poppers okay. Submit & expose yourself by writing Dick & Bill, 54 East Main, Fayetteville, PA 17222. Near Baltimore & D.C. Photo returned. All answered. (LF5395)

KEY WEST FANTASY

28, 175, 6', white boy. Great face, great body. Want together, intelligent, masculine man 30-50 for possible relationship. Into most scenes with right man. Like to live the fantasy. Letter with photo, phone. Box 5447.

LOVER/MASTER WANTED

GWM, 31, 5'10", 155 lbs. brown hair/blue eyes, x-farmboy, masculine, bottom-man. Seeks hairy-chested, masculine, dominant, aggressive top-man for permanent one-to-one relationship. I especially like farmers/ranchers, but will answer all who respond. I can relocate. Sincere only. Jim, PO Box 421568, San Francisco, CA 94142.

RUBBERMEN HAVE THE RIGHT IDEA—WEAR A CONDOM!

SOUTH FLORIDA CAPTIVE
Former military, 40s, needs occasional captivity and torture. Not slave training or leathersex, but stud prisoner with good body for restraint and classical torture, whipping, rack, whatever a prisoner should have to take. Make it long, slow, gradual, deliberate. Can travel all U.S. Jeff Brennan, PO Box 21772, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33335.

AVAILABLE NOW

Opening for submissive, obedient, manly male. Intelligent mature mind will help you accept my lifestyle. Key West will be home. Call (305) 296-8630 after 6. Ask for Jim.

I DO EXIST

Macho Bi WM, 27, gold/blue, 6', moustache, 7", 185 lbs., wants topped by the guy who reads these ads and doesn't ever answer. I don't like make-believe, and know you are not invulnerable. If you have a dominant and strong personality—serious and quiet—I will match it with the kind of submission only you know about. Box 5555

FOR REAL MEN ONLY

Hot cross-country trucker. Looking for workout buddy/friend on layovers. I'm mid-30s, 5'8", 165 lbs., rugged, masculine and hung. Into hot, safe sex. Pix appreciated. Sam. Box 5553

CIRCUMCISION

Interested? Hung, cut stud seeks you; especially teen/adult cut, or contemplating. Also dark circ scars and foreskin. 2215-R Market St., #168, San Francisco, CA 94114.

DELAWARE

Proud white Virgo Delawarean nonracist Dad, 50s, seeks +18 responsible, slim consensuals. Box 5541

RANCH SLAVE

Master, WM, 40s, seeks full-time, permanent chained slave. Heavy SM, bondage, discipline. No limits or excuses. Expect hard labor from a harsh slave owner. You must be 20-35, lean, healthy and serious. No drugs, WS, FF, scat, damage. Photo required. Box 5562

OTR TRUCKER

Burly rugged trucker needed by husky 35 y.o. WM "good buddy" for OTR training. Box 5540

EXPERIENCED

Masochist-slave seeks SADIST for genital torture. Box 5536

COPS/UNIFORMS

Handsome airline pilot, 34, 5'11", 165, into boots, striped breeches. Service his 7 1/2" tool, lick his shiny zipper, explore each other. PVE GOT LAPD, USMC, USN, CHP tailored tight. Seek guys, hot cops I can respect/service too. Phone/photo. Box 5532

BOOT WORSHIPER

34, 6'1", 165, moustache, needs total permanent slavery with mean Master. Your scene, your way. Sir. Box 5523.

DESIRED

by slave boy, 35, 140 lbs., moustache: a concious caring Master/daddy, supporting of slave's spiritual activities. Must be expert in whipping and bondage. Must be patient and open in process of enslavement, mutual ownership, wear leather/uniforms well. Please, Sirs, be safe, sane and serious. Thank you. Box 5516

AMERICAN SCOT

seeks photo exchanges with beefy, raunchy Scotsmen everywhere. Let's see what you've got under your kilt. Write B.J., Box 4973.

THE CONTINUING QUEST

Looking for man under 38 (plus or minus) who will appreciate Master/daddy, suburban, West Coast, Florida lifestyle, some of life's finer things. Must be straight-appearing and know how to act publicly from posh parties to leather bars. Willing to work and contribute to good home life. Your limits will be respected and expanded to reach the level 12 years experience has given me. No fats, alcoholics or drugs. Serious, respectful reply includes name, address, phone and returnable photo. Box 4930LF

OK, WRESTLING FANS!

GWM, 36, 5'5", 200 lbs., clean-shaven, br/br, hairy chest and gut, U/C. I love playing the fat villain to thin to WL. BLT. Hero/villain. Briefs, jock, G-string, nude, oil, slapping, titplay, V/A, fantasy only. But no fantasy too brutal. My Manhattan mattress or travel to CA, IL, OH, MI, DC. Send photo, fantasy challenge photo to Box 138, DMS, 132 W. 24th St., New York, NY 10011.

LET'S KICK BALLS!

Let's punch balls, knee balls, slap balls, squeeze balls. Can travel anywhere. PO Box 791443, Dallas TX, 75379.

LEATHER AND MOTORCYCLES

WM, 47, 6'2", 170, seeks WM as a friend and traveling companion who is also into motorcycling to ride along with me on my Honda Gold Wing. There is no such thing as too much black leather. I like to ride dressed in leather from head to toe. I am a mature, well-educated professional who likes to live a life well above average. Box 5028LF

BONDAGE PARTNER WANTED

WM, 5'11", 180, seeks partners for bondage sessions, light SM. Can be top or bottom. Slender, muscular preferred. Age not important. Travel PA, OH & FL. Box 5071

SPECIAL HOT MAN

wanted by special hot man, 40, 150 lbs., 5'10 1/2", well-built, handsome (black hair, brown eyes, trim beard and moustache), very masculine, strong, smart and successful. If you're exceptional, patient, mindfucking man, I'll knock your socks off. Letter with photo gets mine. Mitch, PO Box 9395, Scottsdale, AZ 85252. (LF5077)

SLAVE—DOG

36, 5'11", 170, with good manners, obedient, stable, healthy needs experienced mentally and physical strong and harsh owner to fulfill Master's desires under his absolute control. No limits, free to relocate. Please, no bullshit or phonies. Call 011-49-69-587249 or write UPJ, PO Box 101154, 6000 Frankfurt, W. Germany

BIG BB LOOKING FOR HOT DAD

GWM, 27 years old, 6'2" tall, 220 lbs., black hair/beard, dark eyes, 49" chest, 32" waist, big hairy pecs with super-sensitive tits. Looking for a Master/dad with similar description. Please send photo or slides. Travel frequently in U.S. & Alaska, infrequent trips to Europe. Please write soon, Dad. I'm on my knees! Box 5154

DEAR SIR—ALWAYS THE BIGGEST & BEST

MARLBORO SMOKERS

Also—those who appreciate. Do you dig smokin' Marlboros? Let's correspond. White, 35, muscular, tattooed, trucker. Box 5511

ORAL PHOTO EXCHANGE

Hot hunk, 28, with unbelievable mouth seeks photo exchange with dudes who have big oral cavities. Hot shots of mouths get mine. Box 5510

NAKED SLAVE HOUSEBOY

Slim, boyish Asian male 5'5", 130, ready to submit body and mind to hunky white Master for total servitude and obedience. This slave body is available to be shaved and shackled for SM, BD, WS, TT, sexual duties, punishment, domestic chores. Slave is serious, good worker, will satisfy right Master on full-time live-in basis and over indefinite period. Relocation possible. Sir! Slave awaits on knees the Master's commands by mail with address, phone and photo, Sir! Box 4849LF

MASTER NEEDS SLAVE

GWM, 37, vice president of leather/Levi club, seeks slave or trainee into Gr/p, Fr/a, CTBT, S/M, B/D, toys, for permanent live-in personal slave. Attitude and desire to serve more important than looks. Send photo and phone in first letter. Must be willing and able to relocate. Reply to PO Box 752, Sandusky, OH 44870. (LF4958)

UNIFORMED PROFESSIONAL SEEKS SAME

I wear my uniform proudly as part of my profession and seek others who do. I am 37 GWM, 5'10", 175 lbs., who's willing to undergo training for right Master, who's head is together and who is financially stable. Most services possible for right person. Live in North Carolina but can travel. One-nighters, friends or lasting relationship all possible. Not into role-playing but simply enjoy sex and relationship where the other is in charge and insures I know it. Box 4937LF

LIFE IS PAIN SEX IS PUNISHMENT

The best sex is a brutal, violent act of hatred. Your cock is an angry weapon, charged with a boiling load of viciousness and contempt.

You: a powerful man for whom violence is as natural as breathing: choking, kicking, beating, punching and stomping are your idea of sexual foreplay. Gay, straight or bi: you are totally vicious, unrestrained, and don't give a damn for other people's notions of right and wrong. The more I scream, the more you enjoy venting your rage. Age, race and looks don't matter to me as long as you are strong enough to tear me apart with your bare hands.

Me: WM, 32, cocksucker, 5'10", 160 lbs., no stud, an unworthy subject, but an eager and discreet victim, seeking the ultimate sexual experience. Total screaming fear and excruciating, relentless torture wanted. Unbearable terror and agony are my only hard-on; orgasm is simultaneous with blinding pain. No limits, no mercy. I supply the body, you supply the pain, degradation and suffering for as long as you want. Skilled sadists into advanced/extreme torture and brainwashing only. Not into master/slave games. Not into "safe and sane" scenes; if you're not dangerous don't bother to write. Seeking a permanent, lifelong scene. Deliver me. Box 5026

FISTFUCKING BUDDIES

wanted for heavy scenes by versatile, hot, horny GWM, 31, 5'10", 160, hairy, bearded. Also into leather, W/S, S&M, VA and more. Photo to Bridwell, PO Box 7686, Atlanta, GA 30357.

HELP

My slave needs Orthopaedic appliances. Need catalogs, Camp, Zimmer, Trueform, etc. I keep him in back, neck, leg braces. Would like new ideas. Want books on plaster casts. He needs an airplane splint adult-size, right side. Box 5574

MEN IN UNIFORM!

I proudly wear a uniform as part of my profession. Seek same who wears his uniform naturally and not part of fantasy/ego trip. Am GWM, 37, 5'9", 170 lbs. Looking for someone my age group or older to be my Master/lover/companion. Looks not important, but integrity, honesty, tenderness a must. For a true man I can be most flexible. Box 4869

HOT, HUNG AND READY

Big-dicked, 27-year-old, fun-loving dude with hot ass seeks other well-hung men for long assplay sessions. I'm 6', 165 lbs., moustache, hairy chest and very sexy. Leather is my biggest turn-on while also enjoying cockrings, dildoes, ballstretchers, tit torture, poppers, light to heavy bondage, and heavy assplay. Equally experienced at top and bottom scenes. My body is solid, my dick is hard, my health is excellent. Letters with photos get first reply, but I promise to answer all. PO Box 5454, Louisville, KY 40205

MASTER

Handsome, muscular, trim, well-built, 48, 5'9 1/2", 145 lbs., seeks slave-masochist-lover, permanent, temporary or weekend who is trim, under 45, well-built. All scenes. Into being face-fucked, toilet trained, whipped, heavy flogging, FF, WS, scat, C&BT, hot wax, electrostimulation, piercing, B&D, branding, stretching etc. Well-designed and equipped dungeon available. Send picture, to seek Master's pleasure. Box 4240LF

WM SON WANTS BLACK DADDY

40-year-old Master black daddy for full-time service. Total submissive, expand my limits. Novice in WS, bondage, C&BT and servitude. I can relocate and be self-supporting for the Black daddy that wants me. Prefer 50+ male. Bisexual action enjoyed or whatever the ole man wants of me. I want to serve for life. I am 5'11", 180 lbs., chunky, hairy build, 8" cut, large balls, tattooed. Write me, please, Daddy—I am eager and waiting to serve. Box 5093LF

NIPPLES BECOME ERECTILE

Shackled, tied, bound, you try to curse through a mouth stuffed with a large, soft foam ball, as torturous titclamps send twists of pain through overloaded nerve circuits. Then pleading, your cries become gasps as a toothed-parachute harness presses insistently into your encircled scrotum. Gasps become sobs as distended balls bear more and more weights. Buttocks redden, burn, & blister as an eternity of paddling swats them into tortured firmness. Your asshole, stretched from its dildo-topped perch, now yields to one larger toy after another. Then darkness. Encapsulated in isolation from sight and sound, your nerve endings flush from sensuous strokes of leather on distended testicles, even as they recoil from drip after drip of hot wax. More than yesterday's torture, less than tomorrow's. When will it end? Will you collapse before your 41-year-old GWM Daddy gives the final rubdown with hot oil and commands, "You

passed, son. Cum." The tape recording of your agony will be a constant erotic reminder, if you never serve another Master. Can pay my own travel expenses within 200-mile radius of New Orleans. Will occasionally combine pain and business trips to Virginia, D.C., MD, plus Atlanta, Birmingham, Denver and West Coast. Will begin each scene by giving you complete health checkover; you'll start—and stay—healthy. Bottoms *must* have dungeon or playroom lined up at *their own expense*. Send age, height, weight, and best and worst scenes endured to date—be candid—to this ruthless, 6'4", 205 pounder at Box 5034LF. Save your pictures. You'll be interviewed before Jon Corager agrees to top you.

ASIANS FOR FANTASY

Do you have a kinky side? Borderline fetish? Let's explore each other's fantasies. The time is now. Relationship is possible. I am 25, GWM, attractive, 6', 145 lbs. Send detailed letter/photo/phone to G.H., 495 Ellis St., Suite 204, San Francisco, CA 94102.

WESTERN NY ONTARIO

32 y.o. slim WM, looking to make friends with a man who wants to work/play with me, mutually exploring/expanding our world of SM, BD and leather; all in a safe & sensual context. A relationship is certainly a possibility. Please write to me with your thoughts, and how I can get back to you. Box 5392LF

FIND YOUR DEAR SIR IN DEAR SIR

BOOTS AND BONDAGE

Bottom would like to be on call by demanding arrogant boot master who expects and demands total worship of boots and feet. Rituals, punishments, instructions on care of boots, socks and foot service for your pleasure and amusement. Will clean your heavy duty boots down to tread/cleat soles. Outdoor workouts greater with constant attention to your needs. Travel USA and overseas. 52, 6', 180 lbs. Box 4411LF

TIRED OF THE CITY

Country "boy" wants to come back home to self-employed country man or country-based trucker who is hairy, big-dicked, bearded, naturally top, fun-lovin' Dad who needs a boy-minded young man as follower/boy/partner, not slave. You support us, I keep you happy or you whip me. Into smoke, beer. Photos answered first. Box 5043LF

BECOME THE FANTASY!

Two blond body builders—MASTER: top, WM, 40, 6'2", 200 lbs., smooth, well-defined, muscled body, patient but strict. SLAVE: top/bottom, 25, 5'9", 170 lbs., smooth, rock-hard, well-trained and mean. We are into whips, B/D, S/M, bodyworship, sweat, pain, endurance, piercing, servitude. We're real, physically superior, good-looking and seeking same. Age is unimportant, but young novices will get my boy's personal attention. Tops responding must KNOW what they're doing or you'll find your ass hung up and raw! Bottoms can expect same as a matter of course. You don't have to be a body builder (if you are write immediately) but you must be trim and firm. We travel and entertain. Your photo (nude preferred) is a must with letter. Write with full details of what you're into. Box 5485

BD WILD TICKLING

Hot, handsome man seeks others into wild BD tickling—sensual trips—wilder the better. Act. or pass. PO Box 36034, Richmond, VA 23235-8034. Box 5492

BLACK BODY BUILDERS

wanted as live-in slaves/idols to be worked/worshiped by sane white mid-aged uncle/Master. Only serious dudes with desire/drive to carve themselves into gleaming ebony showpieces. Work/training info: PO Box 37451, Jacksonville, FL 32236.

LOOKING FOR LOVE

In all the wrong places—spread-eagled and red-cheeked by SM aces—condom-trapped tongue inside studs who dig sitting on face—harnessed and hot-waxed for slave scenes and kinky embraces—hog-tied for the sleaze needs of raunch groups and drenched with the traces of everyone looking for love. White only. Bob, 20s, husky, uncut. Hot photo, descriptive letter to Box 5497LF

FIND DADDY IN DEAR SIR

STRIP 'IMI ROPE 'IM DOWN!

Castrate him! Seek correspondence, sadomasochistic fantasies about involuntary, forcible emasculation of virile masculine men. Experienced ball-cutters, sadists and masochists, interested in methodical C&BT, castration. Box 5535

NAKED AND IMMOBILIZED

Professional in shape GWM interested in prolonged sessions of nipple and genital stimulation and ass exploration as either to or bottom. Am extremely healthy, financially secure and travel often. Most any scene considered. Box 1274, Petersburg, AK 99833. All answered. (LF5576)

DAD SKS RESPECTFUL SON/LOVER

Good-looking GWM, 37, 5'5", grey (balding), moustache, muscular. You: Responsible, hardworking, spiritual, in-shape, into leather, boots, Levis, VA, WS, being dominated, etc. No drugs. This dad is tired of bullshit boys. If ready to respect, serve, work hard and be loved, respond with photo, letter, phone to Box 5610LF

LOOKING FOR LEATHER PUNK

Dominant Master, 38, 160, well built, looking for leather punk, 20-30, with goody body and decent looks. Applicant should love leather, discipline (mental and physical), bondage, shaving, torture, pubic exhibition. Send letter outlining sexual and lifestyle desires with pic to Box 5598LF

MAN SEEKS BOY

Will be in Europe until around Nov. '88, covering leather events and writing. Am associate member Chicago Hellfire Club, write as "Tom of Virginia" for *Drummer*, and advocate safe and sane SM. Seeking boy for permanent position. Must be trainable, a masochist, have correct attitude, be prepared to relocate here and be able to assist in my writing. Short paragraph and photo (clothed or otherwise) of yourself is required. Remember, this is a permanent position. Sturzstrasse 18, 6100 Darmstadt, Fed. Rep. of Germany.

BOTTOM URINAL PIG

Needs hot tops (one or a group) with lots of piss and cum to give. This GWM, 34, Fr/a PIG needs to service uniformed, Levis, leather, rubber and jock-covered crotches, pits and boots. Needs heavy VA, maybe tied up? Travel U.S. Cum all over my face then hose it off. Please, Sir, P/P to PO Box 761324, Dallas, TX 75376.

EGOS I DON'T NEED

35 yrs., 5'11", weighing in at 235 lbs. So you think your sexy, gorgeous, a beefy, muscled hunk. You're nothing. This description fit you? Try the un-body. I'm the real thing. Big guy—Master. Photos get answers. J. Carroll, PO Box 2479, Kensington, MD 20895.

HOT AND HANDICAPPED?

Balding, bearded, hairy, in-shape GWM, 36, abled, wants to hear from attractive, confident, disabled man sharing interests in armpits, boots. Peter, PO Box 331, Campbell, CA 95009.

BIG-TITTIED, STOCKY UNCUT

wanted by trim topman. Permanent. PO Box 1212, Phoenix, AZ 85001.

L.A. NIPPLES/LEATHER

Handsome, muscular, imaginative GWM, 37, 6', 170 lbs. Brown/blue. Moustache. Seeks other well-built uninhibited men for extended nipple sessions, and more. Let's safely and slowly explore our mutual fantasies especially body and nipple worship, leather, uniforms and S&M (particularly verbal and mental). Your masculine good looks, moustache or beard, leather and uniforms and experience in S&M are pluses. But insatiable nipples, a good body, and red-hot sexual imagination are more important. Letter and photo: Suite 53, 712 Wilshire, Santa Monica, CA 90401. I travel extensively.

SWEATY NAUTILUS DADDY

50, hairy, hung, seeks smooth, dirty, uncut slaveboy, 21-30. Duties include dirty sex, household, yacht maintenance. Relocation required. Photo, submissive letter to PO Box 15865, Tampa, FL 33684.

VERY TICKLISH STUDS

wanted for tickle-torture scenes. Laugh hysterically as I lick and stroke your sides, stomach and feet. Masculine, athletic types only. Box 615, 8033 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90046.

ARE YOU MY DADDY?

I've been looking everywhere, for so long for my daddy. My daddy is handsome, hairy, muscular, and he has a big dick, and his name is Sir. Though I've never met him, I know he'll want to pinch my tits and put his hand in my butt. I'm sure he'll spank me often and occasionally whip me, and he probably has a lot of other interesting ideas about how to treat his boy that I haven't even thought of. But he for sure knows how to treat his boy, with that beautiful blending of discipline and affection that'll make his boy just want to please his daddy. Boy is 37, 5'9", 140, brn/hzl, smooth and lightly muscled. If you're my daddy, I sure hope you'll call soon. I want my daddy. (415) 465-9767. (LF5607)

DEAR SIR—WHERE TOPS AND BOTTOMS COME TOGETHER!

VERSATILE, SAFE-SEX, LEATHERMAN

LOOKING FOR: GWM, approximately 28-45, in shape with warm personality, similar interest and preferences, for friendship and possible relationship. MYSELF: GWM, 38, 6', Br, 180 lbs, warm personality. Into: SM (especially mental & verbal), leather, uniform, TT, fantasies (both visual and mental) scenarios, role reversal head trips. Enjoy: BB, boating, swimming, hiking, other outdoor activities, opera, symphony, ballet, other theatre too, exploring, having fun and trying new things. NOT INTO: Drugs, dope, smokers, alcohol, plastic people and fuck buddies. If interested, respond with recent photo to Box 5005LF.

HUMILIATION NEEDED

GWM, 35, 5'11", 155 lbs., attractive, 8" hard dick, big balls, seeks: moderate to heavily experienced CBTT, asswork, VA, face slapping, some pain, heavy embarrassment. Make my queer dick stick out. Open minded, safe, kinky. West Central FL, can travel. Photo, your scene. Box 5508

ROBERT PAYNE
presents

MASTER BARBER

A WINGS VIDEO RELEASE

EVERY HAIR
ON YOUR BODY
IS FAIR GAME
FOR THIS MAN!

60 HAIR-RAISING MINUTES

STARRING
KEN SAVAGE
MATT CHRISTIE
JEFF TURNER
HANZ FACHT

THESE SESSIONS
ARE FOR REAL!
During shoot for
CARE & TRAINING
OF THE MALE
SLAVE, KEN SAV-
AGE got carried
away and de-
cided that one of
the recruits need-
ed a GI haircut.
And there wasn't
too much the fel-
low could do
about it. Ken con-
vinced him that
he loves the result
and then went
out to find some
more "volunteers."
You'll love the
results too!

MASTER
BARBER

Instant Slave

WINGS VIDEO presents

SLAVES FOR SALE!

SLAVERY WAS
ABOLISHED IN 1865
BUT NOBODY
BOTHERED
TO TELL HIM!

MEET THE MAN WHO
IS DEDICATED TO
CARRYING ON THAT
AGE-OLD TRADITION!

He gathers 'em up one way or another,
hunky men from all walks of life and
brings them to be stripped, shaved,
branded, shackled, trained and/or
used, then offered for sale.

featuring
THE CONSTRUCTION WORKER
THE COP / THE SURFER
THE BODY BUILDER
THE BUSINESSMAN
THE MECHANIC
THE MALE STRIPPER
THE STOCK BOY

MOVIE BOOK! 9.95

WINGS VIDEO PO Box 42009, San Francisco, CA 94142-2009

☐ Quick! Send me ☐ SLAVES FOR SALE ☐ PART ONE

☐ PART TWO

NAME _____

☐ MASTER BARBER

ADDRESS _____

☐ JOYS OF SELF-ABUSE

CITY, STATE, ZIP _____

☐ VHS ☐ BETA @

Payment enclosed is ☐ Check ☐ Money Order

☐ VISA ☐ MASTERCARD (No cash orders, please.)

Cardholder No. _____ Exp. _____

Signature _____

(I am over 21 years of age.)

59⁹⁵

plus \$2 postage.

California residents add 6 1/2% sales tax.

A WINGS VIDEO RELEASE

JOYS OF SELF ABUSE

EVERY MAN HAS THE
CAPACITY AND THE
EQUIPMENT TO
TURN HIMSELF
ON!

AN
HOUR
OF THE
BIZARRE,
EROTIC AND
TANTALIZING!

Illustration: BILL WARD

SEEKING LONG-HAIRED DAD

Hot, slim, hairless 'boy' desires to serve, obey and belong to dominant, hirsute Dad with long hair and beard. I will groom and care for body, beard, boots, etc. Not looking for yuppie or clone. Seeking aggressive man who wants care and respect. When I don't meet requirements, bondage and discipline or verbal abuse remind me of my place. I am honest, discreet, loyal and ready to obey the man that understands this ad and my desire to serve and please. Will help with relocation or travel. Photo and phone replies answered promptly. I am 5'9", 32 and 145 pounds and in Texas. Box 5327

HOT GWM

31 yrs., 6'1", 190 lbs., hairy, muscular, anal, fistfucking, dildoes. Box 5238

S/M BUDDY WANTED

By 39-yr.-old, 6'4", 230 lb., very muscular, masculine, quiet, bright businessman/BB with 52" chest, pierced nipples, 19" arms, 33" waist, handsome, looking for sharp, well-built, masculine man between 35-60 for mutually satisfying S/M encounter or ongoing multifaceted sexual/mental S/M friendship/relationship. Dominant mind set, positive attitude, aggressive nature important. Interests include tit work, balls, pain/pleasure, J/O, safesex, codpiece pants, harnesses, hoods, gloves, uniforms, mirrors. Fantasies wanting to be realized include: Tit Master, Ball Master, Pain/Pleasure Master, Control Master (Master meaning "expert" and "authoritative"). Reality includes a hot, capable, aware, worthy partner for the right man. Trim beard, hung, sense of humor, appreciation for the ritual, bonding, pleasure and dynamics of S/M are pluses. San Francisco/Bay Area preferred; other locations considered. Reply with photo to: Box 486, 584 Castro, S.F., CA 94114.

CHAIN-GANG SLAVE

Master, WM, 40s, heavy build demands a slave, WM, 20s-40s, who is well-built, very affectionate, humble, obedient; ready for full-time, permanent, chained service as boot boy, body slave, field hand. Expect hard labor in heavy chain from a harsh slave owner. This position is not for the insincere. No drugs, FF, scat, damage. A photo is required with resume to Drummer Box 4855LF.

BOTTOM SEEKS TOP

Retired bottom searching for experienced top. Prefer L/L type, wish live-in with top who wants to own bottom. Hopefully, in time, top would love bottom. Slave has tried all scenes; heavy into assplay, all types, bondage, hoods, light discipline, W/S, safe sex. Prefer East U.S. but would consider other locale. Send photo and what you expect if really interested. Box 5186LF

HELLWEEK LIVES

27, 6'2", 195, blond plegmaster seeking recruits in excellent shape. Reply with nude photo/phone experience to Tightropes, PO Box 1283, San Rafael, CA 94901.

A REAL CHALLENGE!

Attractive, late 40s Master seeks sons over 25. Weekend adventurous B/D. Equipped playroom. Masculine safe sex. Boxholder, Box 28852, St. Louis, MO 63123.

LOOKING FOR BIG BROTHER

Small brother looking for big-dicked jock/sleaze brother (under 30) who is into caring, dildoes, bondage, also S&M, and your help financially. I will relocate. Am 5'4", brn., hazl, independent and want to go to college. Send phone # and photo. Bondage a plus! Box 5354LF

HEY BUDDY

Knowledgeable enough to give it like a man, confident enough to take it like a man. That's me: 32 yrs., 5'9", 157 lbs., healthy, hunky, hairy, balding and moustached (at times bearded). Totally substance-free. Safe Fr, Gr, WS, FF, verbal; "motivating." Send letter: description, desires, photo, phone to PO Box 23035, Seattle, WA 98102-0335. Can travel/host. (LF4538).

CHAINED MUSCLES

Wanted: an aggressive man who walks in boots, wears leathers, rides bikes, and sweats at manual labor; a tough man, especially when his hard-muscled body is heavily loaded with uncomfortable irons; a tender man, especially when he likewise chains his prisoner-buddy. Box 5190LF

MIDWEST HOLES WANTED

to fuck, fist, stuff, whip. ME: Leather top, 38, 150, 5'7", bearded, good health, looks, body & stamina. You: needing it, new or experienced, open or closeted. Forward photo, experience, specs & #. Box 5413LF

PRIVATE STABLE SEEKS STOCK

Slim, attractive, passionate/cruel/affectionate, demanding Master (36, 5'9", 140, brown/blue, beard, thick 7", cut, fair-skinned, smooth; health-oriented, creative, high IQ, masterful lover) requires broad-spectrum services of small, permanent team of prime quality, tobacco-free livestock to create mutually beneficial city/islands lifestyle in spectacular Pacific Northwest. REQUIREMENTS: Self-knowledge, openness, 200% dedication, sexual skill, intelligence, health, industriousness, teamwork. PREFERENCES: over 35 years; tall, big build; foreskin; bearded; hairy; heavy hung; muscles; earning power. Description, recent photo, SASE guarantee reply. Box 5277LF

HOT, LEATHER TOPMAN

GWM, 34 yrs., 5'11", 185 lbs., brown/blue, moustache, hairy pecs with big, rock-hard nipples. Looking for similar hot tops/bottoms to 40. I'm a stable, well-educated, healthy, professional. Interests include photography, BB, hiking. Enjoy mutual titwork, long, hot J/O sessions, jockstraps, toys and safe, hard workouts. Can be a hot Dad for the right man. Especially into uncuts, cowboys, Asian men. No drugs or fems. Send a hot photo and/or phone to Box 4675LF.

CIGARETTES AND WHIPS!

Cigarettes and/or whip fetish? Learned young? Enjoy teaching? Need give or take bareback med. to heavy flogging and/or smoke torture? More than one cigarette at a time? T/B/C torture? A group is forming. Occupant, Box 115, 100 Valencia St., San Francisco, CA 94103. No drugs!

DADDY'S BOY, 24

5'9", 140 lbs., brn/grn, seeks big, masculine daddy, 35-55, into leather, S/M, all creative safe scenes. Overweight a plus. PO Box 4244, San Francisco, CA 94101.

HAIRY ANIMAL WANTED

TC 1120, Issue 87, wants permanent relationship with small, dark, raunchy, submissive animal, with smelly, hairy pits and asshole, into mutual toilet sex. No AIDS worry, family, booze, drugs. Relocate to Indy. Serious only. Box 5589

OBEDIENT SLAVE WANTED

Opening for sincere, honest, devoted, breakneck fast, responsible, obedient slave. Must be willing to live with, be taken care of and obey two leathermen, together 16 yrs. We're into care, feeding, domination, discipline. Dungeon, equipment, lifestyle, orders provided. Move your ass and write, enclosing recent photo, detailed description. Masters Larry (6'2", 168 lbs., bl/bl, muscular). Mike (5'6", 155 lbs., br/bl, mean top). PO Box 1104, Sandy, UT 84091. (LF4088)

PROPERTY AVAILABLE

Trained, passive, submissive, obedient property, 5'11", 160, 50, blue/brown, smooth healthy body, not into heavy SM. Would be honored to again serve a trim, together topman, 40s-60s, into reinstruction in humility and retraining that property exists only to serve, please, obey and worship its owner. Box 5602

BUTTHOLE OBSESSION

Love to sniff, finger, shave and stretch your horny hole. Also farts, enemas, dildoes, fucking (rubbers). Fantasies include fart slavery, enema bondage, butt plugs. Open hole photos, letters, smelly briefs exchanged 1x1. Box 5588

SHIT PHOTOS

Dirty-assed turd freak wants to exchange filthy raunch shots of your shit-crusted asshole and sewer dumps, manure piles, and your hot smear, feast sessions. You will get mine in return. Real pigs and piglets get matched in action by good-looking Dad type, 48, husky build, huge turds. I like 'em young, but age no barrier. Let's get down and dirty. Box 5577

I-95 TRUCKERS

and others. Get serviced by masculine white male. Richmond area. Box 5592

MASTER SEEKS SON

Dominant, good-looking GWM, 41, 175, 6'2", needs son craving dominance and affection. When you are good, you will be rewarded. When you are bad, discipline, spanking, TT, BD, shaving. Let's expand your limits and my fantasies. Write with photo to Occupant, PO Box 61, Arlington, VA 22210. (LF5270)

STRAIGHT/BLUE COLLAR TYPES

Especially big, burly, bearded bears. Little guy, 30, boyish, into boots, cigars, leather, rubber, longjohns, titwork, JO, condoms, smelly/sweaty jocks/socks, gloves, ace bandages, gas masks, Daddies, trucks. SAFE SEX only! Like straight looking/acting guys. Husky, verbal, cigar smokers, beerguts, beards/mustaches A+. Photo. Box 5348LF

FIND YOUR BAD BOY IN DEAR SIR

LOOKING FOR ACTION

and friendship. Traveling to NYC, CA and FL one time a year and travel Ohio to Nebraska, Wisconsin to Texas and Tennessee all the time. I am submissive, but can be top for right stud. 30s, 5'10", am into Fr, Gr, FF, spanking, light SM and recycled beer. Write with photo to Box 5296LF

QUIET—MASTER/DADDY

41-year-old, good-looking, easy going but firm, very health conscious, together, loving, looking for a special son/slave for mutual satisfaction. Dad is that special type who treats his partner with the respect and TLC he needs but must get back the respect and submission a dad deserves. Dad is looking for guys 21-36 who are in need of a father/master image, good friend or more. I am dominant in light S&M, being Greek active, bondage, spanking, shaving, and other fantasies depending on my partner. Also enjoy touching, holding, fondling and am gentle and understanding as well. Son/slave should enjoy all that Dad likes, be a nonsmoker, non or light drinker, no drugs and nonfem. I am located in New York but travel around the country. If interested, send photo and letter to Box 4711LF.

Bull Balls

WEIGHTED ... SOFT LEATHER BALL BAG

Closure: ☐ snaps ☐ Velcro ☐ Lace Stretcher: ☐ 1-1/4" ☐ 2"

Lbs: ☐ 1-3/4 \$34.00

☐ 2-3/4 \$44.00



EUREKA LEATHERS

308 Eureka Street
San Francisco, CA 94114
(415) 641-4213

MASTERCARD~VISA

SOURCE

Send me the following items, and make it snappy!

LEATHER

- ☐ Dog Collar w/studs & D-ring (18.95)
- ☐ Spiked Arm Band (18.95)
- ☐ Split Paddle (16.95)
- ☐ Leather Bar Vest (69.95) size _____
- ☐ Leather Suspenders (25.95)
- ☐ Leather Military Belt (16.95) size _____
- ☐ Leather Military Shirt (169.95) size _____
- ☐ Leather Jock (27.95) size _____
- ☐ Leather Jockey Shorts (64.95) size _____
- ☐ Leather Shorts w/pockets (69.95) size _____
- ☐ Classic Leather Boxer Shorts (69.95) size _____
- ☐ Laced Front w/back pocket Leather Shorts (\$75) size _____
- ☐ Flat Diamond Wrist Band (14.95)
- ☐ Flat Diamond Belt (34.95) size _____
- ☐ Pyramid Wrist Band (14.95)
- ☐ Pyramid Belt (34.95) size _____
- ☐ Round Rivet Wrist Band (14.95)
- ☐ Round Rivet Belt (34.95) size _____
- ☐ Diamond & Bar Wrist Band (14.95)
- ☐ Diamond & Bar Belt (34.95) size _____
- ☐ Cone Wrist Band (14.95)
- ☐ Cone Belt (34.95) size _____
- ☐ Leather Master's Hood (59.95)
- ☐ Training Harness (49.95)
- ☐ Master's Harness (99.95)
- ☐ Cock Sheath Harness (69.95)
- ☐ T-Ball Harness w/D-Ring (6.95)
- ☐ 1 1/4" Ball Harness (7.95)
- ☐ 2" Ball Harness (11.95)
- ☐ Cat-O-Nine w/handle (49.95)
- ☐ Leather Backpack (159.95)
- ☐ Leather Gym Tote (89.95)

AUDIO

- ☐ The Kid's First Time with Dad (9.95)
- ☐ The Kid's First Time, Part 2 (9.95)
- ☐ Kid vs. Dad (9.95)
- ☐ My Daddy Was Bad (9.95)
- ☐ Muscle Builder Orgy (9.95)
- ☐ Delivery Boy Comes Again (9.95)
- ☐ Bike Exhibitionist (9.95)
- ☐ Rites and Raunch (9.95)
- ☐ Al Parker as The Repairman (9.95)
- ☐ Grease Monkeys/Master Mario (9.95)
- ☐ The DI/Master Mario (9.95)
- ☐ Marines Overheard (9.95)
- ☐ The Cop/Master Mario (9.95)
- ☐ Cop Worship (9.95)
- ☐ The Commander Speaks (9.95)

- ☐ Compound 1: Interrogation (9.95)
- ☐ Compound 2: Training Begins (9.95)
- ☐ Compound 3: Punishment & Reward (9.95)

VIDEO

You must specify format: ☐ VHS ☐ Beta

- ☐ Faces (79.95)
- ☐ Boys of Company F (79.95)
- ☐ Tough & Tender (79.95)
- ☐ A Few Good Men (79.95)
- ☐ Tony's Initiation (59.95)
- ☐ Giants Part One (79.95)
- ☐ Getting It (79.95)
- ☐ Outrage (79.95)
- ☐ Nonstop (79.95)
- ☐ Screenplay (69.95)
- ☐ Like a Horse (79.95)
- ☐ Sizing Up (79.95)
- ☐ Bigger the Better (79.95)
- ☐ Black on Red (79.95)
- ☐ Enema Night/Slave (79.95)
- ☐ Games (79.95)
- ☐ Fantasize (79.95)
- ☐ Class Reunion (79.95)
- ☐ Falconhead (79.95)
- ☐ Chain Reactions (69.95)
- ☐ Head Trips (69.95)
- ☐ Men & Steel (79.95)
- ☐ Tough Competition (79.95)
- ☐ Bullet Videopac 6 (49.95)
- ☐ Bullet Videopac 8 (49.95)
- ☐ Bullet Videopac 9 (49.95)
- ☐ Born to Raise Hell (79.95)
- ☐ Night of Submission (39.95)
- ☐ Slaves for Sale Part 1 (59.95)
- ☐ Slaves for Sale Part 2 (59.95)
- ☐ Joys of Self-Abuse (59.95)

BOOKS/MAGS

- ☐ Manhood Rituals 1: The Compound (9.95)
- ☐ Sado Island (12.50)
- ☐ Kiss of Leather (10.95)
- ☐ Faustus Contract (10.95)
- ☐ Man Sword (10.95)
- ☐ Beware the God (10.95)
- ☐ Mind Master (10.95)
- ☐ The Construction Worker (10.95)
- ☐ SM Scrapbook (10.95)
- ☐ Long Leather Cord (10.95)

- ☐ A Slave's Gambit (11.95)
- ☐ Mack Anthology (11.95)
- ☐ Fledermaus Anthology (11.95)
- ☐ New Treasury of SM (11.95)
- ☐ New Treasury of SM 2 (11.95)
- ☐ New Treasury of SM 3 (11.95)
- ☐ New Treasury of SM 5 (11.95)
- ☐ New Treasury of SM 6 (11.95)
- ☐ The Story of Q (9.95)
- ☐ Best of Zeus (3.95)
- ☐ Sextool (9.95)
- ☐ Down White Boy (5.95)
- ☐ Glory Hole Slave (5.95)
- ☐ Chain Reactions (9.95)
- ☐ Slaves for Sale (9.95)
- ☐ Folsom Issue Two (3.95)
- ☐ Folsom Issue Three (3.95)
- ☐ Folsom Issue Four (6.00)
- ☐ Val Breaks a House Slave (7.95)
- ☐ Class of '82 (5.95)

ETC.

T-SHIRTS

- ☐ DADDY (9.95) size _____
- ☐ DADDY'S BOY (9.95) size _____
- ☐ DADDY'S LITTLE MAN (9.95) size _____
- ☐ IN TRAINING (9.95) size _____
- ☐ Cire' T-shirt (21.95) size _____
- ☐ Cire' Zipper Briefs (21.95) size _____
- ☐ Cire' Tank Top (21.95) size _____
- ☐ Cire' Trunks (14.95) size _____
- ☐ Titclamps/Rubber End (4.95)
- ☐ Titclamps/Adjustable (5.95)
- ☐ Shower Shot (34.95)
- ☐ 9" Man of War, white (9.95)
- ☐ 9" Man of War, black (9.95)
- ☐ 12" Man of War, white (19.95)
- ☐ Tool, regular (8.95)
- ☐ Tool, extra-thick (9.95)
- ☐ Cards by Rex, 1 doz. (9.95)
- ☐ Leather Fraternity Cards, 1 doz. (9.95)
- ☐ Natural Lube, 4 oz. (2.95)
- ☐ Natural Lube, 16 oz. (5.95)
- ☐ Hot Lube, 4 oz. (2.95)
- ☐ Hot Lube, 16 oz. (5.95)
- ☐ Ultra Lube, 4 oz. (2.95)
- ☐ Ultra Lube, 16 oz. (5.95)
- ☐ Shaft, 4 oz. (2.50)
- ☐ Shaft, 16 oz. (5.95)
- ☐ ForPlay, 8 oz. (5.95)
- ☐ Vita-Men/Immunitabs combo (24.95)

SOURCE

PO BOX 42009 / SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94142-2009 / (415) 564-1990

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

METHOD OF PAYMENT:

- ☐ Check in the amount of \$ _____
- ☐ VISA ☐ MASTERCARD

Card No. _____ Exp. ____ / ____

Signature _____

(I am 21 years of age or older.)

Use street address for UPS delivery when possible for speedier delivery.

WANTED

We are looking for a boy who wants to service two daddied totally. We are mid-30s, kinky and sleazy, but in great health. You're 30+, white and ready to begin. Write a lengthy, detailed letter and describe your experience and desires, totally. Enclose phone number, a nude photo (if possible). Will answer all and arrange an interview. We're ready, are you? Box 5603LF

CORRECTIONAL LIFESTYLE NEEDED

Spoiled, undisciplined, long hair seeks strict Master to introduce me to a correctional lifestyle, turn me into an obedient, uniformed, convict-cropped inmate. Am 35, 6'1", 180 lbs., with an affection for motorcycles and leather and a need for steel restraint, and above all discipline. Box 5332

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

RUSSIAN RIVER

Daddy seeks son for permanent relationship. Son must be very much together, aged 30 to 45, like home life. Preferences may be discussed. Daddy is a writer, has been into S/M scene for years. Send picture and we can talk. Box 5461

TOP UNCUT BLACKS, LATINOS

wanted, who are macho, not fat and are into heavy ranch: sweat, headcheese, scat, piss. Sacramento and San Francisco areas. By WM bottom, 45, 6'1", 150 lbs. Box 5438

WANTED: YOUNG LEATHER STUD

19-35 years old, who wants to share leather sex with 36-year-old Daddy. Must be turned on by smell, feel and look of black leather or police uniforms. Need safe sex with right boy. Call me at home and ask for Rick at (415) 863-7384.

KINK

Kink is the name of the game. If interested, write. Letters containing photos will be answered first. Box 5307

GWM, 45

6'4", slim, novice slave, looking for eventual full-time Master who rewards subservience and obedience with much love and affection. You are also slim, 25-55, any race. In time, anything goes that's safe. I like collars, chains, menial labor, symbols of submission and more. I'm very Greek passive. Box 5308LF

UNIFORM POLICE OFFICER WANTED

WM, 34, 5'9", 165, moustached, in very good health and shape. Looking for motorcycle and mounted officer in his tall boots—Dehners—breeches, leather or uniform. Full gun leather, black leather, gloved hands and cap or helmet. I'm into the taste, smell, feel, sound and the look of black leather. Bondage, motorcycles, camping, JO and safe sex a must. Sir, I'll take care of all your needs and in return all I ask for is to be your leather bondage prisoner. C. West, 2529 Post, San Francisco, CA 94115. Can travel. (LF5292)

SF LEATHER DATE

6'2", 31 yrs., discriminating, English (SF resident) leatherman wants to meet similar, fun-loving locals and visitors. Box 5251

HOT MUSCULAR STUD

into rough sex of all kinds with other muscular men. Sweaty workouts, heavy B&D, wrestling matches, ropes and chains, tit torture, wax, floggings. Muscle vs. muscle. Write with photo to PO Box 162518, Sacramento, CA 95816. (LF5222)

DRUMMER DADDY

WM, 40s, 6'1", 160 lbs., bearded seeks that special man who needs to be stripped and chained up by a Leather-master in his dungeon. You should be lean, muscular bottom, any age whether a boy (with body under development) or a mature man (who has kept in shape). If you are man enough to take rough treatment like B/D, TT, C/BT and whipping, then you earn my respect and possible affection. Body shaving second session to mark my ownership and your commitment. For health reasons you will not be required to eat ass or take my load, but everything else goes. Will discuss your limits and a program to expand them. Application with nude photo given preference. Box 4988LF

MAN WITH EXPERIENCE

is 35, 5'9", 160 lbs., muscular, hairy, moustached, tattooed, pierced, with a thick, stiff 7½ inches. Looking for a boy who is a boy by virtue of his mental attitude, not necessarily just his age. My interests include: BD, VA, TT, GA, FP, FFA, boots, ass-beating, cigars, bondage, leather. Father/son scenes a specialty. You need not share all the above interests. Safety-conscious but not hysterical. Offer a firm, experienced, yet affectionate hand to responsive, enthusiastic bottoms. All ages, races considered. Photo a must. Write AL, Box 5038

TOUGH LITTLE BLOND

executive in rural town, 5'6", 135 lbs., 30 yrs., copper beard, furry, 8" clipped, oversexed, seeks to submit to bossman to horse around with for a night or a lifetime. Discipline, bondage, both at home and in the Sierras. Humiliation, body shaving, ass beating, piss, tit-torture, all available to MASTER who needs to dominate a together stud and turn him into his butch son/slave dog. If you rope me you can hump me; if you cage me you can keep me. Age, looks, cock size unimportant, however head-space is. (Hairy preferred, but...) Hot, dirty phone calls can be arranged. Mark, PO Box 992, Clovis, CA 93613. (209) 435-3378. Do get to the coast often. Box 5439LF

FUCK BUDDIES?

Have lover, need sleazy/safe friends for rough/careful fun. I'm 6'1", 33, 180, 8½", GWM. Into A/P/F, FFA, WS, spanking, belts and creative ways to enjoy same and stay healthy. Write with photo, get same. Box 5400LF

S.F. CROTCH CLEANER

Seeks position under dirty talkin' facesitters, 40 yrs.-plus. Working conditions requested—ripe fartin' assholes, cheesy, pissin' cocks. Suds and rimseat furnished. Serious only. No jack-off calls. Pigmouth (415) 776-2844.



"YEAH, HE'S A GOOD SLAVE...FOLLOWS MY ORDERS WITHOUT QUESTION."

NIPPLE WORK

Lean, smooth, defined GWM looking for satisfying mutual chest work with trim, in-shape, imaginative men. Safe sex only. PO Box 14257, Station G, San Francisco, CA 94114.

ARE YOU A BONDAGE MASTER?

Sir, GWM, 39, 5'9", 155 lbs., would like to meet a bondage Master who is looking for a mature Master-slave relationship. All types of bondage OK, age or race no obstacle. Please reply to, Boxholder, 584 Castro, #634, San Francisco, CA 94114.

HORNY DUO

Two guys, 32, 5'8", 140 lbs., br/bl, and 29, 5'7", 138 lbs., br/bl, one smooth, one hairy, both well-built, seek partners for hot, long sessions of cocksucking, ass rimming, fucking. Seeking healthy, masculine guys, 25-40, trim bodies for sleaze sessions. Hung, muscles a plus. Photo/phone to PO Box 5921, San Francisco, CA 94101-5921.

FULL SERVICE

Toilet to relieve dirty shithole and horse-hung pisser of handsome, well-defined muscular black by clean-cut athletic white boy. (415) 535-0867

SMALL MASTER WANTED

WM slave, 5'6", 150, seeks slim/muscular little guy into domination, verbal abuse, discipline, humiliation, leather. Into body worship, armpits, bondage, wrestling, J/O. Blacks, Asians and muscles a plus. PO Box 6655, San Francisco, CA 94101.

SEEKING ASS MASTERS, TOPS, HUNG STUDS

Hot S.F. asshole needs good-looking fuckmasters, topmen, well-hung studs into total, safe, extended assplay trips. Tie me down, paddle my buns red hot, fuck me with rubbers, stretch my hole hungry with dildoes, FF, CBT, TT, VA. Make me your asshole slave in a prolonged action fantasy. I'm 35, GWM, 5'10", 165 lbs., dark hair/beard, BB, hairy, tan line, exceptional ass, capable of hard fucks. Preference to Masters with dungeon play room where space/time cease and only high ass fucking fantasies exist. Latinos, 3-ways or more, facial hair. Letter with photo (a must). Qualifications/photo sent upon your order, sir. FUCK MY ASS!! Box 200, 2261 Market St., S.F., CA 94114. (LF5390)

VERSATILE MUTUALIST

34, seeks experience in safe, no-fluid exchange action. Open to new ideas. No bondage or heavy pain. Tell me your experiences in CB/T, TT, WS, enemas, dildoes, scat, FF, cath. Interchain 931. Correspondence from anywhere welcome. Suite 255, 2261 Market St., San Francisco, CA 94114.

HEALTHY HUNG BOY/MAN

6'1", 160 lbs., mid-30s, bearded, tattooed, tri-pierced, needs Master for FFA, C&BT, B&D and all other forms of intelligent service. Box 5597

EXECUTIVE DADDY

41, 200 lbs., 6', BB, seeks smooth athletic boy for safe sex. Live in possible. Your photo gets mine. James Duke, PO Box 640683, San Francisco, CA 94164. (LF5310)

HELP ME INTO SM

Self-torture sucks. WM, 6'2", 170, cut, 7½", needs experienced Master or top for nipple, ball, cock work, munching, electro-torture (mutual with shaft, balls tied together a real turn-on). Bondage. Increase limits. Hot wax, shaving clothespins. Box 5184LF

HUNGRY MANSEX

GWM, 33, 5'7", 155 lbs., brown hair, bearded, attractive, seeks hot, horny, hairy men for anything-goes pig sex. At lunch, before work, after work, anytime...SF residents or visitors send photo/phone and your favorite turn-ons. Box 5151

REALLY INTO LEATHER?

If LEATHER really turns you on and you own LEATHER pants, jacket and boots, keep reading. If you like to be dominated, worship your master's leather and boots and enjoy j/o, keep reading. If you are looking to find a master to explore your LEATHER slave fantasies with, keep reading. I am GWM, 39, 6'1", 220 lbs., good-looking, stable, professional and sane master who is really into LEATHER. Turned on by the sight, smell, touch, taste and feel of LEATHER. Also into very tall boots. NOT into drugs of any kind, smokers, anal sex, losers, heavy S&M. Relationship is possible. Now reply with phone and photo to: Jim, 1850 Union St. #69, San Francisco, CA 94123. (LF4807)

SCORPIO MASTER

Show me you're worth my time and I'll make you my property. NO FANTASY. S&M, B&D, Torture—Limits Expanded. My scene, My way. Strict Discipline. Domestic duties, slave requirements: obedient, silent, dedicated, very passive, employed, moustache, tight butt, trim, clean. PO Box 5233, S.F., CA 94101. No FFA/drugs. (LF5406)

HOT LEATHER BOTTOM

GBM, 31, 6', 170 lbs., hairy, defined body, moustache, hung, uncut, looking for older GWM Master with imagination for bondage scenes, light SM, tit work, assplay, CBT. No FF, scat, WS, drugs. Reply Box 5391LF.

RAUNCHY SLEAZE

I am thirty-one, white, 170 lbs., 5'8½", brown hair and eyes. I'm into raunchy sleazy, kinky sex. Not into scat, heavy pain. I'm a dedicated leatherman that needs a dominate, aggressive Daddy/Big Brother to train me, use/abuse me, discipline me like I know I need to be. I am ready to submit to a Daddy/Big Brother who is not modest, is into dirty talk and verbal abuse, is not afraid to strip me, collar me, finger-fuck me, use me at anytime and much more. If you are mature, over thirty-five and want a boy that's real then please send detailed letter about yourself, what you want to do to me, along with a hot, revealing photo, if possible. All answered. Box 4858LF



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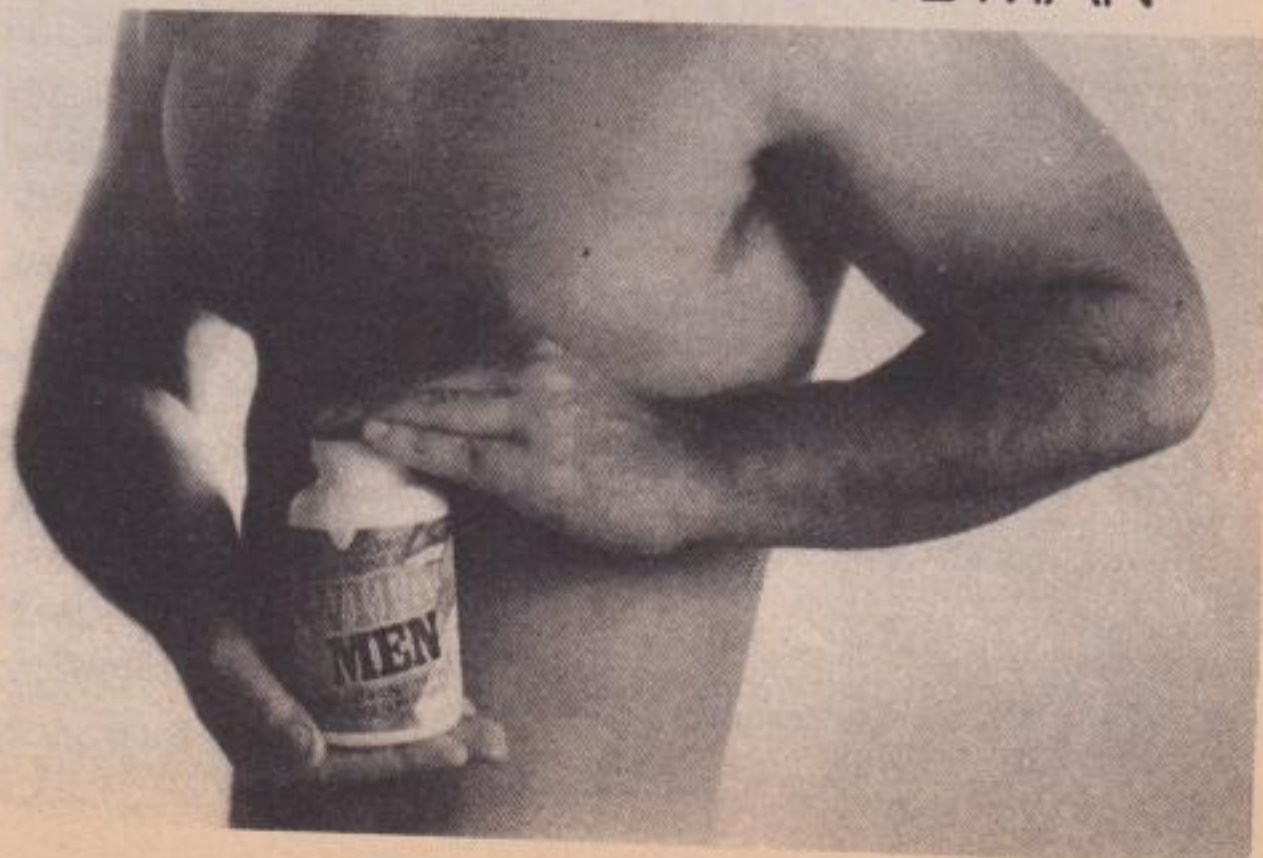
ADDRESS _____

CITY, STATE, ZIP _____

☐ Charge it to my ☐ VISA ☐ MASTERCARD

No. _____ Exp. _____

Signature _____



HOT BONDAGE BOTTOM

needs booted/gloved/leathered/uniformed top interested in training a boot licking, cock sucking asshole. I need to meet up with cops, bikers, leathermen and daddies with attitude! A mean streak and a kinky knowledge of heavy BD, heavy VA, moderate SM, hoods, gags, gas masks, enemas, boots and toys. This horny, hairy WM, 29, 6', 160, brown hair, beard & moustache needs cigar-smoking cops and leathermen to show me my place and keep me there. Will correspond. Photo for photo. Box 3711LF

TOP MEETS BOTTOM

Drummer ads get results and Ric in Eureka and Mike in Sacramento have now gotten together starting a great life together with a monogamous relationship. We would both like to thank Drummer for bringing us together. We're both believers that Drummer Classifieds get results. We couldn't be happier and hope that you too find that right man.

BODY BUILDER SON WANTED

Muscular daddy seeks son for training and service. Long-term one-to-one relationship is desired. Son will pursue body-building career along with dad and under his direction. Should have strong desire to train and the body type necessary to excel. Disciplined workouts, body worship, leather sex; all part of the package. Ideal chance to build a masculine relationship and mould a body. Photo. Box 4944LF

MASSIVE MUSCLES

Don't go to the gym, use my body for a workout! Get off on pumping up in front of the mirror using my nipples for dumbbells, my balls for cable pulls and punching bag, my face for squats and lunges! The only thing that interests you is watching yourself work out on my hapless body. The fact that I am handsome but out of shape and no comparison to you drives you to beat the shit out of me, pose before me, make me worship you. I disgust you as you overcome me with sheer strength until you verbally humiliate me. The sight of your own vein-studded body sends you into uncontrolled tit ripping, nut crushing, face slapping action until you can't do another rep. Now its time to relive all that swollen glory. Go for the burn! Sick-minded muscle jocks write, with photo. SF Bay Area only. Box 4943LF

BIG GUY—LITTLE GUYS A TURN-ON?

This little guy needs a man over 5'9" who prefers short men and knows how to use the difference in our height and strength to your advantage and our mutual excitement. With a little guy, do you ache to: pin him down, pleasure him until he screams (but not stop), win his trust over time, and then initiate him into light bondage? Do you yearn to explore and expand each other's erotic responses to D/S? *Objective:* monogamous, safe-sex relationship based on open communication, affection, growing together, and deeply-shared sexual needs; a relationship that won't be equal in the bedroom, but *will* be outside of it because you want this little guy as your partner, and not just as a sex buddy. Me: WM, boyish thirties, 5'5", 120, handsome, bearded, responsive. Likes: beach, mountains, music, candlelight dinners, cuddling, surprises. You: 30s/youthful 40s, masculine, attractive, fit, healthy, affectionate, nonsmoker, drugfree, progressive thinker. Optional: bearded, outdoorsy, artistic. Letter/photo: 584 Castro, Suite 609, San Francisco, CA 94114-2588 (LF4952).

BREECHES

Older GWM, 5'11", 175 lbs., waist 34, wants young WM (or Asian) dressed in boots & breeches (provided) for possible B&D. Advise phone to: Pierce, 305 Franklin St., #34, San Francisco, CA 94102

NICE SURPRISES CUM IN SMALL PACKAGES

Shortie, 5'4", GWM, brown/blue, 135 lbs., interested in meeting versatile men over 6'. Interests include, but not limited to, leather, bondage, tattoos, piercing, motorcycles, computers. Usually bottom, but who knows? Object: long-term relationship. Reply to Lambda BBS address code ORAY, or Box 4136LF.

GOOD DEAL FOR RIGHT SLAVE

Two men, 30s, private home with pool, seek permanent live-in nude slave/houseboy. You are into total submission. Collared, shaved, bondage, discipline and much more. Smaller cocks welcomed, so don't be shy about your size. Your looks are not as important as your attitude. Your limits respected, but both your body and mind will be slowly and safely expanded as the relationship grows. You will be totally kept and cared for in an environment that evolves into that special SLAVE/MASTER love. You will come to realize absolute trust and security in your submission. Good slaves are hard to find. So are good Masters. Send detailed letter about yourself and how to contact you for interview and in-depth discussion. This could possibly be that once-in-a-lifetime opportunity you've always fantasized about. Box 5188LF

NAUTILUS AND SM PARTNER

Newcome to S.F. seeks friend in Levis and boots for Nautilus workouts and whipping up trouble. I'm WM, 43, cut, 6", 6'2", 205, into whipping, BD, SM, ball work, TT, SS Fr, SS Gr. Not into WS, scat, FF, rimming, piercing, prods, drugs, damage, uncuts. Can be M or S. Box 5545

BONDAGE FANTASY

Older, bisexual, white male, complete novice, seeks fantasy fulfillment by mature man, 25 to 40. Interested in bondage and paddling. Limits must be respected. Your place. No fluid exchange, even with condom. Box 5550

HEY BOY!

Your daddy is looking for you.
Call (916) 391-9755.

MASCULINE BUTTBUDDY WANTED

Exceptionally handsome, hung, over-sexed, smooth WM, 38, with kinky butt seeks similar to explore sensuous fantasies. Must be versatile, hung huge, circumcised, healthy, discreet. Secretly, you dig giving/receiving enemas, need steady buttbuddy and love giving head. Monogamous relationship possible if sexually compatible. No bar types. Box 5557LF

ASS EATER

Stick your butt in my face and make me worship it. Love Latin and white asses riding my tongue. WM, 6'1", 185 lbs., 30, black hair and beard. T/T, W/S. Box 5498

BOTTOM DADDY WANTED

Good-looking, 30, Japanese, daddy's boy but top, seeks white, 35-55, masculine, bottom daddy, into leather, uniforms, light SM, W/S, B&D. Must have respect to reversed daddy-son relationship. Reply with photo. Box 5566

DICK-HEAD TEASING

Guys for prolonged and intense J/O in bondage who want to go nuts taking turns tickling, massaging or vibrating only our sensitive dick-heads. Box 5493

DADDY'S WAITING

If you're young and desperately want to try the joys of bondage and pain but are just too nervous or shy, this daddy can help. Very handsome, tall, hung and mid-forties. He'll give you slow, understanding, careful but complete training, using only safe sex. You'll never have a better way to start. Any race. Picture with letter. Box 5585

FF TOP MAN WANTED BAY AREA

Masculine, good-looking WM, 40, trim, dark beard, tan, great butt, tattoos, 5'10", 150 lbs., seeks FF top into long, deep sessions. Also bondage, TT, mild SM. Imagination, willing to experiment, into leather, Levis. No fats. Photo if possible. Any age, likes lean and hot. Box 5583

EXCEPTIONAL YOUNG SLAVE

28, 5'9", brn/blue, seeks exceptional Master 21-35. This leather-worshipping handsome buck needs taming. Scat, piss, foot worship, OK. No Greek, no chubs! Lite SM OK. Your pic gets mine. Want long-term rel. Box 5578

SAFE-SEX TOP

40, 160, br/bl, seeks muscular bottom to do my bidding: B/D, wax, spread-eagle, abuse and affection. No phone sex. No one-nighters. I'm looking to relate. Strap, (415) 695-1773.

NAKED OILED BODY BUILDER

Needs generous voyeur for safe, long exhibition sessions and/or travel companion. Any city in Bay Area OK, any age OK. I'll bring toys. Need to stay overnight. My hard, defined body needs your admiration. Send pic, letter, phone. Box 5571

HORNY TOPMAN

GBM, 30, 5'10", 180 lbs., BB, seeks attractive/submissive GWM (German and military boys a plus). Your buns must look fantastic in Speedos/Levis. If you don't know how they look, ask a friend. No drugs, and I'll break you of that smoking habit too. Ready to serve? Prove it and include a photo. Box 5591

MARINE-TYPE

Muscular, hairless, uncomplicated guys who want a tall, together fuck-buddy, write: Dane, PO Box 3291, San Francisco, CA CA 94119.

SONOMA COUNTY

WM, 44, 6', 190 lbs., SM, TT, C&BT, etc. No body fluids exchanged, no fucking, even with a condom. Let's use our bodies and minds. If you've got the mind, I've got the body or vice versa. Age and size unimportant as long as you can get it up! I've been into the scene for 12 years and I've done it all. For last 4 years, I've been doing what the standards say is safe sex and I'm having a wonderful time without missing anything. Do you like to play roles? Me too! I'm versatile and with our sick minds we can get it off with screams that all of the valley can hear! C'mon, invest 22¢ in your happiness and write me a note. I'm special and if you understand this ad, I'm sure you are too!!! Box 5150

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

LET'S STOP TRAFFIC

I'm 28, 6'2", 180 lbs., and above average all-around. Sound arrogant? So what. I want a Master, not a mouse in leather drag. I want commitment and trust and the envy of all who know us, or see us together. I want the best things in life. Does that mean you? If you're young, strong, healthy and find your leathersex life colder than it could be, I need you. And having said so, I'll shut up. Send photo, phone and a piece of your soul to Matt, Box 5129LF.

OBEDIENT BLOND BODY BUILDER

needs contact with dominant, aggressive man. Safe sex. Verbal abuse and humiliation. Enjoys calling the shots over 6'2", 185 (solid) lbs. jock, late 20s, blue eyes, masculine. If you're 30-50, have a mean streak and aren't afraid to show who's boss, I need badly to try to satisfy your needs. Need arrogant type who's just not happy until he's called "Sir." Photo gets mine, but attitude and temper most important. Serious. Discrete. PO Box 16813, San Diego, CA 92116. (LF5007)

HOT DADDY PUNCHFUCKER

Very hot, healthy, 52-year-old BB, 6'2", 200 lbs., clipped beard, balding, will expertly punchfuck your hungry hole. You be equally hot, hard, creative, have a tight healthy body and a sick mind. Your ass will be thoroughly used. In appreciation you will skillfully service Daddy's large nipples while dickfucking Daddy's tight ass. Reply: Daddy PF, Box 4888

SON WANTED

WM Topman-Dad, 45, 5'8", 145 lbs., seeks completely-bottom son under 30. No SM abuse, beatings or test of wills. I want a thoroughly-submissive, trim, quiet, obedient, affectionate, home-type Daddy's Boy who's on a serious, heavy, Father-Son trip. Boy can expect bondage and to be kept naked and well-disciplined. Boy will be my houseboy and not expected to work full time if at all. Be aware, I'm not a sugar daddy. I'm a Topman, a Master, aiming to possess, dominate, love, take care of, play with, and fuck a docile, dependent boy who knows he can't make it on his own and needs a Daddy. Prefer short (5'6" and under) slim, even scrawny boy with smooth body and hairless butt. This size boy not mandatory. Attitude and submissiveness more important than height. Slightly handicapped or unemployable boy okay. I'm searching for a real special kind of boy. Where is he? Reply with phone number. Relocation taken care of. Asian or Latino welcome. Box 4551LF

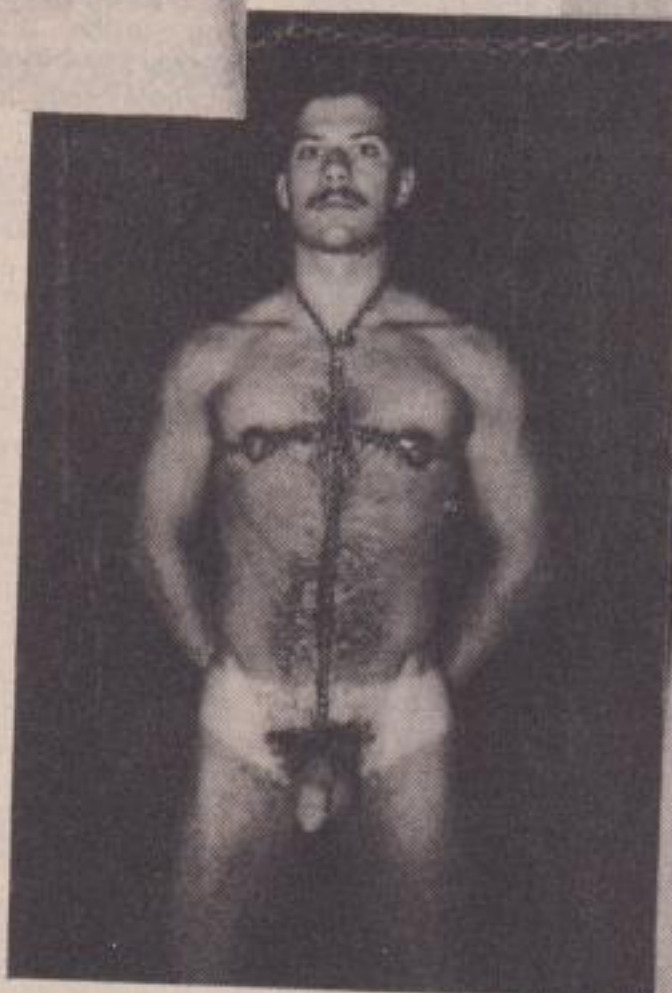
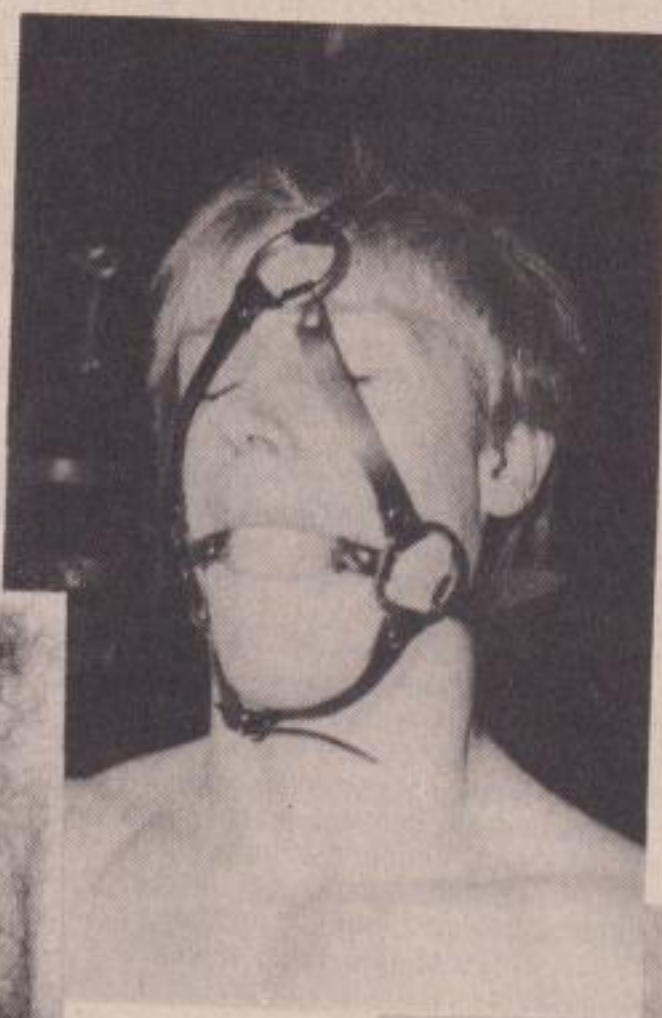
CUTE HUNG BLOND BOY

Good-looking, tan, athletic, trim jock-boy, 6'1", 160 lbs., 25 years old. Enjoy wrestling, swimming, cycling, working out. My tight ass needs to be used. With right guy(s), willing to submit to almost any scene, including 3-ways, gang bangs, and rape. I like guys in uniforms (cops, military, leather and sports), speedos and jocks. Want bondage, discipline and training by good-looking hung stud(s). Really like to suck cocks and be fucked long and hard! Clean and healthy. Novice, but eager to learn and serve. L.A. and O.C. Box 5126LF

SLAVE/SON/HOUSEBOY

Is there a real man that can handle all of the above? We are looking for that special person who can. You should be under 35, looks, race, build are unimportant (we will shape and define you). You will become our property, to do with as we see fit. We will expect you to commit yourself totally, both mentally and physically, into our care. This is not a one-night stand or a summer vacation. This is a 24-hour, seven-day-a-week lifestyle. You must be able and willing to surrender to a life of total servitude and ownership. We are 31 & 38, established professionals. You must be able to rise above your established place in life when needed. The rest is up to you. Send an in-depth, detailed application stating your qualifications, abilities, desires and a recent, revealing photo with your phone number and best time to call to: B&R, 15840 Ventura Blvd., #326, Encino, CA 91436. (LF5202)

IF YOU ARE ENJOYING THE CONTENTS OF DRUMMER, YOU WILL ALSO ENJOY THE BOOKS WHICH ARE WRITTEN BY LARRY TOWNSEND. THESE ARE OFFERED, ALONG WITH A WIDE VARIETY OF OTHER LEATHER ORIENTED PUBLICATIONS, TOYS & GEAR, THROUGH THE AUTHOR'S SPECIALIZED MAIL ORDER SERVICE.



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MASTER WANTED

by WM, 34-year-old, blond, blue, 6'1" tall. I am a little overweight and small endowed. I am looking for a Master that will train me in CBT/T, WS, SM, BD, FF, VA, tatooing, shaving, piercing, hot wax, dildos, gags, hoods, prolonged bondage, electric shock, piss, smoke, mumification, amyl. Willing to be kept chained there for my Master's use at anytime he chooses. My Master's age, race, endowment, looks does not matter. All I ask is that you are dominant. If there is a Master wanting this slave, please call (213) 656-4324 or write: Occupant, 1265 North Harper, #8, West Hollywood, CA 90046. When calling, please ask for Bob. (LF5009)

DADDY SEEKS SON

Businessman-type Dad, 41, 6'3", 240 lbs., hairy, seeks son. Dad has high standards for your behavior and expects you to live up to them. You will be disciplined when you deserve it. However Dad is loving and affectionate and is concerned only about your well-being. Son, if you need a Daddy to take care of you and help you grow, write and tell him about yourself. Include picture for immediate response. Box 4934LF

WHITE MASTER (TOP) NEEDED

White slave bottom, 34, 5'11", 195 lbs., husky, hairy, wants to serve white/Latino top Master. Am into leather, Levis, boots, uniforms, G/p, Fa/p (front/rear), S/M, B/D, toys, W/S & more. Please, sir—sincere only—send orders & info to slave at: PO Box 67E06, L.A., CA 90067. (LF5349)

MOTORCYCLE LEATHER

Motorcycle rider into good, clean fun on/off bike wants to meet other GWM guys to enjoy living in So. Bay L.A. Box 4248LF

TWO BLACK HARLEY BIKERS

Tony, in full leather or full C.H.I.P. gear and uniforms with tall, hot black boots; all to be serviced by hot, hung leather studs, any race. Mike, waiting to service hot booted leather studs. We are both hot, well-hung, good-looking, and into FF, WS, JO, VA, boot service and other hot scenes. Have toys, sling, mirrors and video. Mike and/or Tony: (213) 777-0122. PO Box 47552, Los Angeles, CA 90047. No JO or bullshit calls and no calls after 11 P.M.

BOTTOM READY

Young, 45, into B&D, S/M, have toys and playroom. Prefer younger, experienced top. No calls between 11 P.M. & 9 A.M. (818) 843-5428.

SAFE RELATIONSHIP NOW!

WM, 39, 72", 180#, br/bl, H. chest, above avg looks, masc, botm-vers, fit, myotherapist. Into: SAFEsex, leather trvl, BB, chains, home, pits, reading, bondage, sailing, skiing, T&C&BT, music, jocks-2-tux, hiking, piercing, theaters, shaving, affirmations, toys, success, Gr/Fr, spirit, exAF Off, friends; NO smoke/drugs/...holics. Want: honest, successful, hairy, fit, leather top-man with humor, intelligence, goals + adventurousness, & comtd to soc. justice. Who wants & will: communicate, touch, support friendship and more; mutually satisfying and multifaceted sexual/mental/emtional/spiritual balanced relating. Important you have positive & dominant nature with fantasies to be realized like: C&B-butt-tit Master; pain-pleasure Mentor, and... You now are capable, aware, sensual, teachable, a valued friend; & honor the ritual, bonding, pleasures and success dynamics of leather & S/M in a fulfilling and happy life. L.A. area preferred. Reply w/goals, Box 5412LF.

ATTR DAD SEEKS CRUEL SON

Trim silver fox, 50s, 5'9", 140, Cauc., smooth, uncut, needs bondage, TT, CBT, at hands of good-looking son (18-38) with cruel streak (not brutal, cruel) who has love/hate feelings about Dad. Letter & pic to "Dad," PO Box 69824, L.A., CA 90069.

LOVES DEHNERS

Call (213) 666-1191.

NAZI VICTIM

Lean, bootlicking queer (part Jew), youthful 35, craves 1940 SS camp scene. Seek Aryan Master(s) to conduct experimentation involving isolation, sensory deprivation, immobilization, brainwashing, controlled breathing. No body fluids. Deadly serious. Box 5564

LET US WATCH

Good-looking GWM couple, 37 & 34, seek other masculine GWM partners into kink for voyeuristic encounters. We want to watch your long, private, intense sessions in CBT, TT, FF, WS, B&D, hot wax, clothespins, SM. No scat. Your pleasure/pain trips are our turn-on. Letter/phone. Box 5608LF

YOUR SLAVE FOR LIFE

Slow build, limits unknown. I'm 5'10", 150 lbs., dark hair, light eyes, 37, 6 1/2", good cocksucker, good fuck, hungry mouth. Looking for older, wiser (bigger, Master) permanent ownership. Ultimately keep me naked and shaved at your beck and call. Ben, (213) 461-5105. 6201 Fountain Ave. #102, Hollywood, CA 90028.

JOCK AVAILABLE

25-year-old BB, 5'8", 140 lbs., hung long and fat, needs hole opened, exhibitionist, very good-looking. Teach me. PO Box 8306, San Diego, CA 92102.

DILDO ACTION

wanted by extremely handsome GWM, 38, 5'11", 168, BB Adonis with firm, muscular ass, into complete submission with long intensive safe-sex sessions using any sized dildo, spreader, plug, probe, gloved fist fuck and enema. My horny, hungry, insatiable fuckhole needs hot muscular—25 to 40 yrs.—studs (especially Asian, Latin) to service it. Also into leather, slings, ball stretchers, poppers and exhibitionism. All replies answered. Your hot, revealing dildo action photo gets same. Reply to 5313 Bakman Ave. #276, N. Hollywood, CA 91601.

DEPRIVED FUCKER

Fucking hot action, only bottom men needed: be experienced; turn onto heavy pain, torture, SM and give damn good service. No fantasy or j/o. Be short, slim, hairy. NO limits, ALL scenes. Be ready to have ass and brains fucked over and tortured. The Stud that'll be working ass is 6', 160 lbs., hairy, 42, 7 1/2". When ready to put your balls in the hands of this stud, send pix & phone no. Possible permanent position; safe sex. Box 4827LF

165 LB., SOLID, 6'

Masculine Leo. Self-confident, intelligent, experienced, into fantasy fulfillment. Seeking relationship based on mutual trust and honesty. Masculine attitude and versatility a plus. Experienced in S/M, B/D, uniforms, FF. No scat, penpals, or bullshitters. All replies answered. Rodger, 248 No. Sierra, Solana Beach, CA 92175. (LF5361)

SATANIST SEEKS EVIL TWIN

This sexist, racist, bi-homophobe gets turn on by: terrorizing the weak, using and abusing people and things, gloves, engineer boots, leather, rubber and weapons. Me: 36, 6', 170, blond/blue. You: Have a hard-on because you've found your lost twin. Hail, Satan! Box 5568

BOTTOM SEEKS HUNG MEN

WM, 25, 6'3", 200 lbs., body builder, 9" cut, wants dominant guy(s) to service. I'm into light SM, BD, Fr/a Gr/p, LL, dildoes, VA, three-ways and other hot scenes. Clean, healthy and eager to please. San Diego area. Only reply to Boxholder, 405 W. Washington St., Suite 436, San Diego, CA 92103.

HOT LEATHER PLAY

40 y.o. WM, 180, 5'8", leather/Levis man into SM, BD, CB, tit play, shaving, with others into mutual interests. Can be versatile, serious play only with men who know what men want and know how to take it. Ben, PO Box 90983, Long Beach, CA 90809-0983.

WANTED: LEATHER LOVER

32-year-old Asian-American man seeks white man 28 to 35 for possible relationship. I'm 5'7", 150, neither gorgeous nor ugly. I run and work out and am an active, stable, committed kind of guy. I enjoy L.A.'s good life, but after two years of being single, I'm ready to try again. I know I'm hot, if not exactly handsome. I'm turned on by full black leather, cowboy boots, and bike cops (have the first two, am working on the third), and can be either top or bottom. You: nice looks, seriously into what I'm into, sexually and otherwise, and a nonsmoker. Your photo gets mine if you write to Box 5604

MUTUAL LEATHER LOVER

WM, 33, 6', 175, smooth, good-looking, seeks relationship with attractive, non-smoking WM, 38-45, for affection, leather and mutual TT, C&BT, J/O, kink. Box 5584

BEIRUT TERROR

Bound like a mummy, head to toe, in wide plastic packing tape, then jammed into the trunk of a car. Victim/hostage is good-looking WM, young 35, tall/lean, who craves masked man (men) with overpowering ways. Box 5579

LEVI SLEAZE

WM, 36, 6'2", 175, trim, bearded, looking for creative, raunchy, crotch action, in filthy, skin-tight Levis, boots, leather. Into sweat, piss, tits, underwear, nylon, uniforms, mutual verbal abuse and exhibitionism. Seek friendly, imaginative, jaded men 30-50 in bulging, dripping 501s for sensuous, sweaty, all-night raunch scenes. Live in S.B. Mountains, work in L.A. Safe sex only. Phone/photo. Box 5324

NO EXCHANGE

Seeking bluecollar guy in Levis and lace-ups, over 35, beer gut okay, who would get turned on by forcing a good-looking mature exec. to tongue clean his sweaty boots, pits and low-hangers. Box 5437.

PISS & SHIT

WM, 35, 6'4", 200 lbs., hairless ass with juicy pink hole, seeks slave, 18-40, for toilet service. Erect, thirst-quenching cock. Firm, tasty turds. Box 5460

POLICE DOG/SAN DIEGO

Bootlicking puppy is good-looking, lean WM (34 in human years) requiring prolonged confinement/obedience training by uniformed police officer(s). No sex. Box 5559

RAUNCHY SOX-FEEDER

has need of Raunchy Sox-Eater. Hot, handsome Black Master, early 40s, enlists the service of a young, greedy, hungry-mouthed White slave-dog animal. Master imposes to keep his slave-dog's mouth humble and obedient, stuffed and used, dirty and raunchy from servicing his sweat-lathered feet; dank, smelly, unwashed, dirt-encrusted soxs. Drop me a line w/pix. Boxholder, PO Box 60331, Los Angeles, CA 90060-0331.

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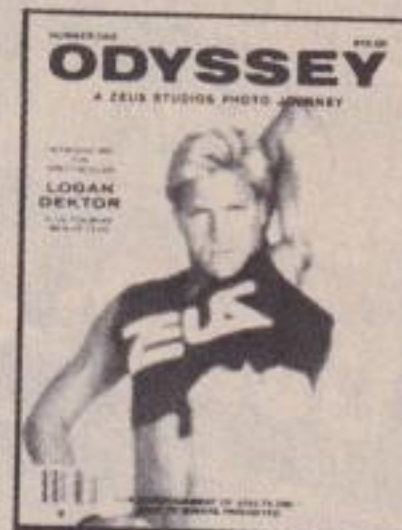
STUDIOS AND PUBLICATIONS

HOT

ODYSSEY ONE

ODYSSEY .. the sensational new series of supermagazines from ZEUS. Bigger. Better. Bolder. Hotter. Introducing three new Zeus hunks .. California beach blonde Logan Dektor. Mr. New York Leather Henry Romanowski. And young stud fox Teddy Dillon. **PLUS** .. muscleman Tony Bronte, desert hunk Chuck Marcus, New Orleans stallion Vito Brutti, "Boys in the Band" birthday fantasy Robert LaTourneaux, sizzling hot Joe Paducah, Zeus' all-time-favorite muscle stud Gregg Strom, Zeus legend Mark Wolf, and porn star Mickey Squires. Nobody delivers your money's worth better than the men from Zeus.

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52 pages, 14 in color.

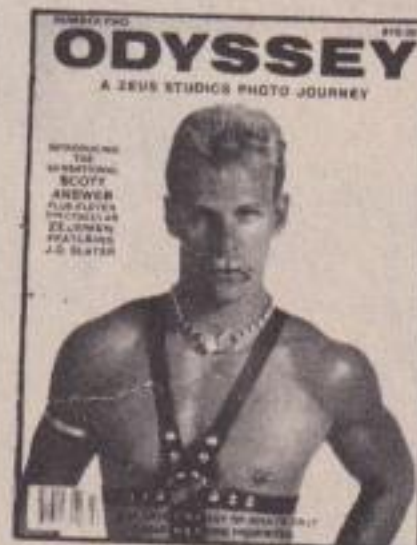


HOT

ODYSSEY TWO

ODYSSEY TWO .. the second in the Zeus Collection's limited best selling superseries. Starring South Florida's hottest blond/blue-eyed/pierced leather-hunk Scott Answer; plus his dynamite-looking SoCal leather counterhunk Harker Wade; and porndom's busiest and hottest studstar and director J.D. Slater. And just to make sure we've got your juices flowing we've added Canadian bodybuilding champ Merek Flint, muscles in leather Leo Stone, dick-of-death Dan Pace, Mr. San Francisco Cord Briggs, muscle hustler Cory Gunn, gorgeous Clayton McCloud, black body beautiful John Mace, "officer" Grady Heston, and USMC/DI Grant Masters. "There is no magazine out there hotter than ODYSSEY TWO".

ZM-438 ODYSSEY TWO \$10.00
52 pages/16 in color.



HOT

SADO ISLAND

Zeus commissioned New Orleans artist Matt to take a quantum leap into the illustrated future of S/M adventure where it's 2139 and hell on Earth is a place called SADO ISLAND. Two musclebound heros fight a police society that forbids their "deviate" love; then take on the sadistic battlechief of world terrorism Baron Heinrich Von Sado. Travel with Zeus from the disciplines of the Planet Population Police Academy to the torture caverns of Earth's subterranean penal mines, to the experimentation clinics of Dr. Von Sado's island fortress. Zeus catapults your fantasies into the future and penetrates the darkest recesses of your imagination.

ZM-333 SADO ISLAND, 48 pages \$12.50



PLEASE SEND ME

- ☐ ZM-406 ODYSSEY ONE \$10.00 \$
☐ ZM-438 ODYSSEY TWO \$10.00 \$
☐ ZM-333 SADO ISLAND \$12.50 \$

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Signature _____

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SLAVE DANNY

will submit to bondage and tortures for groups, parties, photos or one Master. Phone (818) 846-9486. Thank you, Sirs! (LF4091)

GANGFUCK FRENZY

I mean you spy this wow candyass stacking cans or whatever; Sweet face; Unreal Bod. Yeah! You get with the guys. Always hot. You target the dude, a spot, and force a scene where panicked appeals get stifled by hot stuffed dick into a pounding mouthful of mumbled whimpering grunts... Ain't nothing beat slapping fucktime into resistant bucking toyass to your buddies' head-bouncing facefucking rhythms. Kid (over 18) learns a thing or two or six or twelve... Man! Oh Man! Hey Gang-banger, does all of that incredible stuff walking around pump up your cock to twitching and dripping? Spot one now? Tell us how you can get into and better our action. Limited Openings. Box 5342LF

HUNGRY RIMMER SLAVE

Seeks Master with BB or football big and raunch hole. Hairy & muscular ass is a plus. Needs to eat your shitty hole. Am well-built, BM, 6'1", 187 lbs., good-looking. Send your interests. Sir. Box 5590

COLORADO

FIT TO BE TIED

and ready to be abused. Novice, 46, 170 lbs., hungry and submissive, seeking expert, level-headed top who respects limits to fulfill my bondage fantasy to be stripped, immobilized, tied up, chained, spanked steadily, but not brutally, til my tight, round firm buns glow; then use a condom to fuck me. Dominate with ropes, rack, paddle, whip, chains and expose my ass to heavy workouts with you and/or friends. Toys, some tit work, but no heavy pain. No WS, FF, scat, shaving, drugs, damage please. Submissive and respectful, but not humiliated bottom. GW, PO Box 18005, Denver, CO 80218

HEAVY BONDAGE

45, 185, 5'11", handsome, hairy, hot, moustache. Serious bondage bottom needs prolonged sessions. I enjoy being gagged, hooded, bound, chained, etc. Safe-sex only, please. Limitations: No drugs, FF, scat, or lasting marks. Box 4997

HAIRY UNCUT DADDY

Versatile, hairy, uncut stud into mutual pleasuring through ploughing and milking. Interested in training those who want to explore the world of mutuality with uncut, 6'1" stud, daddy, hairy from head to foot with 8" plough and deep furrow. Tit, ass and cock work guaranteed. Box 5472

INSATIABLE MALE CUNT

doublewide and deep wants expert FF tops for prolonged sessions. Call Larry (303) 832-3906. Box 5544

SLAVE/SON

under 30 sought by older, experienced, loving, health-conscious Leatherman with fully equipped training room. Sincere, hard-working, non drug or alcohol abuser who wants to be something special and appreciates support in reaching educational, physical, career goals should call Mike (303) 692-8021; PO Box 18876, Denver, CO 80218. (LF5506)

CONNECTICUT

BLACK MASTER NEEDED

Attractive white slave desires black Master for a long-term relationship.

Will travel New England, NY, Penn., NJ. 5'10", 165 lbs., brown/blue, moustache. Box 5594

DC—METRO

LEATHER TOP

27, 5'8", 165 lbs., BB. Into body worship and leather service by hot, submissive tongue. You: under 35, into C&BT, TT, BD, shaving and boot service. Receptive mouth and ass a prerequisite. Application & photo get reply. Box 4883LF

HANDSOME BOTTOM

Muscular, hairy GWM, 32 yrs., 5'8", 150 lbs., brown hair and moustache, green eyes, healthy—seeking healthy, hot, hairy, muscular GWM, dominant topman and enjoys good hot sex, verbal action, tit play, etc. Relationship possible! Send photo and phone to Box 4923

HOT STUFF

Hairy, handsome, hot, healthy GWM, 32 yrs., 5'8", 150 lbs., brown hair and moustache, green eyes, masculine, muscular bottom with sensitive tits, seeks dominant, muscular, masculine, hairy GWM topman for hot workouts, possible relationship! Send photo and phone to Box 4889LF

BODYBUILDER SLAVE

DC/MD/VA area. WM, 40, 5'11", 175, 45" chest, 30" waist. Masculine, well-built, lean/muscular; no drugs, nonsmoker, healthy safe sex only; independent, loner, together, earthy. Seek similar Master for the dark, erotic torment of SM dominance/submission, pleasure/pain, whips/nakedness, use/abuse, humiliation/service. Ex-special warfare military experienced in discipline/obedience. Relate to Lawrence of Arabia, Mishima, *The Brig*, *Beauty's Punishment*, *9½ Weeks*, *Story of O*. J.W., PO Box 44029, Ft. Washington, MD 20744. (LF5030)

DEAR SIR: YOUR PERSONAL SLAVE MARKET

BIKERS/LEATHERMEN

Seeking a leather biker jockstrap stud. A man to share the open road with. No such thing as too much leather. Am primarily top but will swing with the right stud. Boots and uniforms a plus. CHIPS ESP. LOOKING FOR A MAN WHO IS HONEST WITH HIMSELF AND WITH ME to enjoy a one-on-one, man-to-man, safe-sex experience that can only come from the open road, seeking out a buddy for friendship, riding partner, Boot lickers esp. encouraged to apply. East coast riders a plus but am reasonably free to travel. All will be answered, photos get mine. Am not looking for just another bike rider (you know who you are). Send all replies to Box 5099LF

LEATHER STUD

Good-looking, professional, 40, 6', 155 lbs., lean, defined body, very masculine, new to leather scene, seeks hot, muscular leather Master to train him, expand his limits and show him the ropes. Travel widely. Box 5064LF

WEEKEND SLAVE

Two professional men, one dark, one blond, early 30s, seek healthy weekend slave. Looking for permanent houseboy—private country setting—close to Washington, Baltimore. Totally health-conscious. Requirements: Willingness to please; 25-35; straight looks; decent body. Moderate bondage, cock, ball & tit work, yard & farm work. Attic playroom. Willing and experienced boys younger than 25 will be considered, but convince us. Also interested in meeting other leather buddies in Hagerstown/Frederick/Winchester/Eastern Panhandle area—we're ready when you are. Box 4596LF

SON LOOKING FOR DAD

WM, early 30s, in search of a Dad. Me, very Gr/pass, into dildoes, spanking, FF, jockstraps and mild S/M. I am looking for that one person to share my life with. No heavy pain and no J/O calls, please. Allen (202) 332-7017. Dad, your son is ready. (LF5025)

EROTIC HANDS

Dominant young top needed by well-trimmed European gentleman in his forties. Also into tits and foreskin games. Box 5499

DEDICATED LEATHERMAN

WM, 37, 5'10", 155, BI/BI, moustache, goatee. SM, BD, CBT, TT, WS, FR, GR. Seeks others into same, both top and bottom. Write: PO Box 2341, Manassas, VA 22110. (LF4696)

K.S.

Handball enthusiast experienced in wide variety other games (usually as TOP in SM) seeks others whose activities also affected by HIV virus. Am intelligent, balanced, self-confident, flexible, articulate, widely traveled, muscular, dark-haired, bearded, 40s. Much more turned on by physical sensuality (either playful or intense) than role-playing or head-trips. Have mild case Kaposi's Sarcoma, apparently controlled by AZT, but otherwise in excellent health and condition. Want a match? Ball's in your court. Box 5199LF

UNCUT VIKING

blond, well-trimmed, wants his large foreskin on big cock played with by imaginative top under 35. Also into heavy assplay and tits. Box 5587

FLORIDA

RAUNCHY MOUTH

GWM, body builder, 28, needs to eat your shitty brown hole—no limits! Also W/S, titwork, Greek. You: 18-40, good build. Phone/photo: Boxholder, Box 3182, Orlando, FL 32802.

BOOT LICKING SLAVE

seeks the taste, smell and feel of leather. Slave, 36, 5'11", anxious to be tied, collared, plugged and shackled by strict leather Master. Sir, this totally submissive, crotch-worshipping slave is ready to follow your instructions and to take your punishment. Please, Sir, let me serve you. PO Box 630782, Miami, FL 33163 (LF4946)

CENTRAL FLORIDA

WM needs leather guidance and discipline. Seeks Master/trainer in full leather to teach the "ropes." Also into jocks, 501s, cockrings and toys. No FF, WS, scat, fats or fems. Respond with photo and your qualifications. Box 5219LF

TAMPA NOVICE SLAVE

Novice slave (27, 5'10", 130 lbs., in shape) needs introduction to the SM/leathersex scene by a stud Master who is willing to teach me how to be his slave. I need training in BD, SM, shaving, enemas, and how to serve a Master (and his friends?) to his complete satisfaction. If you're dominate, 22 to 38, physically fit, don't have a beard, and seek the challenge of training me to serve you, please write to this eager-to-please slave boy with returnable photo for speedy respectful reply. John, PO Box 290804, Tampa, FL 33687. Box 5051LF

NOVICE DESIRES TRAINING

Central East Coast novice seeks introduction and training in leathersex. Totally inexperienced. 39, WM, 6', 180 lbs., needs basic training in S/M. Would discuss limits. Am on fitness program. Eager to learn and expand. This is a sincere offer. Please help me! Safe sex also. Box 5358

NO SHIT

This Master/daddy is 46, 5'8" wants boy who needs me for service & training. No drugs, alcoholics or fems. Total commitment, one on one. Must relocate to West Coast, Fla. Want younger, under 35 preferred, smaller man. But all answered. Let's turn this ad into a success story. Box 4930LF

MACHO MASTERS WANTED

by free-to-travel slave who is well experienced and desirous of hot, sweaty, funky sex with straight, bi or butch gay men who are big, rugged, hairy. Any color or nationality, as long as they like their sex hot and funky in Levis, leather or jocks. Write Box 5471

ADVENTURE IN PARADISE

Looking for hard-bodied, adventurous men into exploring mutual fantasies. I'm experienced, attractive, early 40s, 5'10", 150 lbs., responsible, into working out, bondage, CB and tit work and hot JO scenes. Most important: a hot body and sense of adventure. Reply (with photo if possible) to PO Box 4911, Key West, FL 33041.

SLAVE/HOUSEBOY WANTED

GWM, 30s, wants GWM 18-28. You should be slim, muscular, or smooth. No smoke, drugs. Bottom into pleasing Master in every way. Write with photo to: PO Box 2072, Stuart, FL 33495.

KEY WEST

WM, 39, 6'6", 240 lbs., moustache, well-hung, on vacation Key West Dec. 17 to Jan 7. Wants to meet good-looking guys into spanking, bondage and humiliation, give or take. Write if you think you're man enough, with photo, phone and fantasy. Box 5609

GEORGIA

VERSATILE

Attractive WM, 38, 6'2", beard, masculine, sensual, seeks hot sessions with good-looking, slender, smooth, verbal guys 25-40 into good smoke, amyl, toys, enemas, WS, light bondage, shaving, greasy, wet or torn jocks or briefs, 501s, outdoor sex, exhibitionism and fantasy scenes. Send letter with photo and phone to: Drummer Box 4857LF

ATLANTA S&M

Top (sadist), bottom (masochist), into leather, BD, whips and paddles, CBT, dildoes, FF and safe sex, looking for singles, couples, or groups into all, or any of the above. This top is 5'8", 41, bearded, intense and experienced. Bottom is 40, 5'8", cleanshaven, muscular, good-looking, into heavy bondage and exhibitionism. Your picture, phone number and letter gets ours. Write: 1096 Monroe Dr. N.E., Atlanta, GA 30306. (LF4866)

ATLANTA B/D DADDY WANTED

by college student, 21, 5'6", 135 lbs., dark hair, brown eyes, bearded and moderately hairy (but will shave if the right daddy wishes). Son wants relationship with bearded daddy under 50 with paternal instinct, who can dominate, punish and nurture. Box 5560LF

FISTFUCKER/

PUNCHFUCKER A/P

seeks same with HUGE hands. Box 5520

HORNY GUYS WANTED

GWM couple—hot, horny, versatile and friendly. 30, 5'10", 160 lbs. sandy hair, brown eyes, hairy chest, moustache, chest tattoo, versatile, insatiable sexual appetite. 37, 5'10", 150 lbs., salt-pepper hair, blue eyes, moustache, smooth chest, top/bottom, seek gay/bi singles/couples for any scene, experienced/inexperienced, from Fr/Gr to SM, BD, FF, etc. Like leather, Levi, jocks, toys, arom, smoke. Visitors welcome. Phone exchange. All replies

answered. FSC, PO Box 76125, Atlanta, GA 30358-1125. (404) 636-1688.

ILLINOIS

DANNY NEEDS DADDY

GWM, 40, 5'5", 165 lbs., brn/brn, 7 1/2", thick, uncut, seeks to submit—needs affection and discipline. FF, TT, BD, no scat. Call or write DAN, Box 87, 924 W. Belmont, Chicago, IL 60657, (312) 477-0490. Thank you, Daddy!

5 YEARS AND...

We've fucked, sucked, sweated, pissed on stretched balls, stuffed, beaten asses, chewed pierced tits and shot loads of hot cum. Dad, 25, 6'2", 210, tattooed, pierced. Rope, leather, whips and piss. Boy, 27, 5'10", 155, great dick, hungry hole, just right for stretching. Looking for a butch uncle to pull tricks on Dad. Chicago. Box 5569LF

SAFE SEX IS HOT SEX

ASS-LICKING FART SNIFFER

Masculine, good-looking GWM, 31, needs humiliation, degradation, ridicule, verbal/physical abuse (no heavy pain) from older guys any age/weight, but must be masculine. PO Box 146402, Chicago, IL 60614-6402.

HOT BLOND COCKSUCKER!

Hot, hung bottom seeks aggressive tops. Use me! (312) 594-5310.

GOOD-LOOKING SLENDER WM

27, dressed in full leather, seeks other tops or bottoms into leather scene. Prefer being top, but extremely versatile. I'm open-minded, willing to try anything once. Into everything from cuddling and playing gently all the way to SM, BD, whipping, paddling, etc. We can work out your mildest to wildest fantasies together. Photo appreciated, but not necessary. Can travel IL and surrounding states. Box 5582LF

NEED HUNG TOPS

Novice, 42, 5'4", 130 lbs., seeks hung tops to use my hungry, submissive body. Want level-headed Top who respects limits. Strip me, spank me, fuck me, deep, hard, repeatedly, w/ condoms. Groups OK. Expand my limits in SM. Ass needs heavy workouts w/ friends; pass me around! Toys, titwork, shaving, B/D. No scat, FF, damage. Want exclusive Tops who know what they want and how to take it. Ages 25-45. Leather a turn-on. Reply to Box 109DH, 3952 N. Southport, Chicago, IL 60613, or call (312) 472-1871. Ask for DJ. (LF5215)

FORMER MASTER

Has-been PRO-wrestler type (big, bearded, balding, 210 lbs., 6', 46) gang-banged into submission, now seeks rough use and abuse from dominant studs into B/D, VA, TT, buttplugs, dildoes, etc. Complete my degradation into total DILDOFUCKHOLE. Bull Twat prefers smaller, aggressive, authoritarian Masters, but any take-charge stud served. Use me hard, then throw me out. Will travel for humiliation and degradation. Box 5249

BONDAGE WITH A TWIST

Slim, smooth, blond GWM, 26, seeks husky, very hairy bottom for safe, but heavy bondage scenes with TLC. Prefer beard, moustache, nice hairy beer gut. No pain. Serious only. Chicago area. Box 5543

BOTTOM SEEKS TRAINING

Chicago bottom needs experienced masculine top man to further my sexual education. I am WM, 35, 5'10", 170 lbs., blond/blue eyes. Needs further training in SM, FF, bondage, tit torture, dildoes, W/S. Please, Sir, use my hungry, deep throat and hot, eager ass. Will service one Master or groups. Please write with description of how I can please you. Box 5483LF

INDIANA

REAL MAN WANTED

by attractive white male, 32, 6', 170 lbs., and experienced bottom, for occasional torture and possible relationship. I'm versatile and enjoy receiving heavy cock, ball and tit torture. If you are: 21-45, sadistic and imaginative—Great. Photo & phone answered first. No fats, fems, scat or FF. Box 5367

S/M NEOPHYTE SEEKS MASTER

Bottom WM, 40, 5'8", 135 lbs., brown/blue, moustache, cut needs top who will let me please him. Teach me to accept pain/pleasure. Help me to accept subservience. Expand my limits to suit your needs through trust, respect, and worth. Box 5359

NIPPLES & KINK

Blond, 50s, thick, uncut, playful. Photo/phone exchange. 141 lbs., hungry. Clean sex, macho. NK, PO Box 8094, South Bend, IN 46637-8094.

IOWA

BONDAGE FANTASIES

fulfilled by slave, 23, 5'11", 165, into role-playing and extensive creative bondage. Need a son to discipline, a student to train, or a hitchhiker to pick up and hold captive??? Write detailed letter to: Dave, PO Box 1126, Des Moines, IA 50311.

KANSAS

MASTER/DADDY SEEKS SLAVE

Dominant Master/daddy, 35, 5'10", 155, seeks slave for weekend/occasional use and abuse. Scenes from light to heavy, but will stop at your limits. Prefer hot, young studs with good build. The Master, PO Box 1373, Manhattan, KS 66502.

KENTUCKY

KENTUCKY LEATHERMEN?

Leather bottom, 35, 5'6", 145, beard, turns on to leather and cigars. Am Fr/a, Gr/p. No need for artificial role-playing. I know what I am and what I like to do. Reply with photo to Box 5515LF

LOUISIANA

LEVI/LEATHER/RUBBER MASTER

Harley rider, write me. So. La. close to New Orleans & Baton Rouge. Are you a Harley rider & bottom. It's a plus. WM, 44, 6'1", 200, bald, beard & very hairy. Into safe sex, SM, heavy bondage, leather & rubber, boots shaving, toys, rim & hot wax & more. Seeking bottoms into same, also other tops welcome to write. Bottom must be very straight-acting, no fem, no scat, no FF or smokers. Will train. Permanent Master/slave relationship possible. Write Sir, or phone (504) 473-6087 after 10 P.M.

MUTUAL ACTION

Not into roles—interested in mutual action, especially serious titwork and wrestling matches. Want to explore many aspects of the leather life. Would also like to carry on active correspondence with hot, verbal guys. I am 30, 5'9", 225. Write to PO Box 2364, Slidell, LA 70459.

MARYLAND

SLAVE SLAVE SLAVE

If I haven't made it perfectly clear, that's what I am—ready to be used by my hot, leather Master. I respectfully submit my 30-year, W/M, 6', 175 lb., hairy body to the hands, cock, boots and bindings of my aggressive and dominant top. I need to obey your

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ADDRESS _____

CITY, STATE, ZIP _____

orders, grovel under your leather boots, yield my mind and body to your total control. Limits: drugs, scat, fisting, shaving, permanent damage—very health conscious—but still obedient. Your turn! Please show and tell me why I need you to enslave me. Box 4848

BEARDED MASTER

40, 5'10", 169 lbs., hung thick, experienced, understanding. Seeks clean slaves for long, safe sexual sessions in my Annapolis, MD fully equipped den. New men get TLC. Letters with photo, mailing address, full name, and complete body information get answered. Also need other good tops for sharing trained slaves. Box 3893LF

MASSACHUSETTS

OH SHIT!

Slave, 34, 5'7", 135, hot, into tongue baths, toilet service, shit worship, forced feedings of all male body filth—no exceptions—bondage, enemas, dildoes, whips, paddles, tit-clamps, ballwork. Needs smelly, unwashed, hot Master(s)—younger the better—for training and punishment. (617) 661-4657. PO Box 1736. Cambridge, MA 02238. Relocation possible. (LF5468)

CONTRASTS

A stinging slap on the butt, a gentle caress. A harsh, demanding Master who loves his boy when he's good and punishes him when he gets out of line. An adoring slave who lives to serve his master but has a mind of his own. Leather, bondage, discipline, boot-licking, ass, cock, tit and ball play, raunch, wrestling, fantasy. I'm a well-built, handsome, little guy, 30, into either or both roles. Health conscious, no one-nighters. Box 102, Boston, MA 02112.

GWM LIVE-IN SLAVE WANTED

Master wants 20 to 35-year-old slave, 6'+ tall, 160 lbs., with good build. No facial hair, into heavy rubber, leather, ready for S/M, bondage, WS, masks, hoods, restraints. You will be my houseboy-slave (not bottom). Your rewards, to have someone to love you and provide for your needs. You will relocate immediately to small New England town, live in large ranch house with extensive toy room. No drugs, FF or scat. Master, in my sixties, sexually 40s, retired with plenty of time for my slave. You may have to work part-time. Call (413) 267-5278 before 10:00 PM eastern time for more information. No JO calls. (LF4247)

MASTER SEEKS MUSC.SLAVES

Master, 34, tall, well-built, construction workers body, successful, educated, Boston based, seeks slaves, 18-30, smooth, hard, well-defined bodies, swimmers, gymnasts, body builders in need of a demanding man to guide your life. I will use your body for my pleasure. You will submit to BD and SM as I command. I will train inexperienced with proper attitudes, complete obedience, and superior physiques. You will work or go to school as I require. Relocation possible for top quality applicant. Send current physique photos and letter detailing biographical information, fantasies, qualifications and telephone no. to: Master, Box 451, 89 Mass Ave., Boston, MA 02115. (LF5304)

FIRST TIME AD FROM LOWELL

Is this novice (no experience) man enough to be trained in BD, SM, TT, CBT, WS, Fr/a, Gr/p, FF trained, dildoes, butt plugs, etc. This 33-yr.-old, white male, who stands at 5'2" tall, weighs 130 lbs. (medium built, hairy

chest) would like to find out. MY LIMITS MUST BE RESPECTED. Please send a description and a photo of yourself and a way to contact. I'm being sincere and honest. No age preference. Write to Box 5542

GWM SLAVES 18-29
LIVE IN. CALL (617) 497-0651.

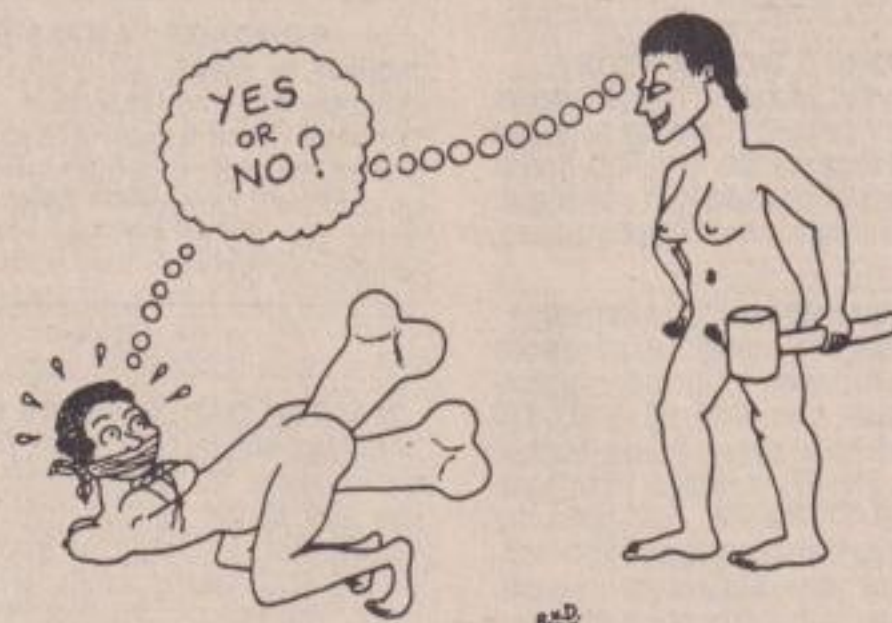
MICHIGAN

WM BOTTOM

WM, 36, 6'2", 198 lbs., moustache, into BD, WS, tit torture. Some experience, need to explore and expand limits. Box 5138LF

MICHIGAN DADDY/SON

looking for others to entertain. Into lots and have well-equipped dungeon. Willing to meet and train novices into SM, BD, WS, tops also welcome. If interested, write detailed letter with desires and experience. Be honest. Robert/Neal, 1030 Adams Rd. So., Rochester Hills, MI 48063-5147.



From Bruce N. Duncan's *Top Comedy and Bottom Burlesque*. \$4 from Sandmutopia Supply Co., PO Box 11314 San Francisco, CA 94101-1314. Please add \$1.50 shipping and handling.

MINNESOTA

DADDY WANTS SON

Seeking young man for permanent relationship. Daddy/Master, 6', 165, 41, stable, sensitive, sincere, loving, dominant/leather. Son/slave: slim, smooth, 18-30 (youngest given preference, all others considered), submissive, obedient, needs and wants someone to take control of his life and provide direction and security. Son should desire affection as well as light SM, BD, humiliation, ownership, shaving, WS, verbal abuse, being fucked; must be excellent cocksucker. Novice okay as son will be fully trained to serve and service his Daddy/Master and will derive pleasure from knowing that he is serving his Daddy well. Serious sons should send application letter and photo to Box 4202LF.

MASTER

GWM, 33, bearded, hairy, seeks slave/son, 21-45, into B/D, TT, CB/T. Will train novices. Informative letter to: PO Box 22602, Mpls., MN 55422.

MISSISSIPPI

LOVING LEATHERMAN SEEKS RELATIONSHIP

Jockstraps are for cheek creases 'n' basket bulges, hard-balling games, climactic excruciation. Leathers are for daily wear, long bike tours, sweaty aromas, harnessed, heavy huggin' and more. At 43, 5'8", 143 lbs., I'm a balding, bearded, booted professional enjoying all of the above in a drug and smoke-free, but well-leathered life. Looking for

a together guy who's comfortable in leather without artificial putdowns or attitudes, and who appreciates home traditions and the finer arts. If you share these definitions and interests and feel a long-term commitment is worth working for, please write Harold, PO Box 5172, Biloxi, MS 39534 (LF4831).

MISSOURI

FF BOTTOM NEEDS TOP

WM, 5'10", 175, 37, two years into red hanky right and looking for long-term serious trainer for my hungry hole. Help me break in my new sling. PO Box 507, Florissant, MO 63033.

FIND YOUR DEAR SIR IN DEAR SIR

TWO VERY WELL-HUNG TOPS

Both 5'10", 165/170 lbs., dark hair/blond hair, smooth chest/hairy chest, seek young masculine bottoms for very hot scenes in well-equipped black-light "playroom" (with sling)—SM, BD, CBT.

NEVADA

BONDAGE SLAVE WANTED

I travel northern Nevada, California, southern Oregon and live in Reno, Nevada. Not into bar/bath routine, clean and practice safe sex. This semi-retired white male is 48, 5'8", 170 lbs., and uncut. Enjoys videos, movies, good food, swimming, camping, other outdoor activities and quiet times, etc. Serious bondage bottom slave wanting prolonged sessions bound and gagged in different positions to fulfill your sexual desires or fantasies. Any race, cut, uncut, good build, under forty. Apply now, slave, with photo, phone number, desires and or fantasies. Permanent Master/slave relationship possible. Box 5163LF

NEW JERSEY

RENAISSANCE MAN OF KINKS

Boots, armpits, feet, jocks, 501s, leather, sweatsocks are a few of my favorite things. GWM, 32, 6'1", 180—versatile, experienced, healthy—sks fellow travellers in esoteric sex and more mundane pleasures—movies, opera, books, etc. Smokers, social drinkers, and recreational druggies preferred. NO PHONECALLS. Write first with photo if possible (returnable). T.R. Witomski, 41 Bonaire Dr., Toms River, NJ 08757.

TORTURE TURN YOU ON?

Wonder how much you can take? Find out. Experienced sadist seeks young (18-30), well-built captives man enough to endure imaginative and heavy bondage, pain and torture in my extraordinarily equipped dungeon. Limits explored and expanded as, naked and chained, you twist, sweat and moan under slow torture and the whip. More interested in classic torture scenes than leather sex. Weekend trips and outdoors a specialty. (201) 874-6725 weekdays after 8 P.M. EST, anytime weekends. (LF4769)

SULTRY DAYS—STEAMY NIGHTS DEAR SIR

NOVICE SLAVE SEEKS TRAINING

Union County slave is 26, 5'7", 156 lbs., brown hair, brown eyes. Very hairy, muscular, wild, hairy ass loves to be fucked long and hard. Need training by sincere, muscular Master. The more muscles the better. All replies with photo answered first. Box 4956LF

ROPED, RAPED, BOUND, GAGGED

Hot, handsome, tan-black, virile, muscular, athletic jock (5'10", 170, 33 yrs.) enjoys heavy restraint, bondage, wrestling, forced safe sex, or no sex, but lots of tying and gagging. Top mostly, but can be bottom. Additional turn-ons: sweat-sox, jockstraps, sweaty, lean, hairy, hard bodies, tight jeans, boots, leather and plenty of rope. Discreet, safe, sane, sanitary, healthy. Want to meet long-lasting, lean jock buddies with similar interests. PO Box 1368, Atlantic City, NJ 08404.

SLAVE SERVICE

offered by 28-yr.-old. Fuck, humiliate, and piss on me. No pain. Trenton-Princeton area. Box 205, Morrisville, PA 19067.

HOT HUNGRY BOTTOM

Can you top this extremely handsome, healthy, 26-year-old WM? I'm 6', 155 lbs., with all-American-boy good looks. If you have virile good looks and are intelligent and secure, as I am, experienced in FF and using toys, then my greased hole won't disappoint you. Safe sex only! Possible permanent relationship. Phone/photo. PO Box 5411, Somers, NJ 08873.

MONTANA

COWBOY BIKER

WM, 5'10", 140, hung, interested in meeting other cowboys or bikers with tight, bulging Levi crotches or for leather-against-leather action including bootwork, on or off cycle. Enjoy rodeos and traveling. Go down on my spurred cowboy boots or my heavy high biker boots and black leather pants/chaps. Photo with letter gets same. Mark Redford, Box 1462, Conrad, MT 59425.

NEBRASKA

OMAHA AREA

A sexual WM, bondage Master, 36, 5'10", 185, wants part-time WM slaves 18-35. Light to moderate SM optional. Any experience level. No scat, WS, drugs. Address/phone number to Gary, PO Box 733, Bellevue, NE 68005-0733. (LF5474)

NEW MEXICO

NORTHERN NEW MEXICO

WM, 27, 150, 6', attractive, healthy and athletic is looking for top/bottom men for friendship and exploration of SM, BD. Versatile and open-minded. Interest in leather, boots, uniforms, fantasy scenes. Safety and discretion assured. All answered. Photo/letter to Box 5513LF

NEW YORK

WS SLAVE SEEKS DOM. STUD

Attractive, 6', 175 lbs., hung, good body, sexy, submissive, great mouth and ass, wants big beer drinkers with big thick cocks to fill my mouth and pound my ass. I piss a lot, if you want to drink it, Sir. PO Box 6619, Yorkville Sta., New York, NY 10128.

GET SHITFACED

Rubber/leather Master studboy (23) seeks trashman who nees game of craps. Position "open" for pickup/receiving dumps, loading up on overstocked rear warehouse—"backlog" of goods *must be liquidated*, you are in charge of handling. Rubber/leather uniform REQUIRED for recycling waste. Employee benefits include direct position under boss, all sports. Excellent tightend for good receiver. Seminars on puke, snot, spit, toejam, farts offered. Shitbeer, bathing/wearing brown juice/crappy clothes, making/eating your own mudpies, plus stench, filth, raunch, degradation. Experience not necessary, wicked desire for job is. *Limited experience preferred*. Health conscious, heavy visuals. *Buttstuds only offer*. Box 5552

I CAN REDUCE YOU TO

AN INHUMAN THING. I get a photo. Box 5204

SLAVE AND/OR BOTTOM

Opportunity to serve under incredible Master/top as houseboy and caretaker on beautiful L.I., NY, grounds. You will live in your own cottage and have a pleasant and stimulating life, surrounded by natural beauty and erotic days and nights. Only for the man who truly wants the reality of the society we live in, with the escape to the fulfillment of his fantasy world as a complete slave/bottom. Reply to Box 4255LF.

SLAVES WANTED

GWM slaves, 18-27, into no-limit C&BT, vices, electric liquid heat, and heavy pain. Also TT, FF, whipping while in rigid spread-eagled bondage for 1+ days. Call DR on (617) 497-0651, Boston, MA. Leave your age, description and heaviest experience with phone no. and best time to return call. I'm 45, GWM, 6', 210 lbs.

LEATHER, BONDAGE

NYC WM, 34, 5'7", dark hair, attractive, seeks other leathermen up to 38. Am into bondage (hoods, collars, restraints, etc.) and some SM. Turned on especially by hot young studs in full leather. Am usually bottom, but sometimes switch. Replies to Box 245, New York, NY 10008. (LF5356)

ARIES, NOVICE

40, WM, 5'5", 145 lbs., uncut, needs help learning joys of C&B, bondage, wine enemas, catheters, hot wax, assplay. Not into FF, scat, heavy pain. Have extensive leather, toy collection, boot hoist, sling, suspension harness. Waiting for right teacher with hairy chest, well-built, to age 45. Your photo and phone gets mine. Box 5410

MUSCLEMAN/SLAVE WANTED

by very good-looking, 39-year-old WM Master. You must be mentally ready to give up control and ownership of your body and physically capable of handling forced workouts, long-term bondage, muscle beatings, discipline and punishment. You will have to convince me that you are ready to have your limits expanded to meet my needs. We will work together, slowly, to bring you to the point where you can take no more. I will then decide whether to throw you out with the garbage or let you become my slave. Serious BB slaves may begin the process by calling (914) 356-0754.

VERSATILE SLAVE SOUGHT

for training, confinement and discipline. You must be GWM, slender and muscular, 28 to 45, in need of domination and into all forms of S/M. Must be capable of honest affection and ready to make commitment. This Master is not interested in one-night stands or "bar games." Seeking a slave to develop a compatible relationship with in and out of the leather scene. You must be professionally employed and intelligent, heavy into leather and obedient, but you must also be fully capable of stepping out of the sex scene and relating in the world to your Master as a companion. You must fully respect yourself and wish to be cared for, emotionally, as an individual and be able to return it. Your reward will be to have all of your sexual fantasies realized in your Master's dungeon where your position as a slave will be felt. Safe sex is observed by this Master. Your Master is in 30s, tall, dark hair, muscular. This ad applies to all of New York state as I travel. Respond with photo, phone and letter. Box 5313LF

LEGIT PHYSICIAN NEEDED

who believes that regular, extensive examinations of the rectum, penis and testicles is essential to the maintenance of good health. I am serious, professional. You are also. (212) 874-1325.

EXECUTIVE DADDY

41, 200 lbs., 6', BB, seeks smooth, athletic boy for safe sex. Live-in possible. Your photo gets mine. James Duke, PO Box 640683, San Francisco, CA 94164. (LF5310)

PRIME MEET

WM, 6'3", 200, hairy, handsome, healthy, hung, 36, 18 years experience as kinky, expert, sadistic top. Now want to form versatile 1-1 relationship with another imaginative, aware top/bottom. No: One-nights, addicts, brutality, scat, manipulators (you know who you are). Yes: Leather, love, workouts, commitment. Photo exchange a must. Box 5368LF

LEATHER DISCIPLINING

wanted by experienced masochist, 5'10", 170, muscular and hot. Restrain my power, clamp on my firm protruding nips, stimulate my endurance with whips, wax, weights, etc. If you are sane and sadistic—and can convert a bottom to slave—send description of yourself and scene. Phone. Travel frequently to Calif. and Illinois. Box 5110

BB SON/SLAVE WANTED

by 200 lb., WM hairy muscular dad in NYC. Professional, secure man, looking for live-in, possibly competition bound, body builder who needs love, discipline and guidance. Must be over 200 lbs., large pecs, thighs, arms and tough abs. Dad can provide. Letter, photo/phone to Box 4717LF

DEEP IN THE HARD OF TEXAS

A 24-HOUR
PHONE FANTASY
(713) 526-4739

LIVE HOT
CONVERSATIONS WITH
REAL TEXANS!

No scripts, No tapes, No dialogues

All Major Credit Cards
Must be 18

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SEEN AND MEN YOU HAVEN'T

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CITY/STATE _____
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Signature _____
I verify that I am 21 years of age or older.

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TAPE ODYSSEY
P.O. BOX 756
263A W. 19TH ST.
NEW YORK, NY 10011

PLEASE SEND ME: ☐ VHS ☐ BETA

1 VIDEO @ \$79.95

NY residents add 8 1/4% tax

Postage & handling \$3.50

TOTAL

Certified check or money order, allow 6-8 weeks for
delivery. Personal checks take extra time!



LEATHER UNIFORM MASTER
49, 6'1", trim, clean shaven disciplinarian will inspect men for duty who understand the meaning and value of discipline over indulgence, obedience over arrogance, ready to bare ass and bend their back out of strength not weakness, and who recognize corporal punishment as a time tested but often denied ritual of manhood to insure and reinforce proper attitude and behavior. Box 4781

ARE YOU OVER 60?
White male needs older male (60+) who is masculine and has experience. I am 34, healthy, in good physical shape, an eager, willing learner and I am considered very good-looking. Am not a complete novice, rather prefer a person who understands his own enjoyments and can move things, maturely in this direction. I've been told (on several occasions) that my French abilities are absolutely incredible ("the best ever"). And as this was always by someone with many years of experience, this may be particularly meaningful. In addition, I have had a bit of experience around bondage and discipline. But your preferences are foremost and I would expect to adapt myself to your pleasures.

If it wouldn't be a turn-off to you, a recent picture or pictures of you would be much valued... either the regular type, revealing, in action, whatever. Grey or white hair is a definite plus. For the person who fits these images, I would very much want to bring pleasure, that is, to satisfy him in every way. I live in NY now, am in NYC almost daily and I travel outside NY on a regular basis (Midwest and Fla. at present). Relocation could be arranged if a full-time situation turned out to be desirable to you. Please write soon? Box 5105LF

WANTED: POLICE ACTION SCENES
Cop wants action with motorcycle or mounted cop in uniform. Action could include bootlicking, uniform worship, buddy trips or being used as mounted cop's horse. I'm 32, 190, muscular and tough. Must have uniform to reply. White only. Write Box 2120, Elizabeth, NJ 07207-2120.

STREET FEET
This hot stud is into a natural, masculine, barefoot lifestyle and attitude, and goes barefoot everywhere, always. Would like to meet other hot, masculine, barefoot studs, young punks, and street dudes, who are the same, with tough, calloused feet that are always filthy dirty—for barefoot outings, correspondence, and hot, man-to-man action. Love going barefoot on dirty city streets, in stores, bars, gyms, etc. Also barefoot and barechested in old jeans or cutoffs. If this lifestyle is you, then contact this very hot, goodlooking, naturally masculine BB, who is W, 5'10", 172 lbs. of muscle, straight in looks and attitude, uninhibited, and hung like a horse. Your barefoot photo gets mine. The dirtier they are the better. The bold, the tough, the daring, the few. B.F., 16 Sandy Hollow Rd., Northport, NY 11768. (LF4872)

PISS BUDDY
Western NY (Buffalo-Erie, PA area) rural, nature-oriented GWM, 34, 5'8", 170, uncut, brown moustache, seeks piss buddy (25-40) for safesex redneck raunch scenes. Into pissing in and on raunchy Levis, leather, boots, cigars, pits, uniforms, some SM. Top, bottom or mutual. I get horny in the backwoods and need a dirty, sweaty, masculine man for piss and abuse. Passing through or friend or relationship possible. Box 5284LF

ENEMA MASTER NEEDED
Hot, 35, good-looking Italian slave needs training from enema Master, bondage and discipline, CBT, dildoes, spanking. PO Box 1256, FDR Station, New York, NY 10150.

CUTE YOUNG NYC SADISTS!
Handsome white Master, 22, forming exclusive AIDS-safe group of similar studs to help discipline and humiliate my slave-daddy in gang bangs. Offer open to healthy, attractive tops only. First time in SM okay. Face photo gets quickest reply. Box 5525

HUNGRY RIMMER SLAVE WANTS DOMINANT
GWM, 31, good-looking, wishes to serve masculine top(s) as body servant and dog trainee. Do: Will receive harsh use, Fr, heavy bondage, humiliation, paddling, WS, toys. Will give you great rim and a lot of respect and obedience. Come sit down on the greatest oral massage you've ever had, for an hour or a weekend. Also into kinky fantasy trips: boot/sneaker worship, deep rimming upon command, raunch holes, motorcycle slave, houseboy/servitude/meal role, uniforms, enforced chastity, confinement, public humiliation, long-term bondage and frat hazing. Want to try frequent Scat: Regular meals or munching/tongue-toilet-paper service/head stuck down the bowl. Am seeking more than a purely sexual relationship: Am intelligent, mature, masculine and good company. Want to find similar in others. JBZ, c/o Suite 325, 80 E. 11 St., New York, NY 10003. (LF5201)

HOT & BUTCH NYC BOTTOM
White stud, 39, 6', 185 lbs., thick 8" cut dick; handsome with thick, dark-brown hair, moustache and eyes needs to be pussy to a hot, hung, butch, dominant TOPMAN. Pussy is horny, very masculine construction worker type who wants to service hot and wild and butch TOPS with BIG dicks. Besides sucking cockmeat and getting plowed, I can get turned on by leather, fantasies, submission, verbal abuse, wrestling, body worship, ass toys, bondage, discipline, and other SAFE SEX turn-ons. Not into pain, but enjoy a good fight and spanking. Also dig hotscene jerkoffs and porn and "parties." Dominant and masculine TOPMEN, send photo (if possible), phone and letter to: Box 4776LF

HOT MOUTH FOR UNCUTS
Phimosed, and leather-encased cuts, and great work on curved and mutilated cocks. Hot guys welcome. Tony Collins, PO Box 6969, FDR Sta., New York, NY 10022. (LF5347)

BIG SOFT NIPS ON BIG HARD PECS
Big Soft Lips on Big Hard Butt. Offered to tough little muscled NYC area 'hand'y man for shaping, stroking, regular upkeep by hot, hunky, healthy, horny, hard-cut ex-top, 45, 6'1", 175, 16" arms, 45" chest, 38" butt, 22½" thighs, 16½" calves, 7½" dick. Correspond with hot little tops needing big bottoms. Box 5365LF

HAIRY AND BEEFY
dominant in daily life, submissive in sex. 6', 190, 35, handsome, healthy, successful professional, masculine, green eyes, brown hair (thinning), active, supportive, serious, bright, caring & sexy. Not into gay lifestyle. Interests: exercise, travel, NYC, cultural activities, body building, food & running. Turn-ons (but not necessary): Wasps, muscles (especially biceps), beautiful dicks (especially vertical dicks) & cocky men. Safe sex only. Relationship possible. Suite 2123, PO Box 788, Madison Square Sta., New York, NY 10159.

BIG GUY SEEKS DADDY
I'm 36, 6'2", 220 lbs. with shaved head and beard. Looking for intelligent, affectionate Daddy who needs a dominant, strong man for intense, kinky, but healthy sexual relationship. Into shaving, tit work, ball stretching, bondage, hot wax and more. Not into pain or life-threatening situations. Write Box 4709LF.

SLAVE WANTED
Masculine Master, WM, 6'2", 180 lbs., seeks slave for training and possible relationship. Must be submissive and obedient. Live in Upstate NY. Box 4756LF

KINKY MAN-TO-MAN ACTION
Hot stud, 29, 5'9", 160 is looking for some raunch action. I am into kinky safe fantasy trips, toilet, FF. Eager to expand limits. Phone and photo please. Box 5570

TIT TORTURE
Good-looking, 30, 5'10", 155, into mutual clamps, weights, pinching. Photo a must. Box 5573

CAVERNOUS SHAVED PIG
available to you. This sexy, hot Scorpio could be your man. WM, 39, 5'7", beard, shaved chest, ass, balls, pierced, but most important, healthy. Versatile, uninhibited hot pig into mutual scenes, including L/L, deep FF, ass toys, B/D, W/S, CB/T, boots, socks, jocks (especially those requiring washing and cleaning with my mouth/tongue). Also into photos and videos. Turn off to fats/overweights and men unable to live their fantasies. Photo/phone to Box 1440, Madison Sq. Sta., NYC, NY 10011. Experience a real man! (LF5575)

STUD MANHOLE
available for serious play. Handsome BB, 39, 6', 7", 165, GWM. Needs domination (Master, Daddy) to be total bottom, including bondage, CBT, TT, FF, leather discipline. This hungry fucker's ready for training. Photo/phone to Box 5580

WELL-TANNED HIDES?
WM, 42, 6'2", 180, red hair, blue eyes, moustache, is into flogging and other fun things on a mutual basis. No role playing; but a reciprocal abuse of each other's buns with paddle, belt, whip, whatever. Also TT and CBT. With or without bondage. Let's find out how much each of us can take. No scat or body fluids. Safe sex only. Box 5596

SWEAT—T/T—W/S
Looking for dudes who dig sloppy, wet play, torn Levis, piss-stained jocks, sweaty feet and ripe-smelling holes. I'm top or bottom. You are too. Hairy dudes and silver dads reply. PO Box 754, Albany, NY 12201.

NORTH CAROLINA

SLAVE FOR MASTER
YOU: Master/Daddy/Top, masculine, healthy, heavy built, hairy, muscular, well-endowed, 5'10"+, mature, experienced, demanding, tough, sane, caring, intelligent, honest, stable and secure. Seeking total surrender, domination, control. Thorough exploring, extensive training, and total commitment. ME: slave/son/bottom, WM, 30, 5'10", 175 lbs., masculine, healthy, hairy, moustached, brown hair, blue eyes, submissive, obedient, intelligent, stable, professional, secure, straight-looking and acting. Eager to serve, respect, worship. Warm, sensitive, devoted, caring, possible relationship. Heavy B&D, moderate SM, C&BT, TT, FR a/p, heavy GR/p, WS, VA, leather, poppers, uniforms, toys, rough action, expanding limits. Sir, please send your orders, photo and phone to Box 4903LF. Sir.

NORTH DAKOTA

EASTERN NORTH DAKOTA
Masculine, straight-appearing, health-conscious GWM, 30, 6'2", 200, hairy-chested, wants to meet/correspond with similar men. I enjoy Gr a/p, toys and would like to learn mutual F/F in a sensual and sane atmosphere. Photo, phone if possible. Box 5466

OHIO

CIN. CITY PIG SLOP
Into: Mud holes, grease pits, slime and stinkin' filthy raunch. Send letter and photo: PO Box 128719, Cincinnati, OH 45212.

CINCINNATI/DAYTON AREA
160 lbs., 6'1", 52-year-old, size 13 boot. Heavy boot service, leather, uniforms, subservience. No scat or heavy pain. Evenings until 11 P.M. (513) 423-5159.

MASTER HAS HOT SLAVE TO SHARE
GWM lovers: Levi/Leather Master, 40s, will share hunky, handsome, ready-to-serve slave, 20s. Seek Master and or Master with slave for safe, hot 3- or 4-way fantasy sessions. Leather, BD, CBT, WS, SM, FF. Photo, phone and letter to Drummer Box 5521

DADDY/MASTERS NEEDED
GWM, 35, 185 lbs., 5'11", beard, brown hair, green eyes, 7" cut, A/Fr, P/Gr, submissive. Seeking hot, hung, muscled hairy tops, 25-45, for SM, BD, WS, TT, C/BT, FF, shaving enemas. Expand my limits, while I worship your body, Sir, and fulfill your leather fantasies. Dayton/Cincinnati, OH. Box 5514LF

DAYTON MASTER, 30s
accepting applications for slaves. Weekly visits, my place. CBT, TT and intense whippings. Reasonable limits respected, expanded. The abuse and humiliation you so richly deserve await. Letter, with complete description of past sessions required. Photos answered first. Let me take you on a walk through hell. Box 5490

BARE ASS SPANKINGS BY DAD
51. From mild hand-spanking to spread-eagled strapping in special punishment building in the country. Akron area. Box 5524

HUNGRY HOT BUTTHOLE
Butch leather stud looking for you to conquer his hot fuck hole. Only real men need apply. Are you a real man or just talk like so many that I have heard from? It is amazing how many of you so-called butch tops are nothing but PUSSY. My fuck hole is so hot that most real men are wiped out after round one. So if you think that you can handle me, write, Sir, to Occupant, PO Box 93204, Cleveland, OH 44101. Me, 36, 5'11", 175, br/gr, moustache, round ass. Your picture would be nice, Sir, but not necessary. SIR, are you up to the challenge of a real man's fuck hole??

DADDY MASTER WANTS SLAVE
WM Master, 39, 5'11", 195, brn hair and eyes, seeks slaves for S&M, B&D, TT, watersports, shaving, training and service. Photo and phone to Box 4137LF.

CIN/DAYTON AREA
160 lbs., 6'1", 52-yr-old, size 13 boot, heavy boot service, leather, uniforms, subservience. No scat, heavy pain. Eves. until 11 P.M. (513) 423-5159.

OKLAHOMA

BALLS! BALLS! BALLS!
Hunky, ex-football player, 6'2", 200 lbs., endowed, bearded, 36-year-old

Daddy looking for those low hangers. Will perform special Hellfire technique to balls that make this man take notice. PO Box 18441, Oklahoma City, OK 73154. (LF5319)

OREGON

NEED TRAINING/CONTROL?

Salem WM, mid-age, physically active, 6', 180 lbs., cut 7" cock with nice head, hairy body, large nipples, seeks trim young male. Let's spend several hours together exploring the erotic aspects of SM, including bondage, ass spanking or whipping, discipline, shaving, self-stimulation, and designing and using restrictive, binding or locking chastity devices. Your interest is important, not your experience. Describe your ideas and what turns you on in detail. Include photo. Box 5279LF

PORTLAND

40-year-old, working man wants to meet other masculine men who like beating off with other guys. I'm hairy and bearded, 5'6", 130 lbs. Box 4455LF

FIND DADDY IN DEAR SIR

MANHANDLER

Portland-area WM topman (5'11", 190 lbs.) seeking steady loyal partner willing to be held, loved and roughed up once in a while. I'm old enough to know the ropes and how to use them. Young enough to tour the back roads in full leather on my 850 and wave at the kids. Want honest, bright, kind, healthy, hunky men to trip with me now and for good! Write: Buck, Box 621, Oregon City, OR 97045. (LF5505)

PART-TIME PISS MASTER

in Portland needed for inexperienced slave. Write Stewart, 242 E. 100 S., Apt. 10, Salt Lake City, UT 84101.

PENNSYLVANIA

WORSHIP BOOTS & FEET

Goodlooking, masculine WM, 38 5'6", trim 140 lbs., brown hair/eyes/moustache, into hot, imaginative, mutually stimulating boot/foot scenes, wrestling, B&D, S&M, body worship, V/A. Can also enjoy just good masculine companionship. Versatile and health conscious. Travel Northeast/Midwest often. RW, Box 332, Harrisburg, PA 17108. (LF4897)

ASSMASTER

seeks dildofuckholes for humiliation trips, VA, C&BT, toys, "smoke," aroma, J/O, safe-sex. Good attitude preferred to great bodies, though latter a plus. Reply with photo and/or description to Box 36065, Philadelphia, PA 19112.

BASIC TRAINING

Recruits wanted for "Active Duty" by military Drill Instructor. Basic training in a strictly-disciplined military setting will include a thorough preinduction physical exam, servicing spit-shined military jump boots and physical training. Discipline administered to recalcitrant recruits with light SM and BD techniques in a safe, sane and mutually satisfying session. DI is looking for "A Few Good Men" who need to be "squared away" for the first time or who wish to relive their BOOT CAMP experiences. Recruit candidates should request orders from MCRD-PHL, Box 242, Penedel, PA 19047-0848. All responses acknowledge, but those with photo/phone answered first. (LF4257)

BONDAGE SLAVE AVAILABLE

Into prolonged sessions. Enjoy being gagged, hooded, bound, chained and serving a strict Master. Possible permanent life with right Master. Limits set by Master. No drugs. Box 5394LF

PITTSBURGH AREA

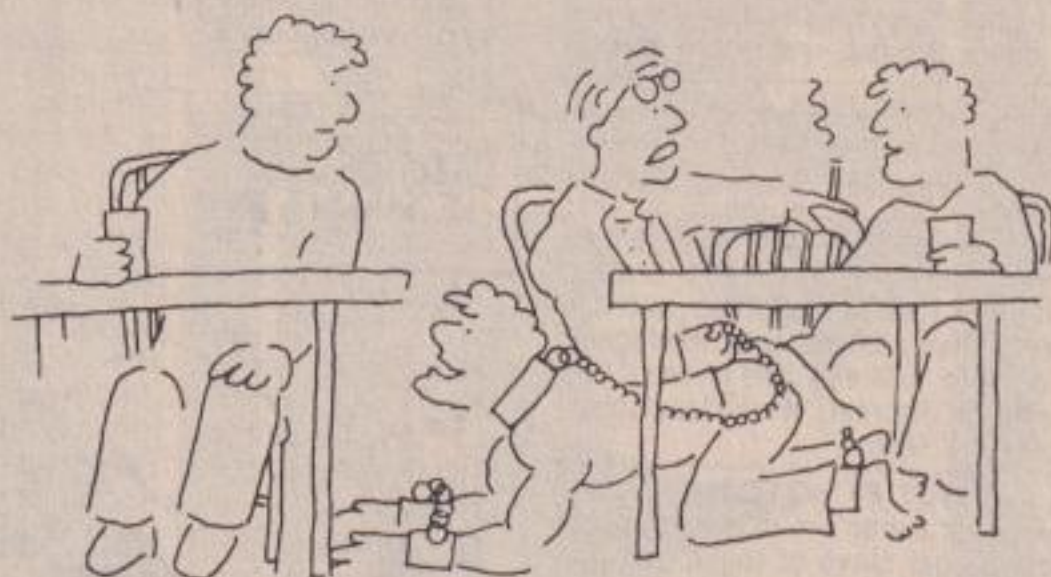
X-college football player, 31, 6'4", 225 lbs., accepting applications for the position of my personal slave. Phone and photos are required of all applicants. Beginners are welcome, but must demonstrate that they have the proper attitude. Ideal candidates would be between 18 and 35, straight-looking and acting, work out and take pride in their physical appearance. Wimps, fats and feds need not waste the postage. Discretion assured and photos returned. Apply to: Master, PO Box 55, Glenshaw, PA 15116. (LF4484)

WELL-STOCKED BLACK ROOM

in Pittsburgh area, complete with competent, uncut WM, 180 lbs., 46, seeks submissive young stud into SS, SM, BD, TT, CBT, VA, 3W, JO, Fr, Gr, A-Z! All fantasies considered...most realized. Requires mind, body and soul. Can't handle it...fuck off! Men only need apply. Box 4406LF

WET PANTS

41, 5'8", 140 lbs. WM, beard, into pissin' in Levis, jockey shorts, onto one another, bed wetting, all W/S scenes. Your wet pictures get mine. J.L.L., 2698 Harrisburg Pike, Lancaster, PA. (717) 898-2627. (LF5494)



"IT'S NICE TO KNOW YOU'RE REALLY WANTED."

From Carlo Carlucci's, *He Ain't Heavy, He's My Lover*. \$4.95 from Sandmutopia Supply Co., PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314. Please add \$1.50 shipping and handling.

BLOND, BLUE BOY/ LITTLE BROTHER

Good catch! New kid is definitely attractive, cute, boyish, innocent-looking 28, 5'6", 150, super-aggressive bottom. Seeks to be "broken in" by handsome body builder Dad/Big Brother, 21-45. Your little guy begs to be in top condition via total domination and forced body development, i.e., strict gym workouts and whatever else Dad/Big Brother demands. Needs to give absolute worship, unending loyalty, complete servitude and unconditional love. Please teach me Leathersex? Pittsburgh area or willing able to relocate. Serious, descriptive letter/photo, please? Sir, can we get a puppy, too? Thank you, Sir! Bif. Box 5556LF

WANTED: BONDAGE MASTER

Once you get me under your control, you set the limits. 37-year-old bondage slave needs natural Master capable of extended heavy bondage, sensory deprivation and behavior modification. Please send orders to PO Box 2091, Philadelphia, PA 19103. Am able and willing to travel your domain. (LF4674)

BLACK MASTER WANTED

Dominant black Master wanted by honky bottom out to learn the true meaning of funk and submission. All games but pain considered. Bottom is 33, 6', 160. Write PO Box 21326, Philadelphia, PA 19141.

RHODE ISLAND

COPS/MILITARY/ CONSTRUCTION WORKERS

This bottom is: WM, 5'9", 160, brown eyes/hair, 8" cut, hairy chest, and healthy, with an equally healthy imagination. I'm into verbal abuse, uniforms, leather, toys, bondage, safe watersports, tit torture, hot wax, ass play, spanking, boots and open to suggestions. You're a verbal, creative topman (men) into (fantasy) sex: A kick-ass, filthy-mouthed cop with a desire to rape a lone motorist. A hard, hot-headed Marine MP with a mean streak a mile wide. A sweaty, raunchy construction worker who knows how to take what he wants. I'm not into scat or heavy pain. I travel New England and New York City. If you're interested, send a raunchy, descriptive letter (photo gets a quicker response) to Box 5079LF.

SLAVE/SON SEEKS MASTER/DAD

Hot, white male, good build, mid-30s, submissive, seeks a hot Master to serve, please and learn by. My cock, ass, balls and tits are for your use and fantasy. Seek a Master who is firm, dominate, in control and yet is under-

taste and sound only a man comfortable with himself can provide. The energy I want to share is so basic and honest, it seems few "gays" know it exists. Long, slow, mind-n-soul fuckin' is where it all begins. If you, too, need a man who'll openly and proudly share what he knows and has, you may have found your partner! I'm 6', 150 lbs., 46 yrs., greying-black hair, beard and moustache; with a natural, uncut dick that'll hang a heavy 7-inches for the buddy that talks to it right. Dig sweat, hair, holes, nipples, foreskin, low-swingin' balls and other natural delights. If you're interested and got the balls to talk straight, shoot a no-bullshit note my way. Travel is possible. Box 61LF

GWM READY FOR ACTION

WM, 40, 5'11", 170, dark hair, attractive, bearded, 8 1/2" uncut, into jockstraps, J/O, W/S, deep throat fucking, cock sucking, cock worship, 69, ass fucking, etc. If you have over 7 1/2" and under 40 and like hot sex and a great guy man-to-man, then let's get together. Black or white, would like you to visit me here in Tenn. I'm very near Nashville, have large private place. Ray, Rt. 3, Box 730, Dickson, TN 37055. (615) 446-2613. (LF5287)

GWM 25

5'9", 160, brown hair, blue eyes, moustache, submissive and obedient, looking for Drummer Daddy/Master (30 to 45) to help me expand my limits. Will travel/possible relocation. Sir, please reply to Box 5265LF

MASCULINE AND HAIRY

Wants versatile partner into all SM exploration and satisfaction. Desires intelligent, imaginative man in Nashville area who is not afraid of passion and is skilled in the arts of pain and pleasure. I am 33, 5'9", 170 lbs., white and ready. Box 5362LF

BOTTOM SEEKS TOP

Bottom wishes to meet and become slave to experienced top. Bottom has been trained in all scenes except scat and heavy pain. Really turn on to a top who is dominant and wants his every kinky desire fulfilled, who loves control and will humiliate his slave in private and publicly. Bottom is heavy into Fr/a, Gr/p, WS, FF, toys, B/mild D, hoods, having ass made red and hot, but no blood or damage. Same with C/B and tits. Keep me naked and make me do my chores with large dildo strapped in my ass. Age, race or looks of no importance (big uncut cock a +). A detailed letter with your desires will get quick reply. Anxiously awaiting, Sir. Box 5186LF

TEXAS

MASTER AVAILABLE

East Texas Master available. 42, 6'1", 190, big brother or dad. Wrestling top, cigar smoker. You must send nude slave picture and letter with your explicit desires. Safe sex. Box 4949LF

HISPANIC SLAVE WANTED

East European, 36, 5'9", 150, uncut, is looking for permanent relationship with slave/bottom, 20-30, uncut, moustache, submissive. Send resume with address, phone and photo to Box 4864LF

EAST TEXAS MASTER AVAILABLE

42, 6'1", 190, Big Brother or Dad. Wrestling top, cigar smoker. You must send nude slave picture and letter with your explicit desires. Safe-sex Box 4949LF

HOUSTON AREA

White top, 43, 6'1", 190 lbs., Houston area. Porno, wrestling, dominance, Leather Fraternity member. Nothing else needs to be said. Box 4949LF

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Manhole needs a hot fist. I am GWM, 28, 6'2", 175 lbs., clean-shaven, hot and horny with a big piece of meat. Into SM-related sex and good scenes. Also able to give. Am looking for a man who wants to fist, leather a plus. Photo and hot and hard letter to. Box 5565

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Japanese, healthy, intelligent, clean daddy, 50, 5'5", 143, wants young son Master, aged 20-30, who is healthy, good-looking and well-built. I am a worshiper of your feet and want safe sex. If you visit Japan, you can be my guest. Box 5419LF

INTO BLACK LEATHER

Japanese, 26, 5'9", 150, bl/br, seeks experienced GWM Leathermen over 30, moustache, beard, muscular. Please reply with photo in full leather. Box 5599

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Visit this muscular bearded top leatherman, 50, 5'11", 160, who is in good shape and perfect health (HTLV-neg). You may join him for his regular workout at the gym and/or enjoy his well-equipped playroom, if you are approx. 28-50, good-looking, masculine, preferably muscular and hairy with a well-trained, receptive rear for extensive assplay including deep-plowing, tit-work, optional FF, dirty talk and mainly lots of mutual raunchy asslicking. Perfect health essential. Also Europeans (esp. Germans) corresponding to above requirements most welcome. Write with photo to B. Rahm, Hardstr. 58, CH-4052 Basel, Switzerland. (LF5048)

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needles, knives, pits, beatings, verbal abuse, brutal prison rape, hanging, branding and interrogation are a part of what you will endure when confined in my dungeon. The Master desires those with a firm commitment to please. Call me, but no bullshit. This is the real thing, so don't waste my time if you can't cut it. You will be taken to the limits of physical/mental failure and then the training begins. (415) 282-8834.

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Daddy's tall, muscular, handsome, in his 30s, with short hair and a moustache—a Father figure/Leatherman worthy of your respect and affection who will take care of your needs while you take care of his. \$100.

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For information on Hun Art, send a stamped self-addressed envelope and a statement that you are over 21 years of age to: The Hun, PO Box 11308, Portland, OR 97211.

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Videos, pix, newsletter devoted to head/body shaving, enemas, watersports, heavy-duty SM, foodsex, all fetishes, and more! You name it; we've got it! Free info. Free newsletter ad: T.R. Witomski, 41 Bonaire Dr., Toms River, NJ 08757. Models wanted; good \$\$\$.

Also looking for writers and artists for newsletter.

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Inflatable helmet and gag shown in *Drummer 64*, page 12, and special helmet in *Drummer 86*, pages 20 & 112. 172 items, list \$3. Remawear, Sherwood House, Burnley Road, Todmorden, Lancashire OL14 7ET, England.

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MILITARY HAIRCUT CLUB

Join Military Haircut Club. SASE: Ed, PO Box 3712, Brownsville, TX 78520.

LASHMATES

National whipping/spanking club. RS, 496-A Hudson, #H-24, NYC, NY 10014.

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National club for body builders into other body builders. RS, 496-A Hudson, #H-24, NYC, NY 10014.

BONDAGE MATES

National B&D club for tops/bottoms. RS, 496-A Hudson, #H-24, NYC, NY 10014.

HAIRY MEN/HAIRFANS ADLIST

Infopixpak \$2.00: Man-Hair, 59 West 10th, NYC 10011.

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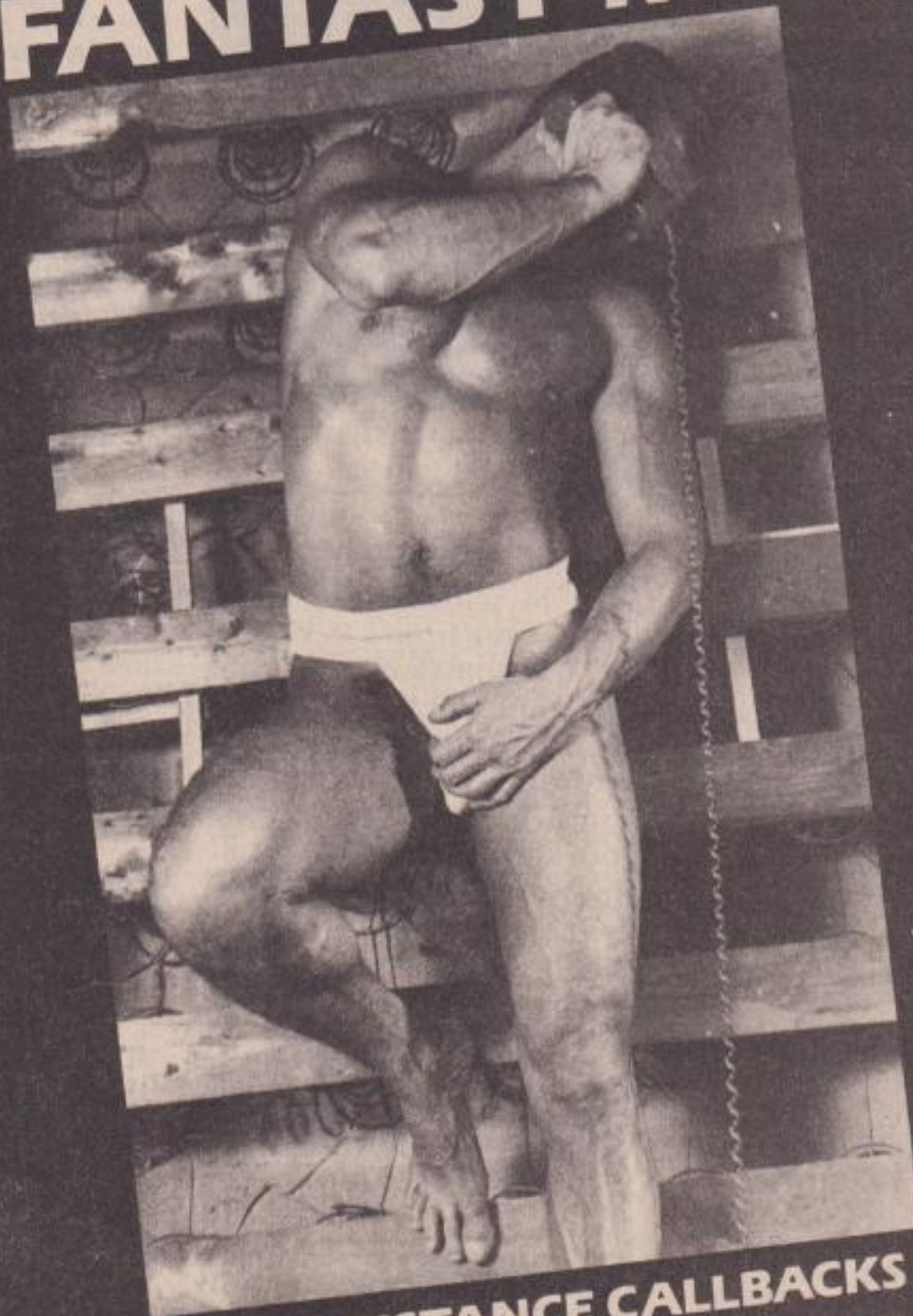
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DRUMMEDIA

VIDEO



Photo: Charles Gatewood

LICK IT, LICK IT GOOD: *Flash Productions'* new video is painfully graphic.

NEEDLES AND PINS

Critics not only dish out—they take it, too. And it came, recently, from author Ethan Mordden, who fumed at the gay press for allowing inexperienced, insensitive, failed artists to name themselves critics and decimate with supposedly witty but actually jealous opinions the work of writers far their superiors. To demonstrate their bogus, low-level credentials, Mordden commented with archly raised eyebrow that these self-appointed arbiters of taste had gone so far as to elevate porno to a cinematic art form worthy of serious criticism and discussion. Imagine!

Thus chastened, I feel I'd best skip my usual informative, probing and/or entertaining introduction in which I explore the ramifications, intent, and/or qualifications of the self-appointed pornographer, and just get right to it.

Although I'm one of the writers who first treated porn as if it were (or could be) cine-

ma, I don't offer the following news in self-defense. But as you can see from T.R. Witomski's in-depth discussion in the Drummedia Book section of this issue, others are getting to it, too, one writer in particular disproving the notion that porn is beneath critical evaluation and comment.

I'll admit I'm out of my league and inexperienced when it comes to body piercing and tattooing. But I'm not insensitive—I winced repeatedly while viewing **Erotic Tattooing and Body Piercing**, and I appreciated the beauty, skill and rarity of the piercing and tattooing demonstrated and discussed in it. But if I skim the surface in understanding the dynamic and psychosexual urge behind either phenomenon, I can at least offer reportage on the contents, and judge the quality of the video which purports to deal with these subjects at greater depth.

Ready? Its quality is poor

and its depth is shallow.

This one-hour video from Flash Productions documents the cocktail party/seminar congregation of piercing and tattooing fans preceeding a lecture demonstration by Jim Ward, the creator and publisher of *PFI Quarterly*, and the country's most visible proponent of the dual interests. We are not told where, when or why the event took place, and the video maker, who I believe doubles as interviewer, further weakens its credibility by treating those in attendance with condescension and unending sexual innuendo. Whatever value judgements you may make on these people—and they are a picturesque lot—they convened with a mutual seriousness of their interest and hardly deserve the juvenile badgering of the interviewer. They do not deny the sexual side of their interest, but they clearly are not present to relate risque tales or flaunt hard-ons. They evade the come-on questions skillfully and informatively. One woman, the ebullient Crystal Joy, halts the prying of her questioner by admitting, "Anything that has to do with the body has to do with sexiness," before putting him in his place and attempting to turn the conversation to less scurrilous matters by instructing, "There's a history to each of these things."

We do get some of this and the traditions of piercing and tattooing, but piecemeal, for the indefatigable interviewer is soon pressing for tales of a man's arousal during the process of having his body decorated. The answer is evasive. "The body piercing is erotic," is his noncommittal answer, "and that led me to tattoos."

The interrogator wants specifics on the erotic side, and the hapless subject rhetorically replies, "Why do you get a hard-on? Who knows?" He then arrives at the simple heart of why some people get into piercing and tattooing. "You learn they increase your pleasure."

Despite the insipid inter-

views, this video will offer a good deal of pleasure to fans of body decorations, for it collects what seem like hundreds of illustrations of body piercing and tattooing, an amazing pictorial anthology. The color reproduction is excellent, and the range covered seemingly exhaustive. The people present reveal their decorations, and slides roam the world. African tribes, the amazingly excessive bodily distensions practiced in New Guinea, and the wondrous contemporary American work which assimilates artistic influences from around the world into what is called *New Work Tattoo* are all clearly documented on this video and form its chief attraction.

The subjects and their bodies are by turns sassy, sexy, serious and scary. Padlocks and rings through the labia minor and major are hardly a preparation for the stretched labia of one woman, pulled to four-inch length and then tied in a knot! But why not? The labia is similar to foreskin, and equally, if not more sensitive.

Moving on, there are pictures demonstrating a clitoral piercing and several different methods of piercing the penis. There are examinations of the African practice of stretching pierced holes to enormous size, and a scary picture of a stretched lip without the plate that normally gives it form.

The range of tattooing is similarly broad, from the prevailing punkish juvenalia of death's heads and glowering cave men to incredibly delicate and beautiful one-of-a-kind art work.

Several experts offer brief discussions of how piercing feels, both during the initial pierce and later in use as a stimulant. One woman relates her use of piercing to escape the traditional things women are taught to do, while others stress body decoration as a ritual, in which the image is as meaningful as its application.

After much meandering talk, from which the better tidbits must be gleaned, we arrive at the heart of the video,

Jim Ward's lecture demonstration. Once again, his slides are a worthwhile collection—I know of no other place than this video where so many images have been exhibited at once—but his talk is somewhat rambling and repetitious, though informative on the whole. He lists the historical origins and reasons for the pierces demonstrated, offers and explains the various types of pierces, from acupuncture ("It doesn't have a lot to do with body art") to ceremonial rites of passage, to the purely sexual, and lightly discusses various motivations in our society.

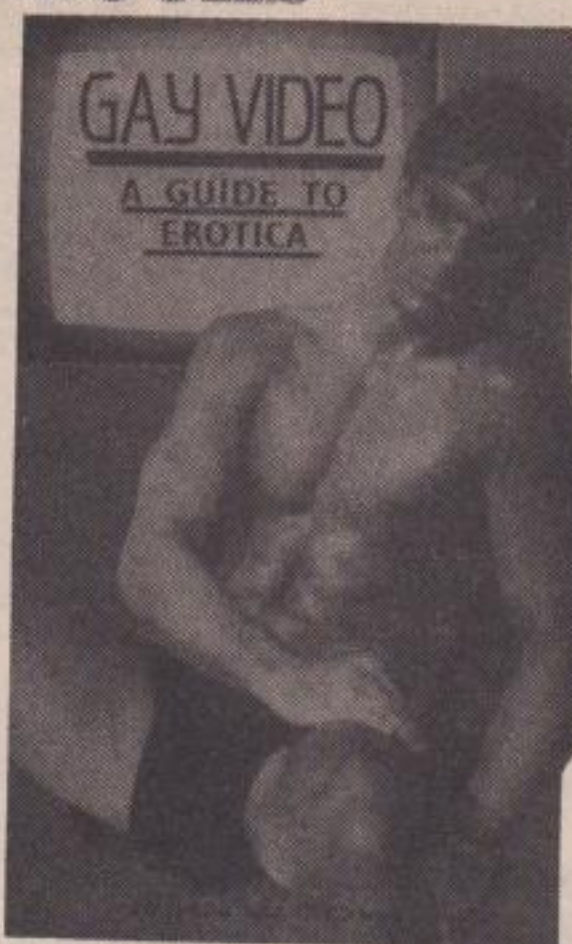
All of this must be listened to and observed through a background din of cocktail chatter, clattering dishwear, and even a motorcycle revving up for the longest time before roaring off. It's the worst conditions for Ward's intriguing show, which, after all, could easily have been taped away from all the distractions. The definite attractions of the tape—the rarity of information, its collection of visuals, and not least of all, the communal strength experienced within this gathering of often ostracized and misunderstood people—are offset by the usual distractions of cinema verite and uncaring production. Ward, who gave permission for the event to be taped, is reportedly unsatisfied with the results, and although there is a good deal of interest here to piercing and tattooing fans, they must endure numerous indignities to reap the video's rewards.

Although a good and necessary addition to the video catalog, we can only hope for a more serious and carefully produced tape to do Ward and his disciples fuller justice. This video does, however, offer addresses and sources of information to help those interested plug into the network. Finally it has an effectively sensuous theme song, written and performed by Michael Bitterman. Indicative of the entire video, though, may be the fact that this is the only credit listed.

Flash Productions, PO Box 745, Woodstock, NY 12498.

—John F. Karr

BOOKS



BEYOND THE VALLEY OF THE MEESE COMMISSION

John W. Rowberry and the eight anonymous men who contributed to *Al's 1986 Male Video Guide* are to be congratulated on their stamina. Rowberry in particular must be made of much sterner stuff than I; his *Gay Video: A Guide to Erotica* offers brief comments on—according to the backcover blurb—"over 800 titles." I didn't actually count the entries, but I think it's fairly safe to say that Rowberry's dedication to smut is prodigious and virtually without equal. I like dirty movies as much as the next nasty faggot, and I'm quite fond of sado-masochistic endeavors, but watching hundreds and hundreds of hours worth of fuck films is a task way, way beyond my abilities. Rowberry and *Al's* group are a credit to voyeurs everywhere: they saw what I fast-forwarded. A horrible job, but somebody had to do it. Better them than me.

For sheer obsessiveness (always a great virtue) *Al's 1986 Male Video Guide*—what an awkward title—tops even *Gay Video*. Unlike Rowberry, the contributor's to *Al's Guide* eschew all but the most rudimentary comments (e.g., "Good Focus, Exc. Sound, Good Color, Exc. Action"); what they offer instead are rather cold, distant abstracts of 511 porno film/videos. (All the works mentioned in *Al's Guide* were viewed on

video—Rowberry seems to have gotten out of the house once in a while, but many of these productions, especially those more than a few years old, were originally shot on film and then transferred to video. The current trend is to shoot on video, and as home viewing continues to eclipse theatrical viewing as the preferred method for seeing porno, the porno film faces extinction. Because video is a technically cruder medium than film, but the one increasingly favored by producers because it's cheaper and easier to record on than film, most live-to-tape videos can't compare with quality of such classic gay porno films as Arthur J. Bressan Jr.'s *Pleasure Beach*, Joe Gage's trilogy *Kansas City Trucking Co.*, *El Paso Wrecking Corp.*, and *L.A. Tool and Die*, Fred Halstead's *Sextool*, oddly not mentioned in *Al's Guide*, and Michael Zen's *Falconhead*. And since the quality of film-to-video transfers is extremely variable, there's no easy way to know if a particular film-on-video is merely a technical mess or a victim of poor transfer. Live-to-tape videos suffer less outside interference—though some, like the videos of Christopher Rage, one of the only gay porno directors who cares at all about the artistic potential of video, are cut by distributors—but they are almost all hemmed in by the limitations of the medium. *Al's Guide* very usefully lets us know whether a particular work was shot live-on-tape or transferred from film to video. It's only slightly facile to say that films on video work better as movies and that live-to-tape videos are more successful as small-screen porno. A film like *Centurians of Rome* looks dead on television, but Arch Brown's *Rough Idea*, which is nowhere near as ambitious as *Centurians of Rome*, was filmed on video and shines on the home screen.

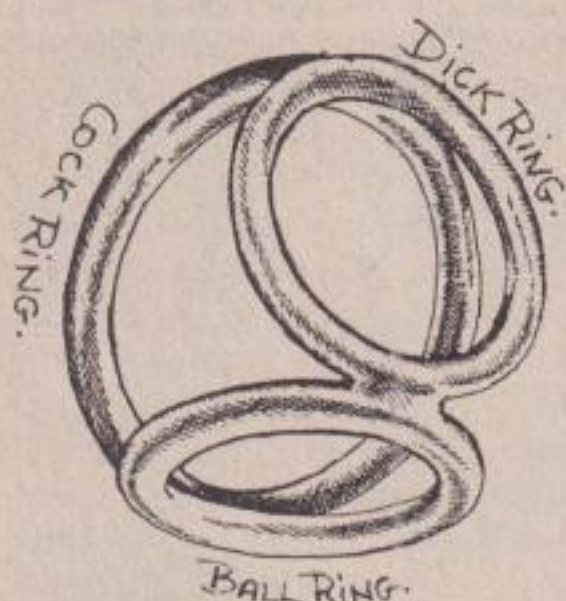
Al's Guide, oddly enough, simultaneously tells us everything and nothing about its entries. We learn, for example that *Knockout!* (a title I selected at random) was made in 1983, runs 90 minutes, was shot on film, produced and direct-

ed by Kenneth Holloway for Pan Pacific Studios, has "Fair Focus, Fair Sound, Fair Color, Good Action, Sound Sync" and stars Johnny Dawes, Eric Stryker, Andrew Ryan, Broderick Sterling, who are in the "20-30, 30-40" age range and "Well built, Swimmer's body, Macho, Bodybuilder, Hairless, Hairy Well endowed, Cut" and "Blond, WASP, Swarthy, Black, Black & White." The scenes occur in "Bedroom, Bar, Gym, Shower, Backroom Bar, Office/Dressing Rm.," and the action consists of "Some Solo JO, Much Boxing, Little Rubbing, Some Kissing, Much Sucking, Much Fucking, Some 3-Ways, Some Orgy, Some Rimming, Little Slapping, Little Tit Play, Little Dildo." The music is "Soft Rock." The story line: "Ex-champ boxing champ trains new champ and they become lovers." The synopsis: "1) Champ-to-be and sparring partner train, then suck in ring. 2) Manager interviews prospective boxer: kissing, sucking, rimming. 3) Champ-to-be, manager and partner move to shower. 4) Manager interviews another boxer: kissing, sucking, rimming. 5) Two boxers spar, seen by black boxer. In locker room the 2 suck and fuck as black JOs. 6) 2 chorus boys and boxer: dildoes, suck & fuck. 7) Champ-to-be and trainer: suck and titplay. 8) Manager JO's with boxing glove. 9) Victory orgy!" As extensive as that summary is, I really don't know if I'd get turned on by *Knockout!* or whether *Knockout!* is in any way significant or how *Knockout!* compares with the other 510 works in *Al's Guide*.

In contrast, Rowberry sums up *Knockout!* as "Great idea gone sour. Boxing motif works some of the time, but long uneventful sex scenes predominate" and give it no stars—"don't bother." (Rowberry helpfully rates the videos from no to three stars.) Unlike the contributors to *Al's Guide*, Rowberry, a former editor of *Drummer* and currently the editor of *Inches* and *Studflix*, who has written and directed several erotic videos himself, brings a historical overview, a critical understanding, a

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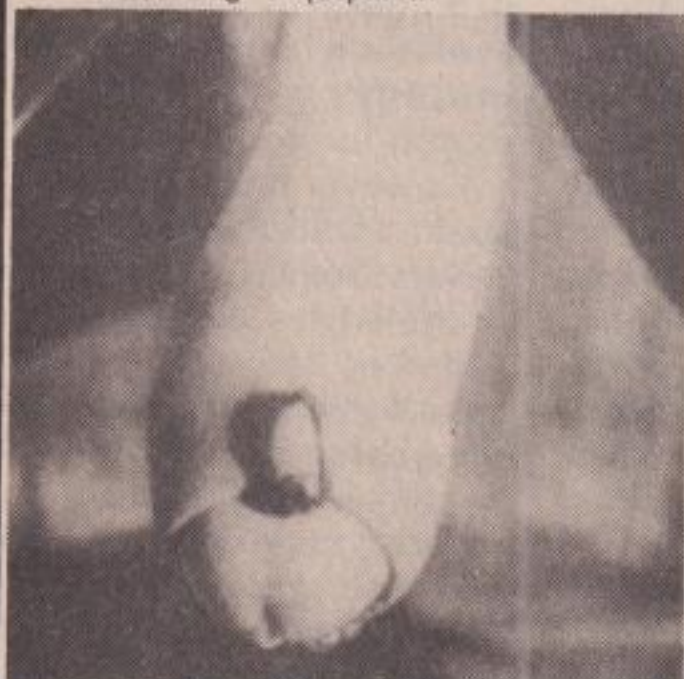
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depth of perception to the material's he's writing about. He doesn't isolate his entries, but sees how they relate to each other and to the history of pornography. Though Rowberry's critical judgment miscues here and there (he has a fondness for the pretentious, for smut that thinks of itself as art and isn't, and so he raves about Bresson's pedestrian, artsy, unerotic *Passing Strangers* and Tom DeSimone's overwrought, rather silly *The Idol*, and can't help being a bit jaded, missing the boat on the passionately involving *Men of the Midway*, giving it no stars while admitting the first fifteen minutes is "one of the great sequences in gayporn"), *Gay Video* is an instant classic, an indispensable reference book (names and addresses of the videos' distributors are provided, a glaring omission in *Al's Guide*), and as valid a work of gay social history as (and much more fun than) James M. Saslow's *Ganymede in the Renaissance: Homosexuality in Art and Society*.

You can have a good time going through these books in tandem, noting their many disagreements about performers, dates, running times, and the quality of the sex scenes. Rowberry finds the 90-minute *The Brig* to have "routine sex, unremarkable performers, average production values" while *Al's Guide* says *The Brig* runs 60 minutes and has "Exc. Focus, Good Sound, Exc. Color, and Exc. Action." Some productions that Rowberry is very enthusiastic about—*Dream Boys*, *Fisting Ballet*, *Five Hard Pieces*, *Foreskin Fantasy*—aren't even mentioned in *Al's Guide*, which goes in mad detail about some poor quality videos—*Adventures of Mark Noll*, *Boys of Holland*, *California's Golden Boys*, *Desires of the Devil*—that Rowberry may have found pointless to include in his book. In most cases, after you say a porn film is lousy, there's not much else you can say about it.

Al's Guide is a *Consumer Reports* for gay video porn; that's no mean achievement, and the cross-indexing is amazing. Want to know fifteen of

Rydar Hanson's appearances? How about sixteen films produced by Terry LeGrand? Into slapping? *Al's Guide* will direct you to fifty-five films with slapping scenes. Like sex in alleys? Seventeen films fill the bill. And if guys with swimmers' builds are your thing, a whopping 179 films fall into that category.

The dispassionate descriptions in *Al's Guide* resemble some of the descriptions of pornographic works by the Meese Commission; by reducing the videos to sex acts, largely ignoring even basic cinematic concepts as montage and mise-en-scene, *Al's Guide* makes the videos seem to be simply collections of sex acts. Very few pornographic works are art, of course, but all are political expressions by their makers. By trying to avoid taking a stand on any of the videos, *Al's Guide* fails to allow any seriousness to be attached to the works under discussion.

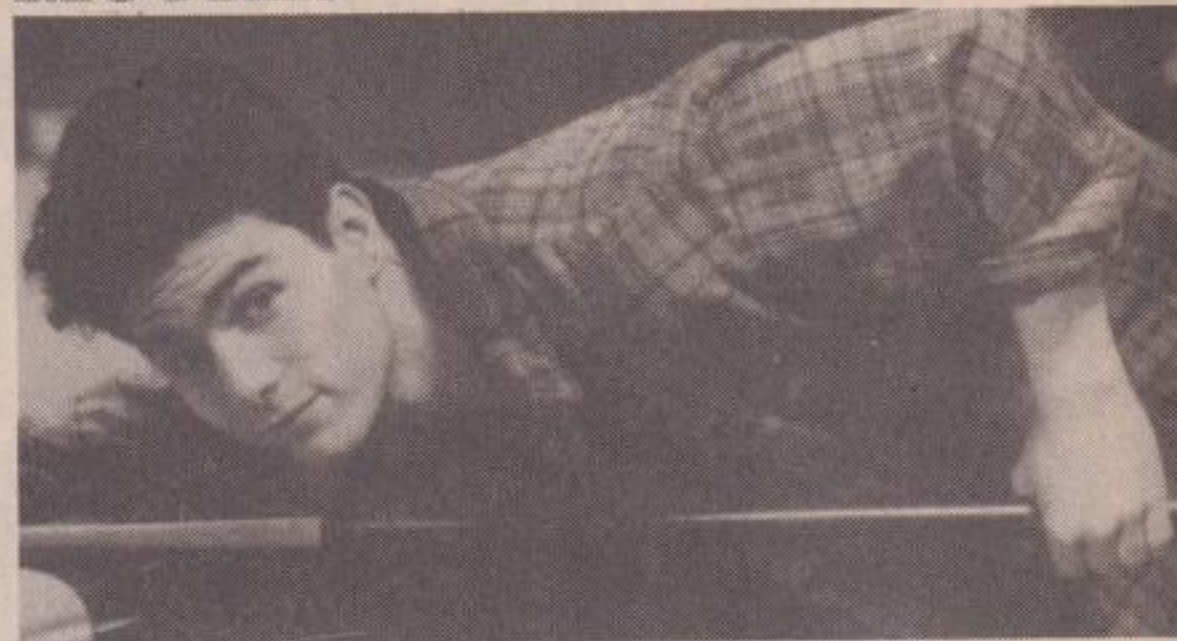
Rowberry's *Gay Video* isn't the definitive work on the subject, but I suspect he'd likely be the person to write such a book. His quirky tastes provide for some immensely entertaining reading. Rowberry sees pornography as liberating, as cathartic, as politically important. Though he's less successful when he looks at nonerotic films, getting the plot for *Sunday, Bloody Sunday* wrong and calling Fassbinder's impossible-to-sit-through *Berlin Alexanderplatz* "unquestionably the epitome of modern filmmaking," Rowberry's unabashed delight in good, hot material is refreshing. No apologist, Rowberry's verve and slick, sex-positive writing makes *Gay Video: A Guide to Erotica* the perfect antidote to the turgid, hateful homophobic ramblings of the Meese Commission.

Gay Video: A Guide to Erotica, by John W. Rowberry. Gay Sunshine Press, PO Box 40397, San Francisco, CA 94140, \$11.00 postpaid; California residents add 6% sales tax.

Al's 1986 Male Video Guide. Midway Publications, Box 123, 496A Hudson St., New York, NY 10014, \$12.95 postpaid.

—T.R. Witomski

MOVIES



PHOTOS: RON PHILLIPS

TWO FOR THE MONEY: The *Color of Money*, with the seasoned charm of Paul Newman and the cocky sexuality of Tom Cruise, will hustle your heart.

TWO COCKS AND THEIR BALLS

The Color of Money is an even better but less sexual movie about a man inserting himself in between a heterosexual couple. In a marvelous film season loaded with roles for mature leading men, Paul Newman proves to be the daddy of them all. Whatever twists the script takes, as an actor he shows Tom Cruise who the master is at all times.

As Fast Eddie Felson, the character he created in Robert Rossen's *The Hustler*, Newman is doing okay at the beginning of the picture, coasting on his charm but getting no excitement out of life. That changes when he meets Cruise, a green kid who shoots pool as well as Eddie, who's kept his hands off his stick for 25 years, ever did.

To this point Tom's girlfriend, Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, has been the brains of the operation. She's smart enough to know Newman can do more for them—"If you're the best at anything, rich can be arranged."

Newman tries to teach Cruise his old tricks, but the

young hotshot gets really cocky and challenges his mentor: "Let's see some heavy legend action around here." (Cruise should talk, *Legend* having been the lone flop among his three films this year.) Cruise goes off on his own and Newman takes up the game again, leading to their inevitable confrontation in a tournament. The ending avoids clichés but is basically unsatisfying. (This isn't the month for good endings.)

However much time you've spent around pool tables you haven't seen them from some of the angles you'll see in *The Color of Money*. I can't believe some critics have found the pool scenes boring. (As if it weren't enough just to watch the stars caressing those phallic cues...)

Director Martin Scorsese excels at plunging us into macho worlds (*Raging Bull*, *Taxi Driver*), but here his combination of atmosphere and sensitivity adds up to some of his best work yet. Newman, too, is at the top of his form. How about "Hud II" next?

FUN WITH DICKS AND JANE

If you're born to be pussy-whipped, it doesn't matter whether a man or a woman does it to you. That would be the moral of Bertrand Blier's *Menage*—if it had any morals.

This off-beat French laugh-fest begins with Antoine (Michel Blanc) happily being made miserable by his wife Monique (Miou-Miou). They are observed in a club by Bob (Gerard Depardieu), a thief who takes more than a liking to Antoine for reasons not immediately apparent, unless it's his "spaniel eyes."

It takes Bob about half the picture to get Antoine where he wants him, and no sooner does he succeed than he tries to sell Antoine's ass to another man. So much for sentiment. Monique doesn't object until she realizes Antoine prefers Bob to her: "Getting it up the ass isn't serious, but getting to like it is."

From there on the three-way relationship undergoes some rapid changes. Bob promises to make Antoine "a princess" but makes him a drag queen instead. He bumps Monique out of the picture and assumes the position she had in the beginning.

Had Blier been content to stop there, *Menage* would have been complete, a beautifully made and excellently acted comedy. Unfortunately, he's tacked on an epilogue, set four years later, that is inconsistent with what has gone before. Leave *Menage* five minutes early and you'll leave happier than if you stay to the bitter end.

NOTES ON CUFFS

Yet another male/male/female triangle develops—albeit not very far—in *Something Wild*. It begins as a '30s-style madcap comedy, except that Melanie Griffith is outright criminal, not just frivolous. She kidnaps stuffed-suit tax consultant Jeff Daniels and handcuffs him to a motel bed for some of the wildest sex that's been had in New Jersey since Springsteen left.

Daniels gets into it, and doesn't mind Griffith leaving the cuffs on until she takes him home to mother, then to her

high school's ten-year reunion. That's where things turn dark with the arrival of Griffith's husband, Ray Liotta, a superbly menacing presence who soap operaddicts will remember as Joey in *Another World*.

While trying to get his wife back, Liotta strikes up a tenta-

now you're wondering, doesn't that sonofabitch ever like a movie all the way through? That's why I saved the best for last.

"You must think that I'm some kind of gay blade," Lou Reed sang, "but, baby, you're so vicious." Reed was a major influence on England's punk

one wears black leather jackets. Nancy tries on some of Sid's mother's clothes and screams, "I look like fuckin' Stevie Nicks!"

Eventually drugs become the center of their lives. Nancy's interference helps break up the Sex Pistols, although the final split comes during their American tour while she's back in England. From then on it's a rapid downhill slide. Nancy tries to push Sid into a solo career, but they spend less and less time outside their Chelsea hotel room, where Nancy ultimately dies of a knife wound. Sid lives a few more weeks before OD'ing.

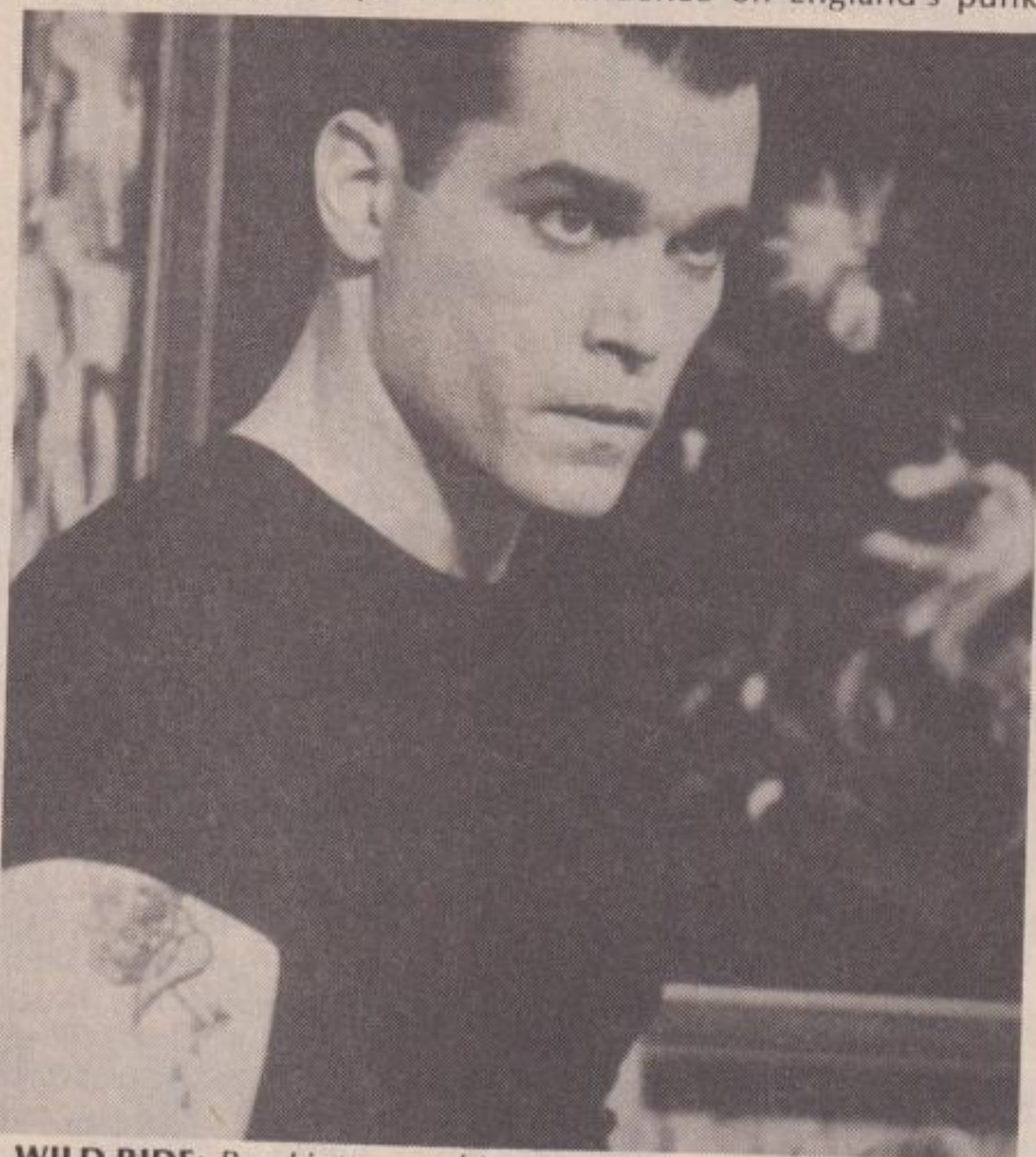
You're probably thinking *Sid and Nancy* sounds like a major downer, something you would only see if you were trying to induce a manic depressive mood. Not so. That's why this is such a special movie. Director and cowriter Alex Cox (*Repo Man*) has packed the picture with surprising bursts of comedy and other distancing devices.

Linda and her clients supply some comic relief. In one scene she has a man hanging from the ceiling and instructs a visitor, "Just abuse him now and again and he'll be good as gold." Later she's whipping another customer: "You've been a naughty, naughty newsreader."

Cox manages a difficult balancing act, keeping you entertained without trivializing the waste of lives you're witnessing; never glamorizing drug use though sometimes playing its effects for laughs, but not preaching against it either; making you care about two noncontributing members of society but not so much that you're heartbroken by their deaths—you'll be moved, but probably not to tears. A fantasy sequence that might be called "The Last Pizza" ends things on the most upbeat note possible.

Sid and Nancy does just about everything a movie can do, and does it all well. That doesn't mean it will appeal to everyone, but those who can't appreciate it will miss out on a major entertainment experience.

—Steven Warren



WILD RIDE: Ray Liotta combines sex and violence superbly in Jonathan Demme's *Something Wild*.

tive friendship with Daniels. Each man is pleasantly surprised on some level that the other would associate with him, according to director Jonathan Demme, who told *Drummer*, "Ray was locked into that kind of unique American macho male arrest in his teens, and hasn't grown out of it." Ray believes in the kind of senseless violence Demme loathes but has structured his film's climax around, trying not to glorify it.

Directors John Sayles and John Waters were enlisted for bit parts. Waters plays a used car salesman just after Sayles, as a cop, asks Griffith, "You interested in motorcycles?" and she replies, "No, I just like big things between my legs."

Something Wild takes you on a wild ride through frequently unexpected territory; but yet again I was displeased with the final destination. By

movement, of which Sid Vicious and the Sex Pistols were among the brightest, briefest lights.

In *Sid and Nancy* it's the girl who comes between two men. Sid (Gary Oldman) and Johnny Rotten (Drew Schofield) are good buddies as well as bandmates. "You two got married?" guesses their friend Linda (Ann Lambton), a dominatrix, when they come to visit. They didn't, but a moment later they're playing grabass on her couch, to the amusement of Nancy Spungen (Chloe Webb), an American groupie who's not instantly drawn to Sid.

Drugs bring them together. Sex comes later, and only occasionally when they're not too fucked up to fuck. Sid still wears his favorite T-shirt, with a familiar drawing of two leathermen groping each other, and just about every-

LEATHER BULLETIN BOARD



by FRANK O'ROURKE

DRUMMERMAN ILLUSTRATION by BILL WARD

As you will note, Leather Bulletin Board has been expanded, starting with this issue. I missed you in *Drummer 100*, but you can blame it on the editors.

ATTENTION HARLEY OWNERS! The first nationwide gay Harley bike club is in the process of being formed. HOG and ABATE exist for straight enthusiasts, now the HARLEY-STROKERS MC offers you an alternative. A newsletter is being published for the membership and the only criteria for membership is five bucks and *proof that you own a Harley*. Are you Harley owners interested? I should hope the fuck so! Write Harley-Strokers MC, c/o Barry's, PO Box 06706, Portland, OR 97206.

Recently, I have been getting a lot of mail from behind the walls from convicts who want to run their personal ads in *Drummer*. It's been a few years since I stopped running that column under the name of Jay Bates. The reason I had to stop the column was the number of complaints that came in from guys who had been ripped off by cons. Admittedly, there were a few letters from guys who had found their lifemates through the column, but the complaints outweighed the benefits. As I said, the column stopped about three years ago, so old *Drummer* issues must be getting inside. I can certainly empathize with the guys inside, because I was there once.

Issue VII, Vol. 3, of the *Copperstate Leather Update*, put out by THE COPPERSTATE LEATHERMEN of Phoenix, has a piece by Baby Bear, entitled, "A Boy's View." Baby Bear writes intelligently and with a real feeling for his subject. He says that a boy can be a thinking person who is capable of responsibility and still fulfill his daddy's needs. His point is well taken, but I have always felt that boys, like their daddies, are a pretty mixed bag,

some are bright and some just make you wonder. Baby Bear: Your daddy has to be proud of you.

The INTER-CLUB FUND of San Francisco is a nonprofit philanthropic group of motorcycle club members. This year's major fund raiser is a holiday gala entitled "Folsom Follies," at the California Club, 1750 Clay St. on Saturday, December 13 at 6 P.M. Thirteen northern California clubs are represented in this annual event. Tickets are \$10.00. Questions? Call (415) 668-3115, or write ICF, PO Box 1862, San Francisco, CA 94101-1862.

HOMOPHOBIC UPDATE: The Roman Catholic Church has unfailingly shown its lack of understanding and repeated its unchristian stance vis-a-vis homosexuality. On social issues the Church is living in another age. Jesus Christ, I fear, would not fare well at their hand. A crucifixion in St. Peter's Square might be the order of the day if He returned. A letter in the *San Francisco Chronicle* says it best to my mind: "Editor—This is great. A guy who dresses in truly garish gowns, calls himself divine, never has sex, and supports himself on the blood, sweat and backs of the poor, calls homosexuals disordered, self-indulgent and morally evil." Could the election of this pontiff indeed be the final conclave?

Closer to home, Edwin Meese, our flaky attorney general, is at it again. One would have thought that the terrible reception to his first pronouncement on the pornography commission would have taught him a lesson. Now, he is trying to scare dealers by making dire threats. For a man who tells people that the Supreme Court of the United States is not the final interpreter of the Constitution, it is obvious that he is willing to trash the First Amendment in order to get

his way. When the senate "advised and consented" to his appointment, they showed great short-sightedness. The faint at heart among us will quail in their boots, but most faggots are made of sterner stuff. Just hang in there, Meese will be returning to Oakland, CA in January 1989. Of course, I am not sure that the people in Oakland will really want him.

We are beginning to prepare to start organizing the MR. DRUMMER 1987 contest. This should be the most exciting year since the contest began in 1984. Clubs and bars across the country have expressed interest, so keep your eyes open for the contest in your community. 1988 may see a European entry in the finals in San Francisco.

Incidentally, the owner of that lodge in Tennessee whom I told you about a few issues back is looking for a TOP to live and work at the resort. If you're interested and you can fill his bill, there's a job there for you. Here's a chance to vent your SM drives on a variety of guests. Drop me a line and I will forward your letter.

I have had a couple of inquiries about the continued existence of FFA (Fist Fuckers of America). I understand that they have gone by the board. The most responsible group that I know of in this area of sexual expression is M.A.F.I.A. (Mid America Fists In Action). They have a broad membership and are very much into safe sex. If you would like to contact their national headquarters write: M.A.F.I.A., PO Box 2230, Chicago, IL 60690.

Dick's Bar in Washington, DC, will be the site for the CENTAUR MC's third Mr. Mid-Atlantic Leatherman's Contest January 16, 17 and 18. This will be a weekend celebration of leather. Scott Tucker, International Mr. Leather '86, Patrick Toner, International Mr. Leather '85, Louis Bothwell, Mr. Mid-

Atlantic Leather '86, Steve Maidhof, Mr. Washington State Leather '86, and Chuck Smukler, Mr. Colorado Leather '86, will be the judges. If you have any questions about the events, please contact CENTAUR MC, PO Box 362, Arlington, VA 22210. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for your response. This event promises to open the New Year with a bang!

SM is a great alternative to banal sexuality. For years practitioners of SM have always preached the need for safe and sane SM. With the advent of the AIDS scourge we have all become aware of safe and sane sexuality. Novices to SM tend to find whipping to be the least awesome of all SM practices. Even this practice can be dangerous if it is not done knowledgeably. Whipping seems to be the basic exercise and often the only exercise for those who do not know how to graduate beyond this particular endeavor. Groups like the Chicago Hellfire Club, GMSMA in New York, the Knights Templar and The 15 Association in San Francisco, and the Disciples of DeSade in Dallas have held seminars which have done much toward expanding the SM experience for many men while emphasizing safety and sanity in SM and sex. If there are other groups out there who hold these types of seminars, I would appreciate knowing who you are. If you give me permission, I will publish your names and addresses so those in your community who might be interested will be able to find you. Ever since the AIDS crisis hit us, I have felt that SM would come into its own, even among the skeptics, since it offers a needed outlet for male interplay, whereby each person can get off mentally without even having to have overt sex.

Until next time. Keep the faith!



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FIRST YOU HAVE TO GET BUSY WITH YOUR TONGUE, UNDERSTAND?

THEN I THINK ABOUT LETTING YOU INTO THIS CLUB



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IN WHO DOESN'T
KNOW WHAT HIS
TONGUE
IS FOR!

THAT'S IT,
BABY, FUCK
ME WITH
YOUR
TONGUE!



OH, YEAH!

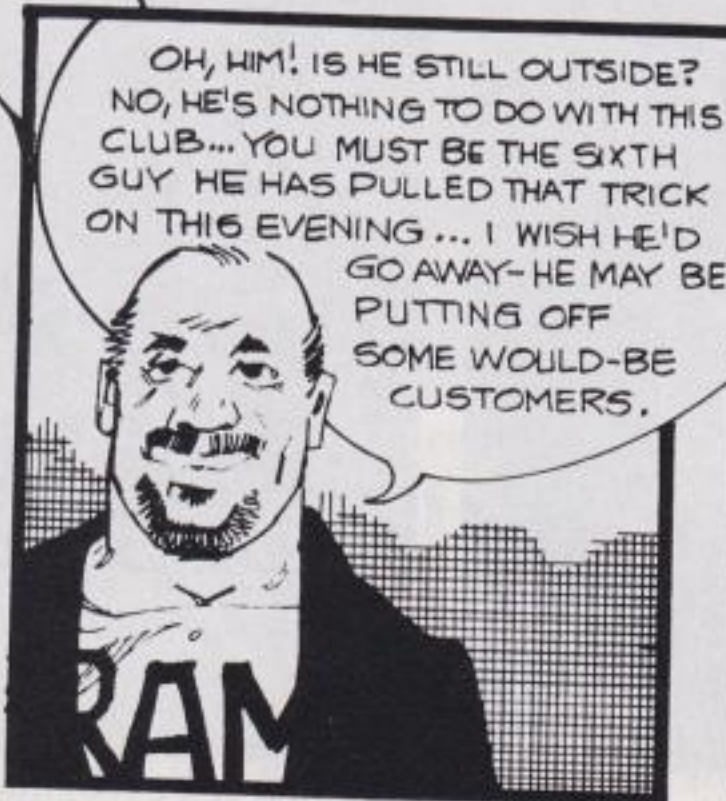


THAT
WAS GREAT -
YOU CAN GO
IN.

I HOPE I
MEET YOU
AGAIN.



WELCOME TO
THE RAMS,
SIR.



OH, HIM! IS HE STILL OUTSIDE?
NO, HE'S NOTHING TO DO WITH THIS
CLUB... YOU MUST BE THE SIXTH
GUY HE HAS PULLED THAT TRICK
ON THIS EVENING ... I WISH HE'D
GO AWAY- HE MAY BE
PUTTING OFF
SOME WOULD-BE
CUSTOMERS.



BUT ONE THING
YOU CAN SAY FOR
HIM. HE HAS THE
CLEANEST ASS-
HOLE IN THE
CITY!

THANKS TO
YOU GUYS!

NEW IN DRUMMER

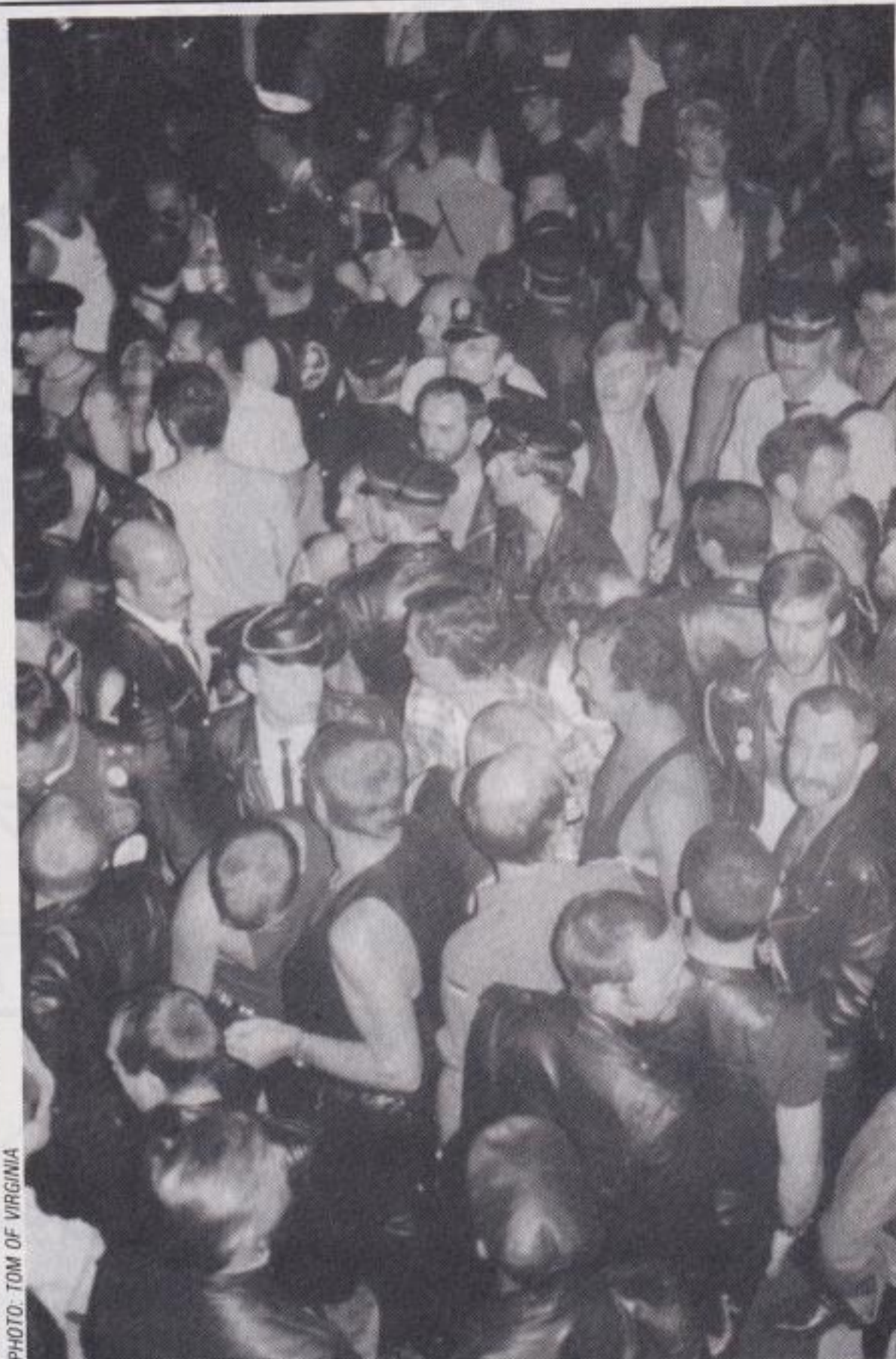
EUROPEAN LEATHER NOTES

The European leather scene has always been of interest to the *Drummer* reader but has in the past not received the coverage due it. Many of the problems with reporting on Europe have been overcome and it is our intent to make "European Leather Notes" a permanent feature of the Leather Bulletin Board. Americans traveling to Europe want to know where, when and how, unfortunately few of us get advance notice of leather events outside this country, so it will be up to those of you who live in or visit Europe to keep us informed as to upcoming club, bar and leather events. Preferably send the information at least two months in advance (quite often the material is too late for our publishing dates and is outdated for use in the next issue—so send us a notice or press release as quickly as possible). This section may go through changes in the next few issues, but bear with us, send your information and suggestions, and let's bring the worldwide leather community closer.

Tom of Virginia has been touring Germany for several months and kept us informed on where to go as well as an American viewpoint of some of Germany's biggest leather events. Tom's suggestions for hot spots in Munich are OCH-

SENGARTEN, a leather bar and from his observations one of the most active (in all senses of the word); THE EAGLE, and ZUM LOHENGREN. Munich also has a Western bar, the BOLT, which is of interest to those who want to see how Germans perceive the American cowboy. Munich has an assortment of fine leather shops. One of the largest and best known is WALTER'S LEATHER BOUTIQUE; others include ATELIER 6, BUDDY, and FOLLOW ME. Tom also recommends that you take the time to try the FISHERMAN'S SAUNA CLUB for relaxation and good clean fun.

Koln, or as Americans call it, Cologne, is among one of the oldest cities in Germany, dating back to pre-Roman times and the sight of the 1986 INTERNATIONAL LEATHER MEETING hosted by the MS Panthers of Koln. The suggested hotel is the Heinzelmännchen, located central to all the leather bars, which include one of the three oldest leather bars in Germany; the PLATZJABBECK (loosely translated "The Last Hangman"), the other two are the Ochsen-garten in Munich and KNOLLE in Berlin. Beside the Platzjabbeck there are three other leather bars of interest in Koln: TRAFFIC, CHAPS and COLONY.



1986 INTERNATIONAL LEATHER MEETING hosted by the MS Panthers of Koln.



Munich's OCHSENGARTEN leather bar.



CHAPS at 24 Woltmannstrasse, Hamburg.

Europe's biggest leather party and the MR. EUROPE CONTEST are held in August of each year in Hamburg and hosted by the MSC Hamburg. Hamburg is Germany's largest port city and home of MSC Hamburg, MC Nordlicht and Gruppe Leder und S/M (GLSM) and boasts one of the largest populations of leathermen in Europe. The most popular bars are BLACK, CHAPS, DOWN (formerly known as Tom's Saloon and contains wall-to-wall, lifesize Tom of Finland drawings), and Image. The ADLER, Eagle in English, is Tom's recommended hotel in Hamburg. Mr. Chaps Leatherworks is the major leather shop in Hamburg and for several reasons should not be missed. The catalog found at Mr. Chaps is not the standard variety; it is on videotape and shows not only fine leather wear but many of their toys in use.

Further notes: THE BOOTS in Antwerp, Belgium is being billed as the "Mineshaft of Europe"; not a bad idea since it has a full four floors which contain three bars, a cellar, a labyrinth, a shower room and a leather shop. The membership and drink price is nominal by American standards and there are special prices for Interchain, ECMC, BBC and Spartacus Club members.

Word has it that the new all-male bordello at Amstel 140 in Amsterdam has found a new way of marketing the world's oldest profession. This time the sex is a la carte! That's according to the *Best Guide* an information newsletter and visitors' guide. For information about the leather scene in Amsterdam, we suggest you write to them at Postbox 12731, NL 1100 AS, Amsterdam, The Netherlands. If you visit the bordello, let us know just how good the service is!

If you are planning a trip to Europe don't forget the true excitement to be found in the northern countries. SLM-Stockholm, Box 9239, S-102 73, Stockholm, Sweden, will celebrate the New Year with a party at their club room in Old Town January 3, followed January 31 with their SLM private party. SLM-Kobenhavn will have a special SM Night party



Poster from the MR. EUROPE CONTEST, hosted by the MSC Hamburg.



THE BOOTS in Antwerp, Belgium.

January 17, and February 7 is the club birthday party. SLM-Kobenhavn's mailing address is Schacksgade 9, DK-1365 Kobenhavn, Denmark. If you have interest in attending these functions or the BALTIC



Master and slave at BALTIC BATTLE, Denmark.

BATTLE, June 5-8, 1987 (This is similar to Chicago Hellfire's Inferno), it is suggested that you write well in advance for information.

If any portion of Europe is in your itinerary, remember that

English is the dominant language, especially among the leather community. You should have few problems if you plan your trip well in advance.

—JimEd Thompson

RETURN TO DRUMMER

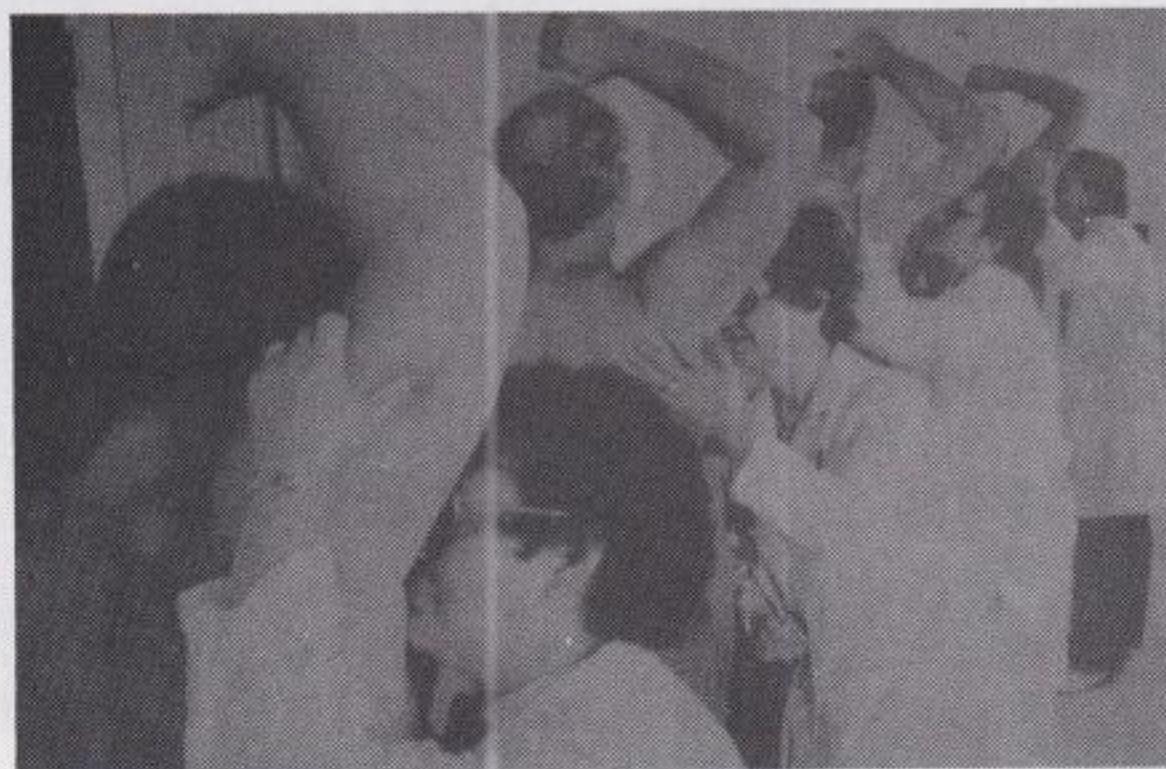
TOUGH SHIT



A HOOD-IN?

Recently in the S.F. Eagle, a hooded, leather-clad customer was asked to remove the hood and identify himself by the management when a distressed patron complained. Word quickly

spread to the leather community, and a week later twenty-six leathersmen, *all wearing hoods*, entered, ordered drinks and socialized. Terry Thompson, manager, was quick to recover his initial surprise and welcomed the group. Photo by Mr. Marcus.



THE NOSES KNOW

Armpits produce the strongest body odors. Before testing the efficacy of an underarm deodorant, Thelma Williams, foreground, and her fellow odor judges at a Cincinnati research company sniff the natural odor of paid volunteers. Proving once again that it is possible to enjoy your job. Photo: National Geographic Society.

A STUNNING GIFT

The Sportman's Guide Inc. has advertised a stun gun, said to "immobilize any attacker no matter what his size. Just touch the assailant with this gun, press the button, and he'll fall to the ground, completely disoriented, weak and dazed. And he'll stay that way some minutes afterwards." That part is believable, since the stun gun supposedly puts out 50,000 volts of power! Sounds like a handy home protection device but not recommended for the playroom, unless you know a lot about your partner's physical condition.

TATTOOED, PIERCED AND PROUD

According to Cyclops, the S.F. Tattoo and Piercing Celebration was a great success. Coorganized by Skinhead Steve and the Silver Fox, the event featured piercings by Gauntlet's Jim Ward, tattooing by Phil Payton of San Francisco and Bruce Lee of Phoenix, and an art selection by The Hun from Portland, Oregon and Rex of New York. Fakir Musafar offered one of his inimitable performance pieces. Harold M., the founder of *Illustrated Men*, the first and only gay men's tattoo club, was cited for "keeping the flame burning." A late-evening, impromptu, butterfly-board demonstration by Fledermaus brought enthusiastic approval from the assemblage. If you would like to attend the next party, write Box 14073, San Francisco, CA 94110.



PHOTO: L.M.

WE DELIVER

We never knew that some of our readers take home delivery so seriously, but this photo was taken along U.S. Route 20 in upstate New York.

JUST A FEW OF THE BOYS

It started as a barroom bet in 1979 between a swimmer, a biker, and a runner over who was the fittest athlete. Today it is known as the Ironman Triathlon. This year's 1250 participants will swim 2.4 miles in the Kona, Hawaii ocean, immediately pedal 112 miles by bike, and finish with a 24.6 mile run. Worse yet, these hunks compete twice a year—October and February. Serious athletes and serious money, over \$100,000 in cash prizes. Think you're tough enough? Contact the Hawaii-based office at (808) 528-2050.

A THANKSGIVING RIPOFF

The S.F. Jacks, a private club, had a unique idea for spicing up their November meeting; it's called "Rip It Off Night." You were warned to wear clothes you no longer wanted and bring something to wear home, because the manic Jacks shredded, shorn and ripped with a zeal seldom experienced since childhood tantrums. Totally unseamly behavior that we hope to experience again. The S.F. Jacks newsletter is available for \$6 by writing to 2236 Market St., Box 127, San Francisco, CA 94114.

TROPHY HUNTERS TAKE NOTICE

American Taxidermy, Inc. in Minnesota has produced a pamphlet, "Basic Field Care for Taxidermy Specimens," in which they give the Webster's dictionary definition of "trophy" as "Something gained or given in victory or conquest, especially when preserved or mounted as a memorial," followed by the remark, "If you are proud to have taken it, have it mounted." We definitely agree with Mr. Webster but are reluctant to suggest that our readers carry this suggestion too far.

PASSAGES FROM THE GOOD BOOK

Apparently someone at the Metropolitan Community Church in Washington, DC has been using some of the raunchier ads from *Drummer* as place markers in hymnals then leaving them there on purpose. Some of the churchgoers found these tidbits of reading material humorous, others did not. Whoever you are, keep up the good work!

You got an item you think is humorous, pointed, sick, perverse or just dumb that you'd like to share with fellow Drummer readers? Send it to TOUGH SHIT, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101.

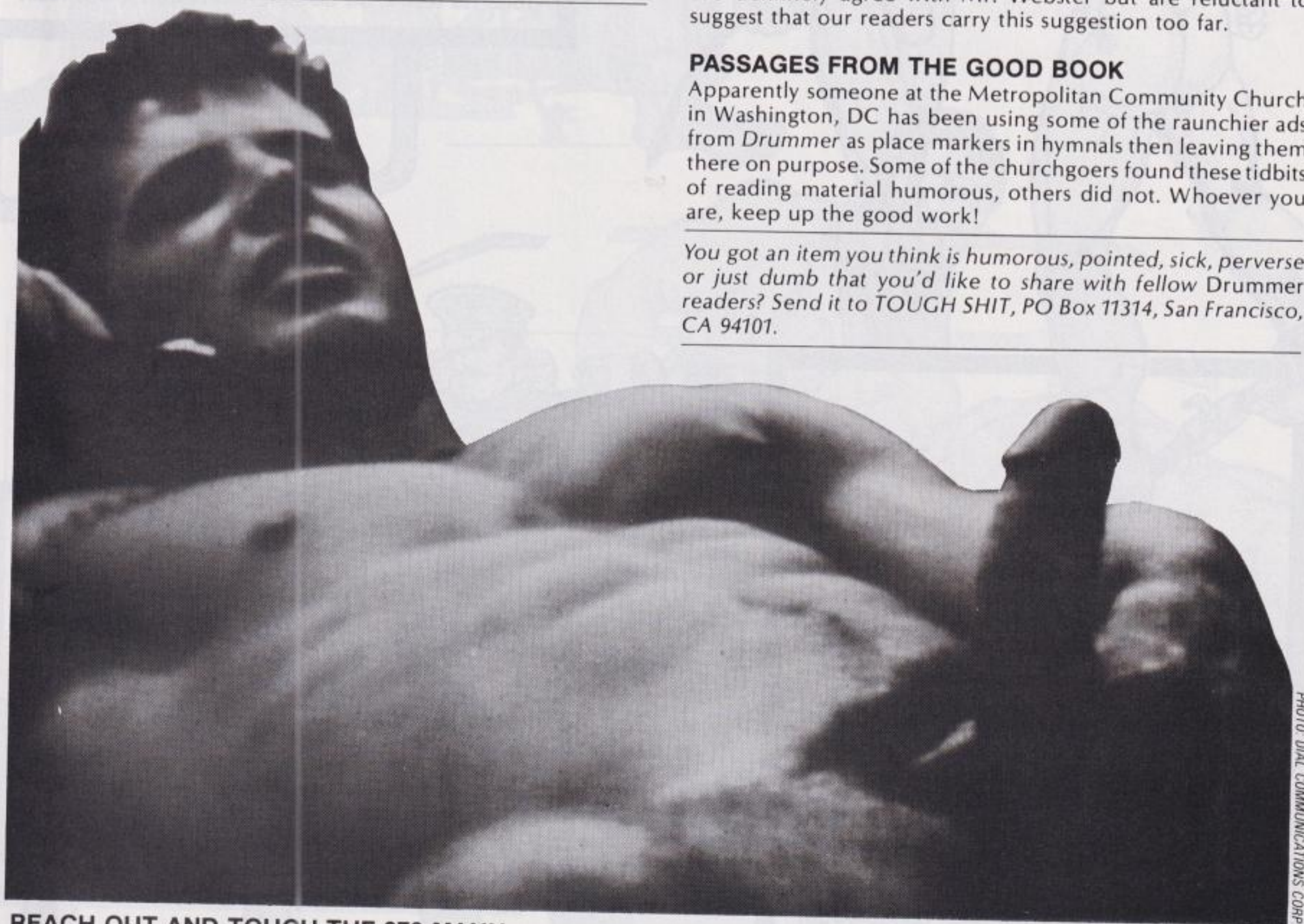


PHOTO: DIAL COMMUNICATIONS CORP

REACH OUT AND TOUCH THE 976 MANN

This may be taking entertainment to a new communications arena. Dial Communications, 304 S. Broadway, Suite 336, Los Angeles, CA 90013, has released a thirty-minute, full-color promotional tape of Larry Mann in a high-tech, multimedia, erotic

journal of his daily events. It is somewhat pretentious but expected from a West Hollywood production. Larry Mann is the recorded voice of the phone-sex number (213) 976-MANN, and the video lets you fully appreciate his talents.

IT'S 2139 AND HELL ON EARTH IS A PLACE CALLED

SADO ISLAND

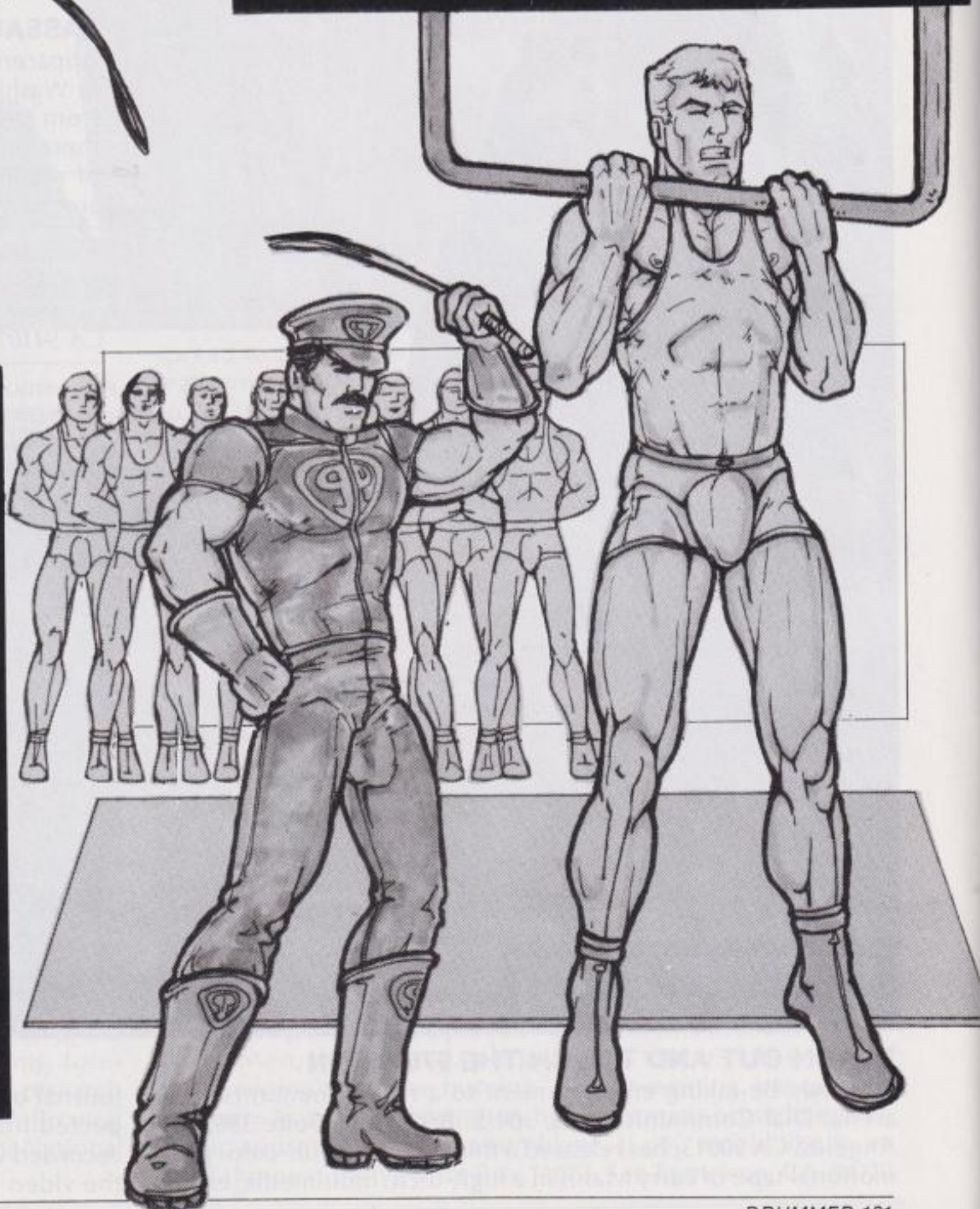
PART 3

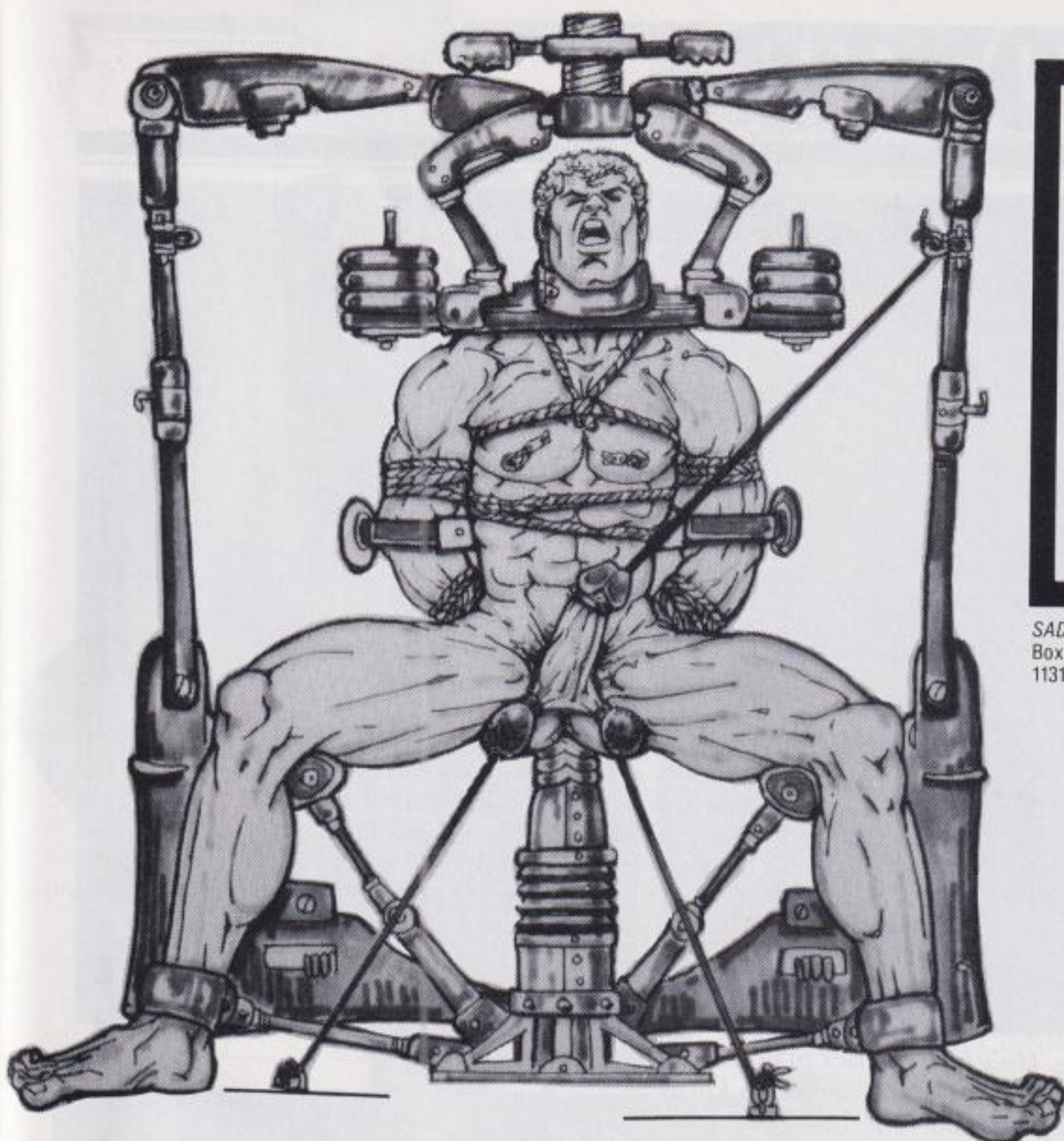
Story by Mikal Bales, Illustrations by Matt



From before each day's dawn until hours after lights out, Joe Buck was forced to perform a training regimen few men could endure. He drew his strength from the same source he'd depended upon for the last four years.....Morgan Greystar. Joe Buck also knew that no matter how miserable the Academy was making his life, his lot was surely better than Grey's. Each evening the cadets would assemble in the vast Academy gymnasium to witness Joe Buck's physical guerilla conditioning, consisting of calculated beatings at the hands of his training instructors. Joe Buck was ordered to defend himself but the outcome was inevitable. He would be beaten into unconsciousness.

Joe Buck returned to the Academy under strict barrack's arrest. Grey's fate in the penal mines' labyrinthian tunnels weighed heavily on his mind. His rank, privileges and any communication with his comrades, were all revoked. He was the object of contempt and stern discipline. His intensified training, geared to the objective of assassinating Von Sado, was more punishment than instruction. He had already been selected as the best qualified for the assignment. But his criminal status gave license for brutish treatment from his specially assigned and all-too-eager training instructors.





Joe Buck's inner strength and determination grew in direct proportion to the continued and increasing physical abuse he received. His pride in withstanding the punishment and maintaining a reserve for even more special conditioning slowly evolved into an almost perverse pleasure. His body had been honed to the zenith of its perfection and his defiance became a blatant invitation for his tormentors to do their worst. He had sealed off his mind and used his extreme musculature as armor. And as intended, his unflagging resolve in the face of increasingly harsh treatment gave his instructors little satisfaction.

SADO ISLAND is available for \$12.50 plus \$2 postage and handling from Zeus, PO Box 64250, Los Angeles, CA 90064; and from Sandmutopia Supply Co., PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314.



From one moment to another, Joe Buck never knew what conditioning brainstorm would next occur to his eagerly sadistic instructors. Frequently, in the middle of the night, with every aching muscle in his body renourishing itself with blessed sleep, his cell door crashed open. Brutal guards dragged the half-sleeping muscled trainee down cold concrete halls. By turns, he was battered with fists, clubs and riding crops, or bound and gagged while instructors slowly butted out their cigars on his nipples and balls. Then, in a Truth cell, under merciless heat lamps, he was tightly restrained in a computerized interrogation unit for hours of further abuse.

to be continued...

TOUGH CUSTOMERS



TAKE IT TO THE LIMIT: This 24-year-old wants more. He's into leather mansex and looking for Mr. Right. As a member of the Chicago M.A.F.I.A., he seems to know where to look. TC 1174 doesn't say whether he is a top or a bottom, but from these photos all we can say is, who cares?

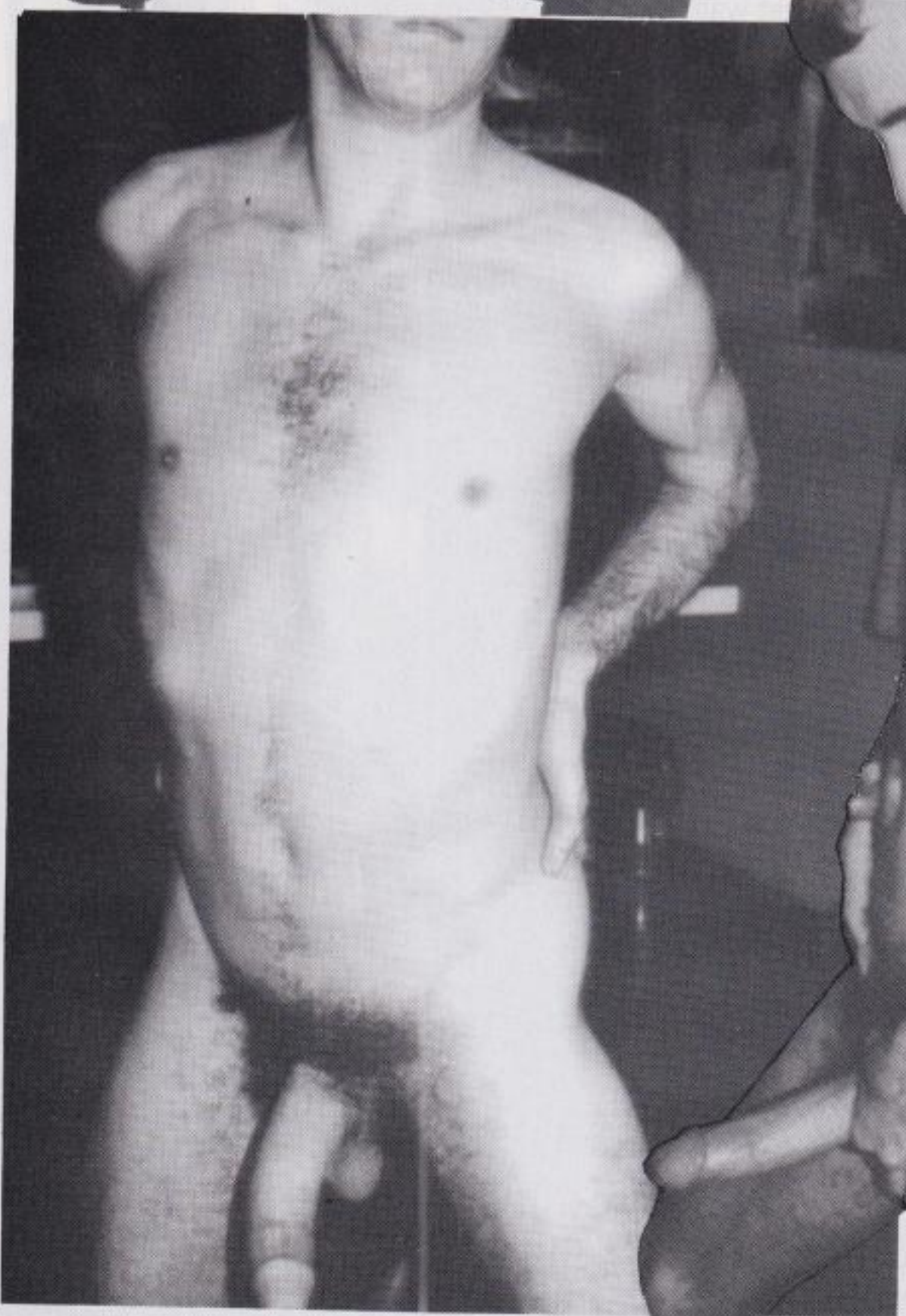


WIMPS WANTED: Alright, you pussies, this 26-year-old Portland, Oregon top wants to work you hard and then humiliate your sniveling bodies. He promises to feed you plenty, but he doesn't say what. At 160 lbs. and 5'11", TC 1178 seems to be able to hold his own, but maybe if you're good he'll let you hold it.

MASTER DADDY: This Maryland Tough Customer is looking for that No. 1 stud-slave who likes long, hot safe-sex sessions. He's 5'10", 175 lbs. and hung thick. He could be your Master or daddy if you write to TC 1183.



CAVERNOUS, SHAVED PIG: This sexy, Scorpio bottom could be your man if you want a shaved chest, ass, balls, tits pierced and healthy, hot, uninhibited pig. Turn-ons are deep FF, ass toys, B/D, CBT, boots, socks and jocks. Turn-offs are overweight guys, and men unable to live their fantasies. Photo and phone requested. If you want to experience a real man, this New York City Tough Customer is available to you! TC 1180.



ANYTHING GOES: This Tennessee Tough Customer says he's into anything and everything. Especially meeting new people and exchanging photos; yours gets his. TC 1179.

Each month we select the hottest candid photos for Tough Customers. If you wish to be included, send your black and white photos (color photos are acceptable but do not reproduce well) to the address below. On the back of the photo, state that you are of legal age, print your name and address so we can assign you a confidential TC Box number, and sign your name. (Photos are not returnable.)

To answer a TC ad, put correspondence in an envelope, seal, apply postage and write (in pencil) the TC Box number on the back flap; put this inside another envelope and mail, along with a quarter for handling, to Tough Customers, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314.



PHOTOS by ROBERT PRUZAN

IN PASSING

It was 1981 and Castro Street was being hailed as the Gay Mecca, the slogan "So many men, so little time" was not an ironic joke, but a statement of joyous freedom, and porn stars from around the world lingered in the warm sun.



A black and white photograph of a person's foot stepping on a thick, coiled rope. The rope is coiled in a large loop on the left side of the frame. The foot is positioned in the center, stepping onto the rope. The background is a textured, light-colored surface.

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